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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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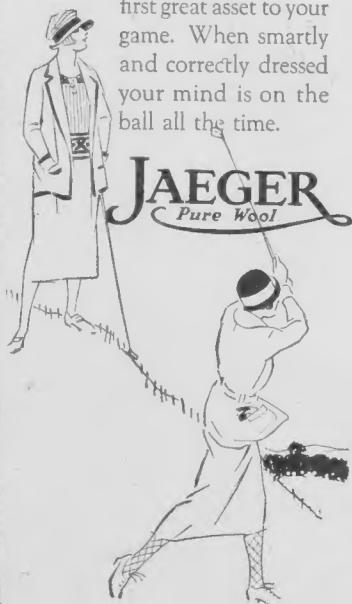
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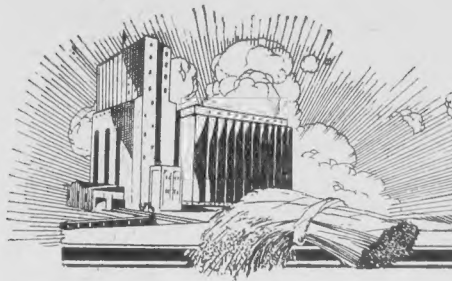
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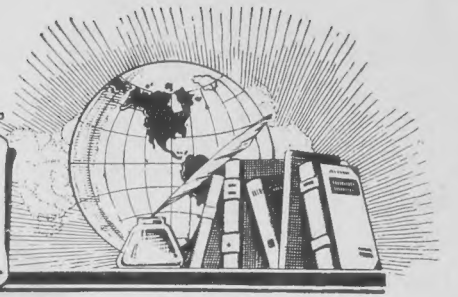
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EDITORIAL



A Lesson from Nature

ON the road between Winnipeg and Kenora there is a nameless little lake and in it a solitary rock about ten or twelve feet square. On this rock there grows a little fir-tree about three feet high, bent, misshapen and ragged; but in the whole of Canada there is no single tree that has more friends and none that day after day yields a richer service.

When the C.P.R. was built over forty years ago, the little tree was then just as marked an object of attention as it is today. The rough workmen looked at it and smiled, and the builders of the road gave orders that it should not be molested. And since that time it has become a friend to the thousands of tourists and campers who pass up and down the line. When the "special" comes into Kenora on Fridays and Saturdays the first question asked is not "How did you leave everything at home?" but "Did you see the little tree?"

All this interest does not centre in the tree because of its beauty, but because it is putting up such a good fight against misfortune. There is not enough soil on the rock to supply food for a growing plant, and so in fifty years it has remained just what it was then. How long it grew before that no one knows. But through all the years it has done its best to perform its simple duty, to give a little shade to the rock in which it grows, to beckon in a friendly way to the trees on the shores of the lake and to nod as the children pass up and down the railway line.

If these little children could express what is in their minds they might say, "We like the little tree because it is so small and so lonely, and because it has no friends to speak with except the little waves and the little fish, and the big sun and the clouds. Standing out alone it waves its hands to us as if to say 'I'd like to go along but I cannot move from this old rock, but I look at you every day and see your pretty faces and hear your merry voices and they make me very happy.' And if the little tree could speak it would say 'Of course these rocks and hills had to be clothed and everybody had to do a part. I was sent to shelter this old rock and I am doing my best. True I have no friends to speak to, but I have a fine view. There is nobody in my way. I can speak only in whispers but I can hear the moans of the big pines and the rustle of the poplars not far away. They have their work to do and I have mine. The rock is pleased that I am here, and the people that pass by smile at me. I am not big nor am I pretty, but I am doing the best I can and that is all anyone may do.'"

Thus the little tree preaches its small sermon and sheds its influence day by day. It is a symbol of lonely life on the prairies. Without solitary homes and unpretentious services we should have no country. Life in its abundance is made up from the combined effort of many humble individuals. And often the humblest is the greatest. So let us pay a tribute to the pioneers in this great land, and to the missionaries of all kinds in lonely places. When it comes to granting honors let it come to them.

There is another side of the picture. Fifty years and not an inch of growth. What a tragedy and what a symbol! How often has the little tree tried to stretch its arms so as to perform a greater service, but how can one grow without food? How can the branches flourish if the roots are not fed? Yet, each spring the little tree seems to say, "Perhaps this year I shall do better; perhaps kind Nature will give me a wider chance. Hope deferred may sicken the hearts of men, but to a tree a year of waiting is nothing. My time will yet come." Well it is that the little tree should not know that its limit is reached. At times but not always even ignorance is a blessing.

So again, the tree is a symbol of men and institutions. Many of them grow old in years but not in wisdom nor in usefulness. Their lives are rooted in the soil of prejudice, and they know not the joy of growing. In business and commerce men are forced to change their method, for he who lives in the past meets disaster, but in education, religion, government and social customs people often retain their old traditions, though both reason and experience urge a change. The one sign of health and progress is change, for all growth necessitates changes in structure and function. Some even in progressive Canada have their feet planted in unfertile soil and some are by nature or early training stunted or otherwise incapable of development. Two illustrations will suffice. The first is that of the man who is wedded to old slogans in political warfare. The half-shot Scotsman in a restaurant who last week proclaimed that he and his brother Scots in Western Canada were going to arise and put Charlie Stewart on the throne, was an extreme type, but no worse than the Conservatives and Grits

who still swear by or at Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. Were these two leaders here today the former would not be advocating protection as a national policy, and the latter would not hold the attitude to the West that he and his followers held in those days. Yet down at Ottawa there are men who are endeavoring to renew the old Shibboleths, and reestablish the old division lines. The leaders of both parties have been through the West and they have failed to make an impression because they refuse to be up-to-date. They are adepts at dealing with dead issues, but do not face present vital problems. If we are to judge them by their addresses they have not grown in twenty-five years, except in the art of making fine phrases.

More unprogressive still is the attitude of some on questions of religion. Lowell, in "The Cathedral," expressed protest against this Conservatism in the famous phrase:

"Shall a man live on other men's report,
Himself a pleasing fable of himself?"

This is no plea for Modernism but for liberty of interpretation. The best preachers today are not purveyors of doctrine, but men who help us to think for ourselves. The only man who grows is the man who thinks. The rabid declaimer as a rule does far more harm than good. Did he know a little more about the laws of mental growth he would place less confidence in his oratory. He gives the people words and phrases, but no real food. And it is a grievous error to put a formula in place of living experience, for it is only through experience that growth can come.

So little tree, as a type of the lowly solitary life, we appreciate you; as a type of stagnant unprogressiveness which is not your own fault, we sympathize with you. And year by year we shall join with the children in looking for you and will not fail to wave a fond salute.

Kindliness

THERE is one virtue that everybody respects wherever it is manifested—the virtue of kindliness. It is observable in old old ladies when they are dealing with little children, with mothers when they have to forgive transgressions of their growing children, with men and women everywhere who possess the true Christian spirit and who wish those about them to have a happy and free existence. The virtue is unknown to the autocrat and the termagant, and to people who are unduly ambitious and self-centred.

If kindliness enters the home it produces harmony and good will. What is objectionable in a father is not his harsh words but his ungracious spirit, what is objectionable in a mother is not a rasping tongue but a waspish disposition. So in the business world, the clerk who attracts custom is not she who is clever and talkative but she who is anxious to meet the needs of her customers. It is equally true in polite society. She who charms is the one who thinks of making others happy. And in religious service now-a-days it is not the spell-binder who sways an audience. The preacher with the simple message and the warm heart is never wanting in admirers and followers. In school the old-time nagging, bullying pedagogue no longer wins respect of people or pupils. It is better and easier to lead than to drive.

Never was kindliness more in demand than today. Here we have people of different races, classes and creeds. There is demanded tolerance, understanding, patience, and the fundamental virtue in all is kindliness. It recognizes something deeper than dress and speech and social custom. It puts a premium on true worth. It pities the unfortunate instead of censuring their shortcomings. And it is remarkable how few people in this world really deserve censure and how many deserve pity. Men, women and children are what they are, chiefly because of heredity, environment and only in a minor sense because of their own free will. Why should one be blamed for the weaknesses due to birth, and why should he be belabored if he has been unfortunate enough to find his home in an unworthy environment? It is bad enough that a man should be knocked down, but it is only adding insult to injury to kick him because he fell. The only way to help a man in home vocation or society is to extend a kindly hand, a cheering word. In the long run bullying and fault-finding "do not pay." More than that the fault-finder is always out of sorts with himself, but the man of kindly disposition has peace in his own soul.

Montreal or Canada

MONTREAL is a great city, but it is not Canada. Our two Railway Systems are great and well-managed, and prime essentials of course, but they are not Canada. Neither are the banks, loan companies or manufacturing industries of the Eastern cities, powerful though they be. Yet there are men and newspapers whose conception of the national life of Canada is limited to the confines of Montreal and its monetary and commercial institutions, and who cannot see that there is anything beyond these. Without knowing it perhaps, they are doing a very serious injury to the country at large, and incidentally to their own prospects by insisting on a self-centred policy.

To put it in as brief a form as possible: Manufacture cannot prosper if there is nobody to buy; a railway cannot prosper if there is nothing to carry; Montreal cannot grow if there is no West with which she can trade; the banks cannot prosper if there are no people to borrow, and if business is such as makes it unwise for them to lend. The two fundamental necessities are people and foreign trade. Give us these and the banks, the railways and the eastern cities will have no need to worry; without these there is nothing ahead but disappointment. Any attempt to build up one institution at the expense of the whole country spells national ruin.

It is as wrong to sacrifice one system of our railways, and it matters not which of them, as it is to sacrifice the farming industry. There should be no one in Montreal or elsewhere in Canada to favor discrimination, and if Montreal is doing it consciously or unconsciously, it is playing an unworthy part in our nation building. High protection will neither help manufacture nor bless the country. After the experiences of the past, it seems strange that there should be still some in our country to hold to this attitude. The knifing of any industry will not in the end enrich another. The only effect will be national loss.

The West is not in this matter biased by local considerations. It sees Canada as Canada, and not as Montreal. Anyone who does not view present affairs from a national standpoint must not be heeded.

Thanksgiving

THERE are many things for which Western Canada has to be thankful. First of all she has to thank kind Providence for a bountiful harvest. It should have the effect of heartening all our people and of attracting to the prairies thousands of settlers. There is no land on the surface of the globe as full of promise to the agriculturist as the area between the Great Lakes and the Mountains. We can be thankful not only for this year's harvest, but for the prospect of rich harvests to come. It will be fitting then that we show our gratitude not merely by holding a feast for ourselves on a national holiday, but by direct recognition of the Giver of all good, and by acts that are befitting to those who have received blessings.

A Great Annual Loss

WHEN there has been an especially dry season and lightning starts a forest fire, the devastation which follows is not chargeable to any human neglect or human wrongdoing. But even in very dry years the direct cause of most forest fires is not lightning but the sheer carelessness of human beings. A great deal has been printed during the past few years in newspapers and in periodicals about the enormous annual loss caused by forest fires. But there is not yet any general understanding of what that enormous loss means. With every year that passes the problem of preventing that loss becomes more important and more urgent. The millions of people on this continent who live in cities and towns or in agricultural areas remote from forests and brush cover have no way of realizing how vitally important the conservation of forest resources is, not merely on account of the value of the timber, but of the preservation of the sources of water supplies. There are lands in the world which became deserts because of the destruction of forests. Sooner or later, if the present destruction by forest fires caused by carelessness continues on this continent, an enormously costly system of minute surveillance by an army of uniformed officials will be necessary in forest areas. The air patrols now in operation both in this country and in the United States are proving to be of very great value. But there is need of its being more generally understood how important it is that there should be no destruction by fire that can be prevented.



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Native Blood

By Katherine Kane

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

THEY were pals as well as partners. The Canadian, Dave Mansell had seen thirty-two years, most of them stormy and adventurous. Eric Montgomery was the product of English Public School, age-old to tradition and the Yorkshire dales. His formative years had been spent in the abnormal atmosphere of war. A Second Lieutenant at eighteen, a Major at twenty, now at twenty-two he was trying to find himself, and to make up, in mental growth, the lost years. Still a boy as far as knowledge of the world goes, he felt himself a man, secure in the confidence of three successful years soldiering. He was proud, headstrong, imperious, but, withal, lovable, courageous and "straight."

Beyond a sketchy biography of adventure, martial and amorous, by land and sea, little could be known of Mansell. "On his own" since his twelfth year, he had been in turn lumberman, farmer, land agent, cowboy, sailor, soldier—as he himself phrased it, "Everything but a deep sea diver." In course of a chequered career, he had learned to speak passable English, could wear dress-clothes and not be mistaken for a waiter; he passed for a gentleman. Physically, he had the endurance of a mule and strength of a horse pent up in a deep-chested, stocky frame.

This ill-assorted pair had met at the front. Mansell, coming with a commission from the ranks of a Canadian Battalion, found himself under the younger man's command. Months of service had bound them together; two leaves had been spent at Montgomery's home. Eric had admired the shrewd bravery of his Canadian friend, and had played Achilles to Mansell's Ulysses. Their joint efforts had won each a decoration and the Company under Eric's command an enviable reputation in the Brigade. Monty's own reputation was that of the usual, open, honest, English gentleman. The Divisional General once discussing his junior officers thus described Mansell: "A deep devil—valuable friend but a very menacing enemy." And this fitted the man to the life.

In 1920, Capital turned greedy eyes to Canada's Northland. Tales of oil, of gold and silver, copper and timber in profuse abundance, led to investigation, investigation warranted action and wealth, wearied and worried by the aftermath of war, sought to increase itself in new fields. Nor were men lacking to try their luck in the hinterland; men who would never again be content with city pavements after treading the dangerous paths for four years. Mansell claiming an intimate knowledge of the country and its opportunities, persuaded Eric to pool their gratuities, and try their luck. Eric, glad of the chance for a trip promising adventure and the possibility of making money—the family fortunes were none too good—had fallen in with the idea.

The end of the summer found the partners in a country rich in indications of copper-bearing ore. When winter seized the land in his iron grip, Mansell had decided to spend the frozen months on the "claim" in order to be able to start work at once when spring arrived. A log cabin had been built, a plentiful supply of "grub" and tobacco laid in, and the two men prepared to stick it out.

Week after week of constant companionship with the same companion, with never a variation, will test nerves—and friendship. Also, there was so little to do. Each day, three simple meals to be cooked, a supply of firewood to be sawed and split, a 12 x 10 "shack" to be kept reasonably clean—such tasks hardly occupy even the few short hours of an Arctic day.

Mansell had laid out a line of traps in hopes of getting a small catch of furs, but he could not wander far afield without trespassing on the preserves of the Hudson's Bay Company's Indians. Visiting his traps occupied a couple of hours a day and added some interest. "Monty" had won so often at cribbage that the game bored them both. The war had been won over again a thousandtimes, the mistakes of the Higher Command rectified. In short, though as friendly as ever before—outwardly—each was boring

the other, and life was becoming very humdrum. Of late a definite cause of dispute had developed.

When two good men-friends are nearing a quarrel—"cherchez la femme." In this case the woman was not far to seek. Some ten miles down the Little Moosehorn, on which river Mansell had established the winter camp, lived the nearest and only neighbor, Mesurier by name, a French half-breed, with a full-blooded Chippewyan squaw for mate. She was his wife too—properly married by the Roman Catholic priest who, once a year, visited his vast parish from end to end and edge to edge. Twenty years before, Father Fallon had joined in holy wedlock Jules

at the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort Resolution many miles away. This autumn she had returned, her "education" complete, and her father was so charmed that he almost forgot the two year's separation, Celeste was neat and clean in her dress; she was deft in household tasks. Moreover, she had learned to sing little French habitant songs almost forgotten by her father. For be it known, Mesurier hailed from Quebec, and his father had been a gay coureur-du-bois. Nor had Celeste forgotten her parents' early instructions, for she could tan a hide, make a moccasin, drive a team of half-wild huskies as well as any woman in the North.

And her appearance? Slim, tall, with a wealth of raven hair, level brows over flashing black eyes, piquant features, cheeks dusky, and red lips, a scarlet invitation, parting in quick smile to display teeth whiter than the snow her moccasined feet loved to dance over; figure softly rounded just budding into womanhood; Celeste, at seventeen, was dangerously attractive to any man.

Such was the vision that confronted Eric one sunny afternoon when trotting on his snowshoes, gun under arm, on his way home with a brace of ptarmigan for supper slung over his shoulder. He was just crossing the frozen river when round the point came a six-dog train of huskies—and "mushing them along" was

Celeste. From under the shelter of a cedar root on the river-bank, leaped a startled snowshoe rabbit, right under the nose of the leading dog; with yelps of joy, away went the huskies and the light toboggan in a wild whirl of snow. In vain Celeste shouted; in vain did Monty try to head them off. The girl, running to catch her errant transport, tripped and fell headlong in the snow. Before Eric could reach her and help her up, she had sprung, laughing, to her feet, stuttering out mouthfuls of snow and ejaculations in French and Chippewyan.

"Les Sacres chiens—!! Oh, pardonnez, monsieur." Eric essayed a reply in estaminet French, which drew fresh laughter. Then the boy guffawed and soon they were chatting away like old friends. She assured him they would find the dogs down the river, and sure enough, a short mile

away, the huskies, rabbit lost, were lying down, biting the frozen snow out of their paws. Harness appeared in an inextricable mess, but her practised hands, aided by his clumsy efforts, soon restored order. Celeste waved him good-bye as she stood on the back of the toboggan, like a spirit of the winter woods, cheery and charming. Eric resolved to call on Monsieur Mesurier very soon. And this was the beginning of miracles.

SIX weeks had elapsed since the first meeting, and now Eric was a regular visitor at old man Mesurier's. Twice a week at least, he tramped the ten miles—he and Mansell had no dogs—to spend a few hours in the super-heated little kitchen and watch Celeste. Love making is difficult when there is an audience of round-eyed, silent, small brothers and sisters, but youth is ingenious. The mother was easily placated—to her, all strangers were suspicious—with gifts of tobacco; the father was frankly delighted to have someone to "yarn" with. Celeste stole secret glances at the handsome young Englishman, or looked shyly away when he smiled. Eagerly she drank in his tales of the war, of English country life, of London at night—its theatres, its throngs and its light. Eric's talk was directed to the old man, but in reality he addressed Celeste. Here were Othello and Desdemona over gain, with colours reversed and the scene a smoky, ill-lit cabin in the Canadian woods, instead of the stately palaces and boudoirs of Venice. Celeste could not visualize more than half she heard, but she thrilled to a life so different from hers, so full of brightness, gaiety and variation. Interest grew into admiration, and admiration began to blossom into something very much greater and very much akin to love.

And Eric? Take a youth of his years, fill him with a love of outdoors, fire him with a sense of romance, place him in solitary confinement with an older and very practical man, for many weeks; above all, cut him off from all sight and sound of the other sex—then put a pretty girl in his path. No matter that she



With infinite tenderness she lifted that battered body onto the toboggan and drove him toward warmth and life

Jacques Mesurier and Little Swallow Who Sings, rechristening the bride Bridget Mary, in a laudable attempt to civilize her in name as well as ways. At that time Bridget Mary probably deserved her native name, but the burden of years and maternity had transformed her, in common with most women of her race, into a taciturn and shapeless mountain of flesh. Give her a pipe filled with strong tobacco, the squaw would attend to her multifarious duties phlegmatically, and seemingly with content. Her one joy in life was her eldest daughter Celeste—of whom more later.

Old Mesurier, measured by the backwoods standard, was a man of substance. He traded in furs, had cleared and worked a small garden, sold sled-dogs to the North West Mounted Police, and lived in modest comfort. He could read and write—his own name, anyway. His ambitious soul scorned the teepees of his wife's people and a neat log-cabin housed him, his wife and numerous offspring.

Father Fallon had persuaded him to part with Celeste for two years and the girl had spent the time

is a halfbreed—ignorant and semi-barbaric—you'll have trouble on your hands.

Mansell, wise in the ways of youths and maidens, soon recognized this trouble and sought to remedy it. At first, he confined himself to vague warnings.

"Don't see too much of those Mesuriers, Monty; no good ever came of mixing up with breeds."

The slight sneer on the word "breeds" brought a flash of resentment from Eric.

"Mesurier is a Frenchman."

"Yes," answered Dave, "a French halfbreed and the old lady is a squaw, full-blooded."

As visit succeeded visit and the interval between each became shorter, Dave worried. He was right, he argued; no good ever came of mixing with breeds. Was Monty amusing himself? If so, and any harm came to the girl, Mesurier would shoot him, for halfbreed backwoodsman as he was, the old man worshipped Celeste and her

seducer would have short shrift at his hands. Was the boy falling in love with her? This was almost worse. Charming as Celeste was now, and capable and faithful as she would be as wife for some man her equal, she was no mate for Eric Montgomery. What would his mother say to such a match—proud, English gentlewoman wrapped up in her only son and with radiant plans for his future? What would his sisters feel towards an Indian sister-in-law? And Celeste, as chataleine of Briercliffe Hall—impossible! For this trip to Canada was only a post-war adventure for Eric, and some day that fine old Yorkshire estate would be his. If he did not take her home, the other alternative was for Eric to stay in the North. Again—impossible. Dave decided to act—break up an alliance which he knew to be fraught with danger. He would tackle "Monty" that night.

The Sweeper

By Clara Hopper

*Some brawny one has made soft brown rugs,
To follow the faded fawn ones of old summer.
There they lie, speckless,
Wind, the tireless sweeper, is resting after her labor.
She has finished her work;
Earth's clutter all is gone:
Sky, too, is swept clean of all but sun:
And, over there, a bare bush leans against the sky
Like a housewife's besom
Left standing in a corner
Twigs upward.*

ERIC came in late the next afternoon. The glow in cheek and sparkling eye proclaimed some other influence than winter weather. Mansell had the supper of bacon, beans, "sourdough" bread, tea and syrup on the table. Supper was eaten in silence, and afterwards, the men filled pipes and drew chairs up to the glowing stove.

Mansell opened his campaign.

"Not going out tonight, Monty?"

"Not tonight, Dave."

"That's good,—have a chance to talk to you. Haven't had a real old bukk for ages."

"Well, we haven't much left to say, have we, Dave?"

Mansell thought a moment. Then—"Yes, we have, old lad. Listen now and don't get sore at me. You are going over to Mesurier's too much—for your own good and for that breed girl's good."

Angrily Eric replied, "Be good enough to refer to that lady as Mlle. Mesurier—I will not have you speak of her as 'that breed girl.'"

"Sorry—I asked you not to get sore. I'm only trying to help you. I'm older and wiser than you. What are you intending in that quarter?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you can only have two intentions; one is dangerous—the other—damn foolish."

"What do you mean, Mansell?"

Dave noticed the formal use of the surname and measured his reply carefully.

"Well—one intention might be to marry her—that is foolish as I'll explain later." He paused, glanced shrewdly at his partner, but the latter stared steadily at his boots and smoked.

"The other"—Dave spoke more slowly now—"is to take your fun where you find it, and you're liable to have old Mesurier fill you full of buckshot."

Eric's chair clattered to the floor and, eyes blazing, he confronted the other man.

"Do you think I'm a ruddy cad?" he shouted. "If you weren't my partner I'd punch your leering face. Listen—I mean to marry Celeste this spring when Father Fallon comes round this way."

Dave sat still.

"So that's your idea, is it? Now I know, and I can talk to you more plainly. Celeste is darn pretty, isn't she? Very attractive and jolly? Did you ever notice her mother?" Silence. "Well, you ask Father Fallon what she looked like twenty years ago—then take a good look at her now. That's what your Celeste will look like in about ten years. These native women are all alike. After the first couple of babies, your little wood-nymph will disappear and your wife will be a flat-footed, big-breasted, silent, pipe-smoking squaw. Get that Monty."

The boy glared at him, said nothing. Dave continued:

"Do you want to take such a woman back to

England? Perhaps you can imagine her as the Squire's Lady—entertaining the County, hostess at the Hunt Ball, tea at the Vicar's—I can't. And do you want your successor at the Hall to be three parts Chippewyan and French Habitant? Your blood has been clean for generations. Are you going to taint it?"

"Mansell," Eric interrupted, "I tell you I'm not going back to conventions and fripperies of English life. A season in town, the twelfth and grouse, hunting, the Riviera or Switzerland—the usual empty round. No! I'm going to live my life in the freedom of the woods, with the woman of my choice. This spring I'll marry Celeste, settle here and live a man's life."

Mansell sneered, "A man's life—Yes, a squaw-man's life. Think, can't you? Do you fancy old Mesurier's life? Trap a bit, fish a bit, guide prospectors, eke out an existence without any amenities of civilization? First, you quit shaving regularly, then you throw away

your toothbrush; finally, you let go all grips

and drift. Every

trader and trapper, be

he native or white, will

patronise you, secretly

despise you—you, who

who have carried the

King's Commission, you,

Eric Montgomery, will be,

Monty the squaw-

man, down on the

Little Moosehorn! This

country is going to be big—there is

timber here, oil and

minerals. I can see

towns, factories, mills

—a new Empire. It'll

be big, man, and we'll

be big with it. We're

here and know where

the wealth lies. Look

at the big men in

Winnipeg and Van-

couver—that's what we will be if you want to stay in this country. And you'll have to keep your squaw in the back, or retire each year further into the bush, going steadily downhill. I tell you, Monty, you are cutting your own throat if you marry this squaw."

Dave paused. Monty, on his feet again and furious, faced him:

"You've said enough, Mansell—too much, damn you. Put up your hands, if you're not afraid. Call my girl a squaw, will you?"

"Steady on, Eric, I don't lose my temper easily, but if we fight, I'd break up in a round and I'd have to hurt you because you're such a game kid. We can't fight, you and I, who fought side by side so long. Can't you see I'm fond of you, Monty? Sit down—I'll ask only one more question. Does Celeste love you—love you enough to marry you?"

The reply was sullen. "Why should I tell you? You'll only insult me again. She doesn't say much, but I think she does. But you don't understand."

"Understand? I understand too well—I'm going to tell you what no one else knows. My father was a Scotchman—a gentleman with a wild idea of romance like yours. He came out to Keewatin district years ago to work for the Hudson's Bay Company. He left the Company to marry my mother, his Celeste, a French half-breed. He had to go to Scotland when I was a baby. He never came back. My mother died before she was conscious of his desertion. My grandparents brought me up. Squalor, poverty—God!

Father sent me money through the Mission and I was educated in a haphazard way and destined for life up here. But I lit out when I was about fourteen and have made my own way. I called on my father on leave in 1916—met my stepmother—charming people. They offered me certain concessions, but I refused. I'm all right and will be worth a pile of money some day. I don't blame him. He knew he was degenerating and becoming a regular squaw-man. So he took the only way out. But I'm a breed, and I'll never marry, because I won't marry a breed woman, and I can't

marry a white woman. The blood didn't come out strong in me; I'm usually taken for Italian. I won't tell you of those years with my mother's people; it's something I want to forget. I guess even as a kid, I was more Scotch than Indian, and it was pretty awful—a stuffy, evil-smelling shack in the winter, and a teepee in the summer. Don't do this thing, Monty," and he ceased talking.

"Your father—forgive me, Dave—was a beast and couldn't have loved your mother as I love Celeste. No, your arguments won't change me. If my people don't like Celeste, we'll make our way out here and Briercliffe Hall can go hang."

Dave paused.

"All right, lad. Sell your birthright for a mess of pottage. I've done my best. Don't let's have any hard feelings. I'm sorry I hurt you; I'm not a tactful cuss at best."

"No hard feelings, Dave, but don't interfere any more and all will go well with us. If you do, we simply are finished, that's all. We've got to live here for another three months and we must make the best of it. Good-night," and he stalked off.

The older man sat by the fire smoking and thinking till nearly dawn. Finally, he resolved he would not let this boy, whom he had brought to Canada, ruin his life in Canada. And he made and matured a plan.

A COUPLE of days passed and Monty strapped on his snowshoes preparatory to calling on his lady love. Mansell joined him, a new Mansell, shaved to the quick, a clean moose-hide shirt on, gay moccasins and a jaunty, many-colored sash about his waist.

"I'm sick of staying alone, Monty. May I come with you?"

Eric was suspicious.

"You're not coming to spy on me and start another long-winded argument tonight, are you? Because, if you are, you'd better stay at home."

"No, I know you stubborn Yorkshiremen and see it's no good trying to change your mind for you. I just want to be neighborly too."

So they went. Their host was delighted and welcomed them volubly. Celeste looked after the Canadian who, in his barbaric finery, looked a reincarnation of the old coureurs-du-bois her father loved to tell her about. Indeed, Mansell was a fine figure of the woodsman. At first, quietly courteous, he gradually unbent and soon was jabbering in French

patois interlarded with Chippewyan. He talked and joked; made the old man laugh. Eric was out of his

depth; felt he didn't "belong," and was silent and sulky. On the way home Dave rallied him, saying he was a poor lover, "Hardly said a word to the girl."

Next time he accompanied Eric—and the next. Soon he was a regular visitor. From his kit-bag, he had produced an old and battered mouth-organ and played "Alouette," "En Roulant Ma Boule," and other old habitant chansons for Celeste to sing. He danced the Red River jig—Mesurier was enchanted.

"Vraiment—he ees a man, that one. He ees beeg, strong, a great hunter, a soldier. And see him how he can make the merriment." Eric noted, with disgust, Celeste's growing interest in Dave; her warmth towards him was in inverse ratio. He scented rivalry and began to hate his partner.

IT was now late in January. Father Fallon could not arrive before the middle of May. Thus, Mansell had three months to work. Life in the little cabin became almost intolerable. Eric, suspicious, morose, monosyllabic; Dave, conscious of his perfidy, hating the inevitable breach with Eric, was miserable. Always he asked himself, was the game worth the candle. A mean trick to save his pal, losing his pal while saving him, losing also his self-respect. Should he let the boy go his own way? But a picture of a proud old lady, heartbroken for hopes shattered, rose before him and he held doggedly on his course.

Next a Government mail-runner, gathering up his monthly budget, stopped at the cabin for a meal and a smoke. As he was leaving, Dave called him aside and handed him a letter. Had Eric seen that letter, his smouldering jealousy would have blazed out into open rage. It was addressed to a lawyer in Edmonton and read thus:

"Dear Ted,

Please send this cable off at once and charge to me. Regards to your Missus.

Yours etc.,

Dave."

The cable was to Eric's eldest sister, Lady Somers. It said:

"Cable immediately requiring Eric's presence at home before April 15th. Any pretext. Danger not physical but marital. Urgent. Letter follows.

Mansell."

So far, so good, and the plotter went on to the next move. On an afternoon, when Eric's turn it was to get the week's supply of wood for the stove, Dave slipped away to Mesurier's. The girl was alone.

Without preliminary he took her in his arms and kissed her roughly. At first, she struggled—in vain. He held her and kissed her again, saying:

"My woman, we marry this spring."

Her reply that she was to marry Montgomery elicited a laugh.

"That boy? You'll marry a man, Celeste—you'll marry me. Could he trap the cunning forest beasts and trade their hides at the Company Store for finery for you? Could he fight for you and kill any man who looks hungrily at you? For men will look at you, Celeste, and long for you. He says he'll take you to England, a land of rain, of paved streets, foolish women and weak men. No snow, woman, no mighty forest and great open plains, no rushing streams glinting in the sun. You, a woodsman's daughter, pent up in a stone house in a narrow street—you'd die!"

He clasped her tightly and whispered love words in her mother's tongue. She thrilled to him. Blood called to blood and the savage in him won her, while the Englishman's quiet admiration had merely pleased her vanity. Her struggles ceased and she returned his kiss passionately.

Releasing her, the man walked to the window. It was dusk; up the path from the river came Eric. Dave had planned well, for he knew that the boy would come to see Celeste as soon as his task was finished. He picked up his cap of muskrat fur and went to the door;

Continued on page 70

Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

SECOND INSTALLMENT

for the foraging sparrows. What an ideal place to come to, away from Arbuthnot and his wife and their eternal friends, who would leave their tracks on pavement, if self-importance counted for anything! But then—perhaps he was unfair.

Arbuthnot wasn't such a rotter in some ways. But he did get on the nerves of a man whose nerves were raw to begin with—with his everlasting talk on art and the City Beautiful of Tomorrow. A good architect, in his way, but an unbearable ass. No better as an architect than Mark himself, if it came to that, for all his name and fame. Well, he was free of it all for a half-year, thanks to good old Doc Brisbane! There was a medico with perception! One who could tell what the soul of a man wanted long before the body tumbled to it, fret about it as it might in the quest.

Heavens, how good this air was! It smelled like the young lilac-leaves you used to suck against your lips and break with a snap when you were a kid, or like the slippery-elm bark you used to chew and make a viscous cud of! Dwelling on his childhood, Mark thought of the kindly old priests in the mission who had given him everything in the way of training and education in the hope that his mind would develop along religious lines. If they had harbored any resentment, they had concealed it well, and had encouraged him when he took early to architecture. He would have to go back and visit them when this "jump-cure," as old Brisbane called it, was effected.

Mark paused in the road and looked out over the prairie, flat and new-looking, as though hills had not yet been dreamed of by its Creator. On the north side of the road there was stiff timber, scantily green as yet, springing up from ground that was black and scarred from an old fire. Mark dismounted and stepped in among the charred stumps of the old trees. At the base of one, leaning against it as if for shelter, grew a tiny wood-violet, almost colorless. He looked at it, but did not pluck it as he was first tempted to do. He laughed at himself for his compassion and walked back to his horse.

"We all do that—lean up against burnt stumps—somehow or other," he mused. And then he wondered, rather reluctantly, he thought, "What would have happened to me if mother and father had lived?"

As he rode along, a mood of loneliness overtook him—the same cold feeling of belonging nowhere that he had had at night when he was a little boy, after the priest had put the light out and he lay listening to the rain on the glass of the window. He shook himself impatiently. Time he was getting over that morose habit now, when he was nearing thirty.

He looked over his shoulder and saw that the sun was only a fillip of gold on the rim of the horizon. A steady blue was creeping over the prairie in place of the magnificent light that had been there the moment before. The churr of the frogs had begun in the ditches along the road, and the small leaves on the willows hung with a faint indolence. Suddenly Mark stopped his horse to listen. He lifted his face up to catch the strange sound that was passing over him, a great summoning trumpet-call that seemed to hollow out the heavens.

"Wild geese," he said aloud. "They sound as if they know something about it—something about being alone."

ON a morning ringing with bird-song Ellen and Martin took the wagon into the bush for wood. It was before school-time, an hour after sunrise, and the teacher, who always breakfasted, of course, with the family, rode with them.

When the horse came to a stand Lind asked Ellen and Martin to listen. In the stillness among the dog-wood-trees the first sunlight lay like a faint yellow dust. Suddenly a catbird called. Lind trilled, whistled. The catbird returned the salute on the identical note. Lind laughed. There was a birdish laugh from the trees.

"We used to do that when we were kids," said Ellen. "A long time ago—"

"Remember that blue jay we saw, Ellen? That one that was mad at the cat-birds?" Martin put in. There was something almost eager in his voice.

Ellen laughed her half-startled laugh. She did everything suddenly, nervously, after a period of slow considering.

Lind followed them into the timber, where Martin fell to with the axe, cleaving with sloping blows into the bole of a dry birch. The swing and shock of the axe broke into the cool morning and woke a chorus of echoes. While Martin chopped, Lind helped Ellen drag the trees which were small into a clearing. Then Ellen, with a small hatchet, trimmed them down to the trunk. Afterward they piled them into the wagon, and saw that the sun was now free of the bush and that it must be well on toward nine o'clock.

Before Ellen returned to the wagon the last time, she ran a thorn through her shoe and into her foot. But she said nothing about it. Ellen had come to pride herself on her stoic endurance of physical pain, and no matter how small or great it was, pain was no longer distinguished for her by its degrees of suffering.

Martin was happy this morning. Lind saw that he was, and would have liked to engage him in conversation about himself, but knew his shyness.

He lifted his face up to catch the strange sound that was passing over him, a great summoning trumpet-call that seemed to hollow out the heavens. "Wild geese," he said aloud, "They sound as if they know something about it—something about being alone."



PRECEDING EVENTS OF THE STORY

Caleb Gare ruled as a despot in his home. Because of his greed for more property and greater returns from his land he kept his children in submission to do the work and further his ambition. The children were, Ellen and Martin, twins, Judith and Charlie. The first two were weak in character and pliable to his will; Judith was bold and independent; Charlie was the favored one, and indulged by his father. The wife, Amelia, had had a lover in early years, and a child, Mark Jordan, was born out of wedlock. No one but Caleb knew this, and he used his knowledge to make his wife submissive. Caleb envied his neighbours and all hated him. Among these were Skuli Ericson, a fellow school trustee; the Thorvaldsens; the Sandbogs; the Bjarnassons; the Aronsons. Into the Gare home came the new teacher, Lind Archer. The opening chapters gave an account of Gare's discipline, his refined cruelty and hypocrisy; Judith's independence and rebellion; visits of the teacher to the Sandbogs' and the Bjarnassons'; the hatreds and jealousies in the district, and the contempt of Caleb Gare for everybody and everything.

THE farm of Thorvald Thorvaldson lay half-way between the Gares' and the Bjarnassons'.

Thorvald had nine girls and no boys. Consequently his farm was a fragment of neglect, a ragged piece of land of no value save as a hindrance to Caleb Gare's ambition to extend his pastures farther westward, which hindrance, Thorvald maintained, was gratifying in itself.

Lind stopped there on her way home from the Bjarnassons' to speak to Mrs. Thorvaldson about the condition of the scalps of her younger daughters. She would bring the matter up delicately.

From the seat of the Bjarnasson children's cart, Lind saw Mrs. Thorvaldson struggling with the cattle in the milk-yard—saw her pushed and jostled about by the unmanageable animals, which she was trying to separate. Lind saw also that she was heavy with child.

Somehow Lind could not bring herself to mention the heads. She waved good morning to the woman and then told Andres to drive back to the road. She would use kerosene herself on the young ones.

From the top of the sharp ridge that looked down upon the forks where three roads met, from the north, the east, and the west, Lind saw a man on horseback. His head was bare, his hat slung across the pommel of his saddle. His clothes, the contour of his well-groomed head, even the way he sat astride his horse, signified to Lind that he was from the world beyond Nykerk Siding, the direction from which he had come. For some reason she felt shy about encountering him, and asked Andres to rein in and let the stranger pass ahead of them on the forks. Andres stopped his horse, and Lind saw that the man on horseback rode on without having seen them.

MARK JORDAN smiled to himself as he jogged along the road on the Indian pony he had hired at the Siding to take him to the farm of the Hungarian, Anton Klovacz. His greenish, ironical eyes, that could in an instant take on the shadow of a dream, searched the dust in the road ahead of him, and saw never the track or trace of human passage. For a day, then, fully, the road had been empty save, perhaps,

It always made him happy to feel his strength where results were immediate. He did not know, however, that this was the cause of his mood. He would have whistled or even stamped with both feet on the floor of the wagon had the teacher not been there.

Caleb Gare was examining a number of cattle in the barn-yard when Martin and Ellen returned. They had left the teacher at the school.

Caleb called to Martin:

"These steers go into the Siding tomorrow. Take Ellen with you."

Martin wondered to himself what object there was in selling steers just now, but he said nothing. Then he noticed that one of the animals was a favorite of Judith's, which she had raised and planned to sell in the Fall in order to get a Winter coat. Still he made no comment. It was Judith's steer.

That day Ellen applied poultices of hot soaked bread to her foot. Amelia was concerned about it, but, as was her way, made no mention of it to Caleb when he came in for the noon meal.

Charlie had given Amelia further cause for distress that morning. He had ridden the mare so hard that she had come home in a white froth; and Charlie knew it was forbidden to spend the animal in such a way. The mare was still quivering in the stable when Caleb examined her. It happened that Judith had just returned from the muskeg, where, mounted on Prince, she had roped out a calf that had broken from the pasture with a number of cows.

Caleb entered the house. Amelia, busily taking biscuits from the oven for dinner, saw his face and knew that something had happened. Ellen's foot and now trouble over the mare. Amelia pushed her hair back from her hot forehead.

"Where is Judith?" Caleb demanded, the points of his eyes like steel.

Ellen, who was setting the table, straightened her narrow back and listened. So Judith, thoughtless of Amelia, had done something again.

"She's putting ointment on her hands," Amelia said.

"And well she might! Ointment! T-t-ch! Bring her here!"

"What is it, Caleb? What has she done?"

"Done! Bring her here, I say!" The veins swelled in his neck to livid welts. Amelia hurried past him to call Jude from the loft, but the girl had heard the conversation where she stood upstairs.

She came into the kitchen, her hands hanging before her and covered with yellow salve where the rope with which she had rescued the calf had burned into the flesh. She regarded Caleb coldly.

"Well?" she asked.

Caleb approached her, his head jutting forward from his shoulders.

"Don't you 'well' me! What have you done with the mare? What have you done with her, I say?" His voice rose from a sort of husky whisper to a thin peal.

"I wasn't ridin' the mare!"

"Then who had her? Who had her but you?—tell me that."

"Charlie rode the mare, Caleb! I told him before he took her out to be easy with her," Amelia put in hurriedly.

Caleb threw back his head with a jerk. He laughed.

"You did! Well, well!"

Laughing softly, he shuffled into the other room and sat down to the table. Presently the others came in and quietly took their places. When Lind entered and threw her wide, lacy hat upon the hair sofa, Amelia winced at the incongruity of her presence in the room. The teacher smiled at them all and sat down in her chair.

"It's the most beautiful day we have had yet this Spring," she remarked. "I have never seen the sky so blue or the trees so green. The rain last night seems to have cleared the whole world. It must have been fine for the crops, Mr. Gare?"

"H'm—yes, yes indeed. So she threw you, eh, Charlie?" Caleb asked the boy, scarcely glancing at Lind in reply to her question. He winked at Charlie, and Charlie grinned broadly. The youngest of the Gares had a habitual snuffle which Amelia had tried in vain to correct. He was an anemic-looking boy, and cared little for anything except that which was forbidden. This trait appealed to Caleb, and he chose to humor it, to the annoyance and indignation of the others, especially Judith. Charlie had always taken advantage of his father's leniency.

"Nix," said Charlie. "She smelt a bear. The Klovacz shot at two last night—one got away with a pig."

"Bears, eh? That means trouble," Caleb observed, to switch the subject. "Have to look out on the way to Nykerk to-morrow, Martin. Keep Ellen under cover. She's nice and plump. Eh, Ellen?" He leaned over and playfully tweaked Ellen's arm. She smiled dutifully. Judith made a grimace which she did not try to hide.

To the end of the meal Caleb was genial, jovial, in fact. No further mention was made of the mare. Judith had not ridden her, after all.

FOR the rest of that day Judith's hands were of no use to her, so she slipped away with her dog, Pete, through the bush to a little ravine where a pool had gathered below the thread of a spring. Pete caught a scent and was off, and Judith was left alone.

It was clingingly warm, as before rain. Not knowing fully what she was doing, Judith took off all her clothing and lay flat on the damp ground, with the waxy feeling of new, sunless vegetation under her. She needed to escape, to fly from something—she knew not what.

Caleb—Ellen—the farm—the hot reek of manure in the stable when it was close as to-day. Life was smothering, overwhelming her, like a pillow pressed against her face, like a feather tick pinning down her body.



Sven had urged her to speak to her mother of their plan to be married. But Judith had put off doing so.

She would have struck Caleb to-day had it not been for Amelia. Always pity stood in the way of the tide of violence she felt could break from her. Pity for Amelia, who would get what Caleb did not dare mete out to her, Judith.

Oh, how knowing the bare earth was, as if it might have a heart and a mind hidden here in the woods! The fields that Caleb had tilled had no tenderness, she knew. But here was something forbiddenly beautiful, secret as one's own body. And there was something beyond this. She could feel it in the freeness of the air, in the depth of the earth. Under her body there were, she had been taught, eight thousand miles of earth. On the other side, what? Above her body there were leagues and leagues of air, leading like wings—to what?

The marvelous confusion and complexity of all the world had singled her out from the rest of the Gares. She was no longer one of them. Lind Archer had come, and her delicate fingers had sprung a secret lock in Jude's being. She had escaped like a chrysalis. There was no going back now into the darkness.

Sven Sandbo, he would be home in May, so they said. Was it Sven she wanted, now that she was so strangely free? Judith looked straight above her through the network of white birch and saw the bulbous, white country that a cloud made against the blue. Something beyond Sven, perhaps. Freedom, freedom. She dipped her blistered hands down into the clear topaz of the pool, lifted them and dipped them and lifted them, letting the drops slip off the tips of her fingers each time like tiny cups of light.

She thought of the teacher, of her dainty hands and her soft, laughing eyes—she came from another life, another world. She would go back there again. Her hands would never be maps of blisters as Jude's were now, from tugging a calf out of a mud-hole. Jude hid her hands behind her and pressed her breast against the cold ground. Hard, senseless sobs rose in her throat, and her eyes smarted with tears. She was ugly beyond all bearing, and all her life was ugly. Suddenly she was bursting with hatred of Caleb. Her large, strong body lay rigid on the ground and was suddenly unnatural in that earthy place. Then she relaxed and wept like a woman.

JUDITH dressed, whistled to Pete, and when he came bounding, joyously toward her, walked slowly back home. On the way she passed the north cow-pasture where Caleb kept a few bull calves among the milch cows. She leaned against the fence and looked

in at two of the plump young bulls who were dancing about and playfully skulking each other, having apparently just discovered their sprouting horns. She saw how they had developed since she had last observed them. Their grisly, stupid faces had become more surly, their flanks heavier, their dewlaps smoother and whiter and thicker.

Caleb would soon be ringing their noses, and they would become spiritlessly ugly, with all this madcap frenzy suppressed. They were beautiful bulls, and would bring a nice sum from one of the Icelanders, perhaps. Judith felt an inner excitement in watching them. She turned to go, feeling dismayed that she should be so attracted by the young beasts. But a

curiosity over which she had no control held her there for many minutes. Ah, how violent they were becoming in their play!

Judith heard Charlie crashing through the timber on his horse, calling the cattle. With the dog at her heels she fled home.

Ellen was examining her foot when Jude came into the house.

"I can take the cattle with Martin to-morrow, Ellen," Jude said sympathetically. "Your foot looks like it's spavined."

"It'll be all right in the morning, I hope," Ellen replied. "Father wants me to go."

"Huh!" Judith retorted. "And you'd go, too—on crutches!"

"Hush, girls!" Amelia pleaded. "Let's not have any more trouble to-night. The mare's enough for one day."

However, when Caleb came in from the stable, Judith took pains to mention to Ellen again her willingness to go in her place. The teacher, working at her desk at the other end of the room, watched Caleb out of the corner of her eye. She made a little wager with herself that he would appear not to have heard Judith. She won the wager.

After a moment Caleb, looking up from his agricultural journal, called loudly to Amelia, who was in the kitchen.

"Heard to-day that Sven Sandbo's comin' up from the Siding to-morrow," he said.

Jude's color rose at once. Ellen glanced at her. Both knew, as did the teacher, that he had not been off the farm all day and could not possibly have heard such a thing, no one having stopped in.

A little later, after he had talked casually on other things, he turned to Judith and said, "You can use the new harrow on the east garden to-morrow, Jude."

"Ellen can't go with Martin the way her foot is," Judith observed.

"You mean, Jude, not if Sven Sandbo is comin' up from Nykerk. Hah! Hah! Caught you that time!" He laughed heartily, passing his hand across his mustache. His eyes gleamed with open-hearted mischief. How he loved to have sport with the girls on the subject of beaux! "You're too young to be moonin', Jude. I notice it in you lately. Haven't you, Miss Archer?"

Lind smiled at Judith, who sprang up furious. Caleb regarded her with amusement.

"Mother, I'm afraid Jude is forgettin' herself."

He turned and, chuckling almost inaudibly, went out once more to inspect something about the place.

"Oh, Jude, you know what that always means!" Ellen whispered so Lind should not hear. "Why on earth can't you control yourself?"

But Judith was sitting dumb and sombre at the window, looking out into the twilight. In a few minutes she got up and began to help Amelia with the supper.

"I wish we could stop eating once in a while," Amelia sighed. "It gets tiresome."

Caleb did not come in at all for supper. Every one, even Lind, knew the significance of that. After the children had gone to bed he would be heard talking

of the church at Yellow Post. Although it took time from his own affairs, it pleased him to be one of the trustees of the church, as he was of the school. The pleasure came mainly from seeing that none of the other guardians of the church funds profited from them.

It was because he had a little suspicion concerning Bjorn Aronson, who was treasurer of the church funds, that he went to the meeting that particular day.

He watched the younger brother of Fusi Aronson narrowly throughout the meeting, in which it was taken for granted that the money Bjorn was entrusted with lay safely in the strong box at the Aronson farm. Caleb saw no reason why Bjorn, at this time of the

good luck pending upon the granting of the government title, would leave in his will a few short months hence!

Caleb turned into the narrow, infrequently used wood road that led past Anton Klovacz's outbuildings. He drove slowly, and let the wheels run on the grass alongside, so that there should be as little sound as possible from them. He craned his neck to see all that he could of the Klovacz place.

It was months since he had talked with Anton, but he had heard at Yellow Post that the man was failing fast and was leaving very soon for the city where a great specialist was to examine him. But that news only corroborated the statement of Bart Nugent, who in his last letter had told Caleb that Mark Jordan was leaving at once to tend to Klovacz's homestead during his absence.

Bart was a clever man, and he had done Caleb a lifelong service, never suspecting to what purpose. Bart had fondly thought that Caleb had Mark's interest at heart because of Amelia. A veterinary surgeon and a keeper of stables, Bart had managed to continue his acquaintance with Mark Jordan in a friendly fashion even after the War, and had faithfully reported every move that the young man made. Caleb chuckled to himself when he reviewed the situation. Bart had been a good sort. But now—

Caleb removed his last letter from his vest pocket, together with one from the hospital which had forwarded it to him. He shook his head, and a look came into his eyes that was seldom seen there. Amelia must never learn that Bart Nugent was gone. For it was Bart and his assiduous reporting on Mark that she feared. Bart was Caleb's only connection with the outer world. Even if Amelia did learn of Mark's presence on the Klovacz farm, she must never know that Bart Nugent was dead. Mark Jordan would return to the city, and Caleb would lose all trace of him but that Amelia must never know. For that would mean an end to Amelia's fear.

Caleb skulked along in the cart, close to the alder-bushes that were flowering like creamy curds between the road and the Klovacz farm. He heard the voices of two men who were approaching on the opposite side of the fence. One voice was reedy and high as a child's, almost with the thin wail of wind in a chimney; the other was rich and controlled. Caleb at once hated the deep assurance in the second voice. He knew by instinct that it was Mark Jordan's. The other was that of Anton Klovacz, dying of consumption, with his feet on government soil.

Through the thick weave of the bushes Caleb caught a glimpse of the two men. Jordan was tall and broad, Anton Klovacz still taller and as narrow as a pine board. His shoulders were scoop-shaped, his face all gone to cheek-bones and hollows. "Heavens, how he looks!" said Caleb to himself. Disease—destruction—things that he feared—things out of man's control.

As the men passed, Caleb turned his head and followed the form of Mark Jordan until his eyes ached from the strain. Pah! how like his father he was—walking like he was God Almighty! The furious jealousy of Caleb's earlier years came into his heart again like a ravaging disease long checked and now broken out more violently than ever. Bareheaded, he sat in the cart with his long arms stretched rigidly down between his knees, his hands clasped together. The reins hung loose; the horse pawed impatiently at the ground. A catbird in the nearest alder-bush made a quivering little sound. But Caleb sat on, oblivious to all about him.

Not his son, not his son, that handsome lad! The son of Amelia and big Del Jordan, who was gored by a bull. Caleb's sons—Caleb's children, what were they? Well born, it was true, and not out of wedlock. But twisted and gnarled and stunted as the growth on the bush-land he owned, and barren as had been his acres before he had put his own life's blood into them for a meagre yield. Caleb's head slipped down until his chin touched his chest. The soft wind moved in his scrag of hair, and in the invisible touch was a gesture of infinite pity.

CALEB turned into the farmyard of Fusi Aronson. His face was lined with hard mirth. He had come upon a choice errand. The great Iclander strode down to meet him, and bade him a stiff good day.

"I hear Bjorn has bought some cattle from Klovacz," Caleb began smoothly, dismounting from the cart. "He must be well off this Spring."

"It was in settlement of a debt Klovacz owed him." Fusi replied shortly.

Caleb laughed. "Oh, no, it wasn't, Fusi. Klovacz got good money in return for those same Jerseys."

Fusi started. "What do you mean, Mr. Gare?" Caleb stepped closer to the Iclander and lifted his eyebrows meaningly.

"Of course he'll put the money back in the strong box, Fusi. The church needs it, you know," he said gently, laying his finger on the breast of the big man's overall. He turned to go.

"Of course," he added, "you needn't fear that I'm going to squeal."

Fusi, in his heavy way, was looking at him uncertainly, not quite grasping the thing. Then the slow red surged up into his face. He knotted his huge fists and plunged toward Caleb.

"Take your time, Fusi; take your time," Caleb mocked. "Look in the strong box first. And, by the way, when you are ready to deal with me about that timber down there between my hay-fields, let me know. The sooner the better for me."

He mounted the cart and drove away.



in a low tone to Amelia, and in the morning her eyes would be ringed with shadows. During the meal Ellen looked across the table at Judith with the rebuke that the younger girl had come to hate. Judith bolted her food and went upstairs.

When Caleb returned indoors it was to announce bedtime. He did so pleasantly, but Amelia saw below his pleasantness. The children and Lind went to the loft. Caleb was the clock by which the family slept, woke, ate, and moved.

"Five in the morning, everybody. Ellen and Martin are going to take the steers in to Nykerk, remember," he called after them.

EVERY one, including Lind, to whom the tyranny was rather novel, was at breakfast at half past five.

There was this to be said about the enforced early rising; you saw the unbelievable dawn whether you wished to or not. It unfolded like a vast flower over the edge of the horizon. The earth was clear and dark under it, as if seen through blue glass. One was aware for the first time of standing on a sphere that moved rhythmically through space. It was an hour of crystal-clear perceptions.

But breakfast was a bleak affair. Ellen was pale from the pain in her foot, and Amelia torn between mother solicitude and wifely submission. Caleb and Martin talked about the sale of the cattle; no mention was made of Judith's steer, although Martin resolved to see that she was given one in its place.

Judith sullenly hurried out after she had had a cup of coffee, and began to pitch manure into the cart. Her hands were still swollen and sore, but pride kept her from complaining. If Ellen could stand it for Amelia's sake, she could.

Ellen and Martin drove away with the steers before the teacher could say goodby to them.

She ran out and watched them disappear down the road, Martin stooped over on the wagon-seat like an old, tired man, Ellen sitting rather too stiff to be natural.

And Caleb Gare left to attend a business meeting

year, should have been able to buy three head of purebred Jersey cattle from that heathen, Klovacz, who did not even belong to the church. Caleb had singled out the new cattle in the herd, and had recognized them at once.

After the meeting he stepped up behind Bjorn, who was untying his horses from the hitching-post.

"See you have some Jerseys," he said, tapping the young man on the shoulder. Bjorn started. Caleb smiled.

"Ya-a, sure," said Bjorn.

"Get 'em at the Siding?"

"Naa-ow. Bought from Klovacz. He needed money before he goes away," Bjorn said. His eyes traveled down the road. Caleb smiled again, balancing back on his heels thoughtfully. Bjorn got into his wagon and drove down toward Yellow Post proper, giving his horses the whip.

Bjorn was not the man his brother was, but because Fusi was honest Oeland took it that good blood ran all the way through the family. There they made their little mistake, Caleb thought to himself, congratulating himself upon having discovered a stain upon the Aronson escutcheon which he might with ease lay his finger on. No, he had long known that Bjorn was not the boy his brother was. Bjorn had not even troubled to learn English with the pain that Fusi had given to it. Caleb would pay a little visit to Fusi on the way home, he decided.

There was another little matter that Caleb thought it would be advantageous to attend to. He got into his cart, clucked to the horse, and headed him in the direction of the Klovacz homestead. The day was pleasant and Caleb was in an exceedingly good humor. By turning his head westward he could look upon his own fields, already green and promising. On the east lay the straggling, stony land of Anton Klovacz, with his few acres of miserable timothy. He laughed at the irony that lay in Mark Jordan's coming to this morose patch of land, all that Anton Klovacz, with rarest

THE three black-eyed Klovacz children no longer brought crocuses and violets to Lindon the by mornings. Their father, Anton Klovacz, was seriously ill, Lind was told. And because there was no mother in the family, all of the children left with him in the covered wagon for the city in the south, where a great physician would be called into attendance. All of Anton's savings would go, of course.

He had hired a man to look after his live-stock during his absence, the children informed Lind on their last day at school. He was a very nice, strong man, they said, who had brought them candy from the city and had let them search his pockets and keep all the silver they found there. On the very first day they had got so well acquainted with him that the younger of them had scrambled all over him in a free-for-all tumble, until they finally got him on his back on the ground, where he lay laughing heartily.

A few days later he had gone to Yellow Post and had brought back a box that sang and made music. It had been sent after him from the city from which he had come. A number of books with shiny leather covers had come, too, but the children couldn't make out a word of them, or at least not a whole line. Whoever the man was, it was plain that the children had been won over by him completely.

The evenings were now so marvelously tender that Lind could not tolerate the imprisoned feeling on the Gare farm. She made a habit of going on long cross-country tramps alone, after school, returning barely in time for supper. She rarely met any one, either driving or on foot, to detract from the lonely charm of her jaunts. Wondering a little about the man from the city who had come to the Klovacz place, she had several times been tempted to walk over that way. Of course he would be only a laborer, and would doubtless not be bothered with talking to her, but merely a glimpse of him would restore her confidence that the world she had come from was still in existence.

One day the Sandbo children left their pony for her to ride. The evening set in with a fine gray web of rain, and Lind dressed in rough clothes, mounted the pony, and rode southeast, toward the Klovacz homestead. She took the narrow, winding trail that Caleb had driven on not long before. She passed the alder-bushes and came to a stretch where the choke-cherry trees on either side bowed toward each other and almost shut out the sky.

On the road Lind met a man walking bare-headed with his hat in his hand, in the gray half-light. She recognized him as the man she had seen from the top of the ridge on her way from Thorvaldsons.

He was tall and rangy, and dressed in the conventional "camp" outfit of the outsider; breeches and leggings, brown shirt open at the throat, mackinaw, and slouch-hat. When Lind saw him approaching she smiled faintly at his ostentatiously appropriate clothes. She knew immediately that he was Klovacz's "hired man."

As they passed each other they exchanged the furtive survey of strangers meeting in lonely parts. Lind saw that he was rugged and brown, with an odd over-casting of paleness, delicateness; that his eyes were thoughtful and well set. Mark Jordan saw only that here was a girl who was riding in the rain as if she were enjoying it.

Then they passed on.

But Lind could not continue. She was overcome with a desire to turn back and stop in at the Klovacz place, to make some pretext. He was not an ordinary laborer, after all. She held the horse on the road for fully a minute, trying to decide on what to do. Then it began to rain in earnest.

The little "sod" of the Klovaczs, and the few straggling outbuildings that the recent settlers had erected, stood in the down-pour like huddling outcast things. Until two weeks ago this place had been "home"—a place to come to from the field, from the bush, from school. Lind's eyes grew misty as she thought of the Klovaczs, that plucky Hungarian family.

The pony trotted up to the "stoop" before the house, and Lind in a moment was knocking at the door. Mark Jordan opened it.

"May I come in out of the wet?" Lind smiled, winking the rain off her eyelashes. "I am Lind Archer, the teacher at Oeland."

Mark stepped back and threw the door wider, checking the exclamation that came to his lips. His keen eye took in his unexpected guest in a quick sweep and left him a bit bewildered.

"Hello!" he said. "You're out in bad weather, I'd say. Come right in."

Lind looked hesitatingly toward the pony, and Mark stepped quickly out of the door. "I'll tend to the horse, Miss Archer. You go in and make yourself comfortable." Standing on the narrow stoop, they looked at each other for a moment rather awkwardly, and then for no reason whatever both laughed out-

right. Mark turned away to the pony and Lind went indoors.

SHE looked about the kitchen into which she had stepped. It already bore that masculine orderliness where bits of rubbish were brushed out of the way and invisible unless one stooped and looked under stove or cupboard.

Something was cooking on the stove. The oilcloth-covered table was set with a few dishes for a single meal. The rain pattered with myriad finger-tips on the

In the kitchen Amelia sat for a long time in the light of the lantern, shelling tiny new peas, for something to do.



pane. Lind pulled down the blind.

Mark Jordan came back into the house. The rain clustered in his dark hair like beads and streamed down his cheeks.

"It's a bad night to be out in," he offered by way of conversation, and then remembered that he had said something like that before. To tell the truth, the coming of Lind when he had given himself up to friendless solitude for an indefinite period had somewhat unmanned him.

"Oh, I love it," said Lind, happy and at ease. "I love riding or walking in the rain. If you turn me out I won't be a bit concerned." She laughed up at him from the chair she had taken near the stove.

"Then why did you come at all?" he countered, regaining himself.

"Why—oh, I don't know. I was lonely, I guess," Lind said slowly. "You looked like a human being out there on the road, and I haven't seen a real one for over a month."

"H-m. Well, I hope you won't be disappointed," Mark smiled. Lind saw that he had good white teeth and a very attractive mouth. "I was just making a little supper. A hermit doesn't eat much for the reason that it's a lot of fuss preparing food for one person. Nearly always makes too much or too little."

He had put his foot up on one of the kitchen chairs in front of the fire and rested his elbow on his knee while he watched the coffee come to a boil on the stove. Lind removed her soft hat and her jacket. She wore corduroy knickerbockers that were almost water-proof, and stout shoes.

"This is really a cozy little house," she observed.

"Yes," said Mark, glancing about it with her, "not bad at all considering what Klovacz had to go

on. Poor devil! I don't expect to see him come back at all." He reached across the stove to a row of pans that hung behind it and took down a small skillet. This he placed on the open fire, dropping into it a spoonful of lard from a can. The lard began to snap and smoke, and he deftly broke two eggs into the skillet. Lind watched him as if she had known him for a long time. He turned toward her.

"Will you set in with me, as they say hereabouts, Miss Archer?" he asked. "Or have you a dinner engagement?"

Lind laughed and said, "Well, if you'll let me do the dishes afterward. I'm afraid there won't be any-

thing left when I get home now, anyway, and Mr. Gare doesn't approve of feeding delinquents." She watched Mark comfortably while he went about setting the food on the table. His hands were fine and capable. Lind wondered about him, but asked no questions.

When everything was ready Mark beckoned her to come to the table. He saw for the first time that she had taken off her hat and that her hair glowed, smooth and lustrous, away from her flushed cheeks. She moved to the chair at the table across from him. They looked at each other. Mark felt suddenly that he could not take his eyes off her.

He pushed his chair back and squatted forward, leaning toward her. His eyes were dark and intent, with a regard that was almost impersonal. Darn it! he thought, it wasn't fair for anyone so lovely to come and take a man unawares.

"I wonder where you came from just now?" he asked curiously.

Lind returned his gaze without smiling. For a moment she seemed to be in a spell of abstraction, unable to answer. Fine whips of rain lashed about the little house, and the wind whistled in the birch-trees outside, bleak as a lost bird. These sounds defined the feeling of enclosed warmth and safety in the kitchen of the Klovaczs. But they did also the opposed thing. They stirred the fear of loneliness, the ancient dread of abandonment in the wilderness in the profounder natures of these two who found shelter here.

For an imponderable moment they sought beyond each other's eyes, sought for understanding, for communion under the vast terrestrial influence that bound them, an inevitable part and form of the earth, inseparable one from the other. The moment was like a warm hand-clasp.

Lind's eyes dropped to the table. She lifted a fork, and put it down again precisely in the same place. Mark Jordan sat with his chin resting on his hand, watching her.

"Down," replied Lind finally, pointing upward with her finger.

"I believe it," he replied seriously. "I think I shall love you."

Lind laughed nervously. He frightened her with his intent look. He had

said that almost as if he wanted to hear how it would sound.

"Do you? Will you tell me what your name is, first?" she said in a light tone so that she might keep her voice casual. She picked up her fork.

Mark was suddenly astounded at his own boldness. Whatever had come over him to-night? He had probably driven her away.

"Forgive me—I didn't mean to startle you. But I'm quite sure of it. I want you to know that no one ever came to me as you have to-night—as if it were fated. I've been God-forsakenly lonely."

A wave of incredible feeling came over Lind as he spoke. Her impulse was to rush over to him and touch this strange man's hair, run her fingers through it so that he should no longer be a stranger to her.

"Oh!" she cried, "I know that—so well!" She stretched her hand out suddenly on the table and leaned toward him. He put his own over it with a light pressure, and they smiled at each other.

"But you haven't told me your name?" she reminded him.

He straightened in his chair. "Oh, lord no—I haven't! It's Jordan—Mark Jordan. Now let's eat. You must be hungry." He passed her the bread.

"How's the coffee?" he asked brusquely after a moment.

"Very, very good," she assured him. "I think you're a surprisingly good cook."

The tension was for the moment broken, and they seemed to become fast friends in a few minutes. So they ate together, eggs and fried potatoes, bread and preserved wild plums that the Klovaczs had left, and coffee. They talked of the life at Oeland and of the harsh charm of it that each had felt upon arrival. Mark had not yet had time to get acquainted with

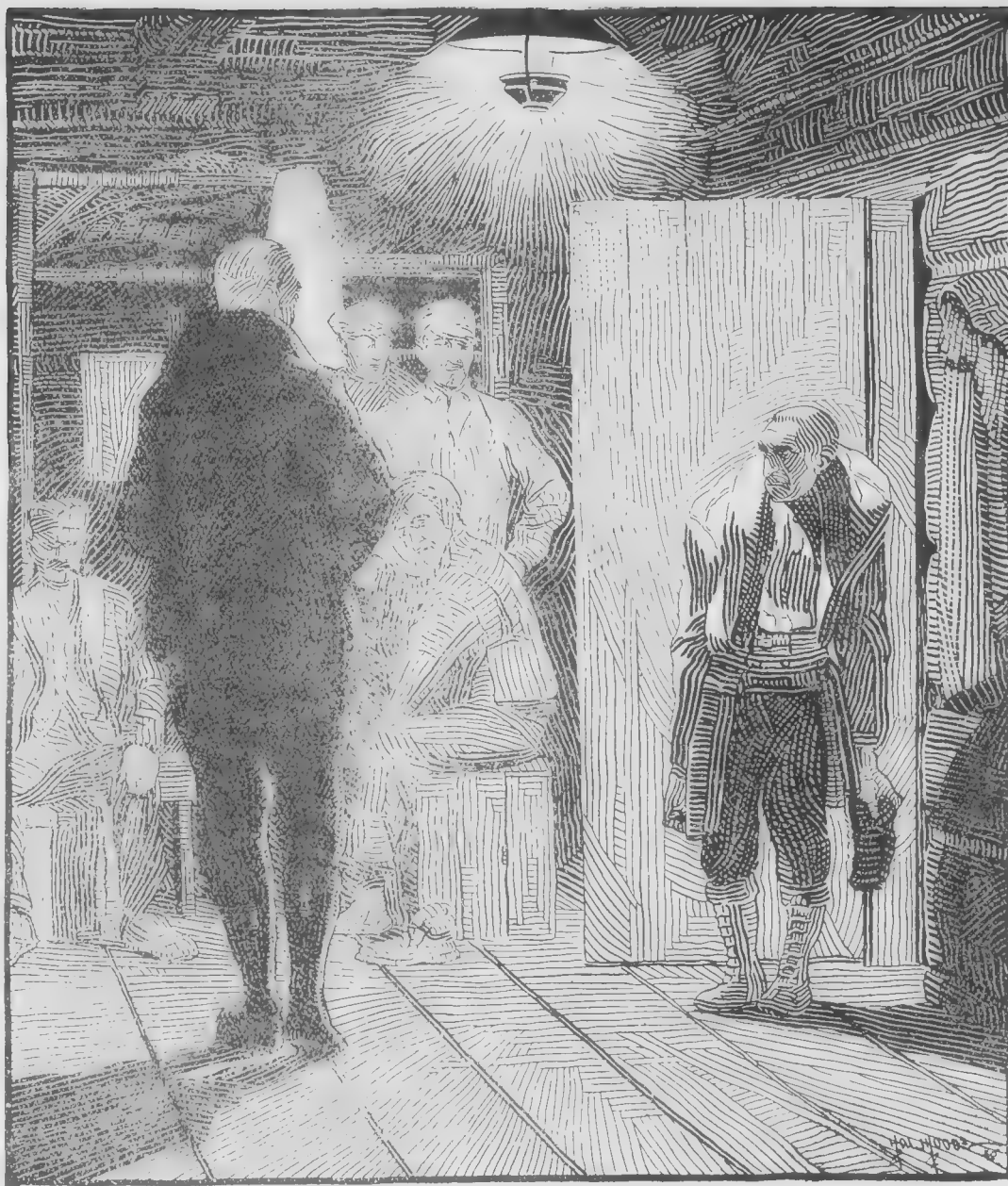
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MEAN of stature was Reddy Malone. Mean, too, was his occupation: that of bullock at Darrall's Number One logging camp on the Mistatin timber limit in northern Saskatchewan. Daily at five o'clock in the morning, long before dawn's first gleam lighted the wintry eastern sky, Reddy was roused from slumber at the tocsin sounding of the alarm clock, insistent, inexorable, hated symbol of his bondage. Always he dragged his dwarfed and malformed body from the comfort of the covering blankets with the same resentment, a bitter revolt never changed or lessened for all the countless repetitions of this act of rising. Daily in the icy air of the little log cabin, which he shared in company with the saw filer of the camp, he lighted the lantern and, with fingers numbed, donned and buttoned fumblingly his mackinaw, pants and shirt, and laced his larrigans, then went forth to kindle fires in the stoves in the cook and bunk houses where lay the eighty workers of the Darrall Camp Number One.

There was something elfish, eldritch, uncanny about Reddy as he moved in the grey half light about his duties. Five feet two inches in height, but seeming even smaller what of his hunchback and the enormous breadth of his body, Reddy was a figure more fitting to emerge from a goblin cave, some souterrain tenebrous where winds howled shrilly in the gloom, than to come forth from man-made cabin. Even in the broad light of the winter day, in that fierce brightness when the cold sun's blaze was a hundred times intensified by the far stretching whiteness of the snow, there still clung about Reddy something unreal. As he went about his duties of cutting wood and carrying to the various buildings in the camp, his water gathering, sweeping and lamp cleaning, he remained more like surly gnome than man.

His bullet head, his narrow brow, so sharply retreating, his grizzled red hair close cut, straight standing and bristly as a Tamworth hog's, his flat face, labrose, and little eyes deep set and close together on either side of hooked nose enormous, all combined to one general sourness of expression, a face of fixed malignancy, vindictively hostile toward all men always.

He spoke seldom. When necessity made words unavoidable, he expressed himself tersely, to the point, as though each syllable were of wondrous worth, parted with reluctantly. In the few hours of leisure his duties allowed him, he nearly always sat leaned far forward in his bunk, his short legs hanging over the side, his chin in cupped calloused hands, huge, and as grotesquely out of proportion to his body as the overlong arms so ape-like, which actually reached to his knees when he walked. Here seated sideways in his bunk, quiet, sour, unspeaking, he sat hours at a time, staring straight before him into vacancy, a brute-like pose of sullen, sodden inertia. For seven years Reddy had been on the payroll of Jim Darrall, boss of a half dozen lumber camps in northern Saskatchewan in winter, and who in summer engaged his teams in railroad building in various parts of western Canada. Thus Darrall offered what was nearly steady employment, and during his twelve years of conducting logging and railroad building operations, there had by degrees become attached to him, from out the ranks of the thousands of transient workers he had in that time employed, a little group of regular retainers. Each of these veterans went out from the woods with the rest of the transient crews when spring arrived,



He stood a long moment, his ape-like arms straight down at his side, the huge hands clenching and unclenching.

The True Heart of Reddy "The Hunchback"

By Francis Dickie

Illustration By Harold Woods

spent their winter savings in a few weeks riotous living, then sought out Jim Darrall for succor and support till the railroading season once more opened. When autumn came they again trekked to the city nearest to the point where operations were abandoned, and spent their summer's stake with joyous rapidity. The day of their arriving pennilessness was generally fortunately near to that on which the winter logging season began; and Jim Darrall could always be depended upon to send transportation in answer to a cry of need, expressed by telegraph or postal epistle, from any of these men who by many seasons' service had become personally known to him.

Such little groupings of faithful retainers as that which followed the fortunes of Darrall are common in contracting circles in western Canada, and are also reminiscent of the fighting barons in days of old. This analogue is almost perfect, though, if anything, the modern followers are more faithful, and labor harder physically than did the barons' retainers. By the time Darrall had put behind him eleven seasons of contracting, the majority of which fairly successful, he had among his camp crews fifteen men, none of whom had been with him less than eight years. To these he now paid a steady salary, wages which continued even during the slack times between the lumbering and logging seasons.

Of this group Reddy was one by reason of his seven years of service; yet by reason of his personality was still an outsider. Never in all these years had he joined his fellow workers in their orgies of spending. Never had he loaned a dollar, though many times importuned. Always at the ending of each season's work, Reddy had disappeared mysteriously, turning up again just as mysteriously when the Darrall outfit once more began work on timber or grade, and took up his duties of bullock in winter and teamster in summer, a man morose, quiet, sour, unspeaking. And so his long standing companions of lumber camp and grade had nicknamed him "Reddy, The Louse." When

they addressed him they called him "Reddy." When he was absent they spoke of him, when such occasion arose, only as "The Louse," a title which the old guard at last, after much discussion, had agreed upon as the one most fitting a man who never had been known to stand a round of drinks or lend a dollar to an acquaintance in direst need.

On the morning of January 10th, 1919, Reddy crawled from his blankets at the usual hour of five. The eternal resentment against this daily rising, which the years of sameful toil had failed to lessen, was this morning heightened to a dull fury, for pains wracked all his body, the dull stabbing ones of grippe. Yet Reddy lit the lantern with same methodic motion, with frost-numbed fumbling fingers dressed as usual. He longed to return to bed, but his sense of duty was stronger than this desire: upon him alone depended the rising of all the crew of eighty.

So he went forth. And all through the morning he plugged along, ignoring his throbbing head and aching body. Sometimes his very sight blurred for a moment, and his steps became unsteady. But faithfully he gave each of the bunkhouses and the cook house their quota of wood and water, and shined the lamps. Then when the dinner hour was a little past, he crept to the tiny cabin he shared with the saw filer. Today he did not sit with legs hanging over the bunk edge, and stare idly into space as was his usual custom; instead crawled between the blankets, and lying on his side—the only position possible to him, by reason of the enormous triangular-shaped hump upon his back—remained for hours unmoving, though awake.

At last as the afternoon waned he fell asleep, so soundly that he did not wake until the clock hands pointed to the hour of six, and the early coming winter dark of these northern regions was nearly two hours old.

Startled he rose and hurried out, the thought of neglected duties overcoming the pain in his limbs and throbbing head. Most of the men worked some little distance from the camp. Each day at five-thirty they ceased their labors, and the following half hour of walking brought them home to camp a few minutes before six. And it was Reddy's duty to greet them with fires brightly burning in all the bunkhouses, and to have the big hanging lamps alight to shine a welcome when the weary workers came tramping in.

His little cabin lay solitary on one side of the trail, along the other side of which stood close together the three bunkhouses and the cook camp, and, somewhat further removed, the two horse barns. Now as Reddy began crossing the twenty feet of separating distance between him and the nearest bunkhouse he heard the clink of the trace chains on the last skidding team as the animals turned into the barn.

At the same moment lights gleamed simultaneously from the open doors of two of the bunkhouses, and he heard several men voicing loudly his name coupled with curses, the vindictive blasphemy of weary workers returning from hard toil to find cheerless surroundings where they had expected warmth and light.

A little unsteadily, the pain in his head filling his ears with roaring, and all his limbs shrieking protest of pain, Reddy moved on toward the first bunkhouse, forcing his feet to faster stride. The room was full of men, some hurriedly divesting themselves of overshirts, some busy at the wash basins on the long bench near the door. Two of them knelt before the stove

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Drought

By Beatrice Redpath

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

CHRISTINE pushed her hair back from her forehead with an impatient movement. The kitchen was so hot and airless. The sun was like white hot knives stabbing at every nerve in her body. Wouldn't the rain ever come?

She stood with the palms of her hands pressed against the table, looking out of the window with unblinking eyes. Everything was scorched by that terrible sun that was a ball of white fire in the sky. Scarcely a fleck of green out there in the fields; all, dry and yellow. The earth looked as though it had been baked in an oven, cracking into wide open seams.

She felt so shrivelled and exhausted by that hard dry heat. Her head was turning into a brittle shell in which her thoughts rattled about. Her nerves were all pulling and twitching. She was so tired that she couldn't sleep. For the last three nights she had just tossed and twisted about, trying to escape from that little airless room into cool sleep. But there was no sleep to be found.

Five weeks without a drop of rain. If there were a bad harvest again this year she didn't see what would happen to them at all. Even Dave was worried. But he tried to hide it under that quiet repressed manner. She wished he wouldn't try to hide it. She resented his assumed cheerfulness. She couldn't hide her worry. It was there all the time; she couldn't forget it for a moment.

That hateful sun. It poured through the window and lay on the oilcloth where the pattern had been worn away by the constant passing of her feet. It shone on the high pile of dishes that were waiting to be washed; thick ugly dishes and clumsy cups and saucers. It even glanced over the shelf of the old walnut dresser that was notched and scratched by hard usage. It seemed to pick out everything like an industrious showman, just to make plain to her how hateful everything was.

She saw herself in a small swimmy mirror that hung on the wall. Dark hair wrapped around her head, a wide mouth, brown eyes. That swift revealing glance told her that the mouth was unhappy, the eyes dull and listless. She turned impatiently away from that reflection.

Dave had mortgaged the future to make the farm a greater success, restocking and buying machinery. There had been two good years and Dave had not counted upon bad years to come; he had not foreseen the following years of drought. Now he was forever making promises of better times ahead. But lately these promises were a red flag waved in her face.

Dave came up the steps and into the kitchen carrying two pails of water. He put them down and the water slopped over the brims. She frowned with impatience.

"I wish you wouldn't make any more mess," she said, hating the sound of her own voice. She had purposely used that tone. It was meant to exasperate Dave; to show him just how dreary everything had become. Yet she hated herself for speaking like that. She didn't want to turn into a hard shrewish woman.

"I didn't mean to." His tone was apologetic. "I'll clean it up for you."

"You don't need to," she replied colorlessly, taking the kettle off the stove.

"Let me do the dishes for you. You're tired. You should take a rest." He stood awkwardly looking at her, an appealing expression in his blue eyes.

"I'd rather do them myself."

She poured the boiling water into the dish pan, holding her face away from the steam. She felt that if Dave said a word to irritate her she would scream.

"Be as careful with the water as you can," he said slowly, "the well is just about dry. I'll have to get the water after this from the Hoskin's well. Jim thinks they'll just manage to hold out. That's if the rain comes soon."

"It's not going to come soon."

She looked at the pails with hatred. Half a mile to go for a bucket of water. Why, five years ago

Dave had promised that he would have water in the house by spring. Five years. She raised her eyes from the pails to Dave's face and felt as though her hate became concentrated. It was concentrating upon Dave. Wasn't everything his fault?

He walked to the door and stood there for a few moments, searching the cloudless blue of the sky.

"I was hoping that there were clouds coming up in the east, but he sky seems to have cleared again. They're praying for rain in the churches. If it doesn't come soon—"

"Prayers never brought me anything."

"Don't say that, Christine. It hasn't been all as hard as that, has it?"

It was better not to answer at all. She felt as though she wanted to hurt Dave because everything was his fault. She wanted to strike at him with sharp little sentences and see him wince. And yet, after she had said something to hurt Dave, it seemed to recoil and hurt herself.

She looked up and saw him standing beside the



"You thief," she said in a low, passionate tone. "You common thief."

door. He had a far away expression on his face as though he were seeing far beyond those yellow fields burned by the sun.

"Nothing really matters," he said slowly, "except the things that go on inside ourselves."

Simply preaching at her, that was all. That made her angry. Didn't she work and work for Dave? He could never say that she hadn't done her share. She wasn't the one who had failed.

"I hate sentimental nonsense," she said in a cold tight little voice. "I'm tired of it. Oh, I'm tired of everything."

Dave turned and looked at her anxiously.

"The rain's bound to come, Christine. Don't worry any more than you can help. We'll pull through as we've done before."

HE went down the steps from the kitchen door and she heard his footsteps retreating on the hard baked earth. She went on with the dishes, disgust rising in her as she plied the mop over egg that had hardened and stuck like glue. That cruel sun was drying her up, shrivelling her, leaving her as brittle and as colorless as those morning glory leaves that hung yellow and dry on the vine beside the window. It was love that kept a woman from becoming brittle, from growing colorless and hard. Worry and

hardship were killing her love, drying it up, just as the sun was sucking the sap out of the plants and trees.

She was so impatient with Dave. Why didn't he sell the farm and start afresh? There were other ways of earning a living besides farming. It was his silly optimism that held him there. He was so sure of better times ahead. She wanted something more tangible than hopes.

It had been so different those first two years. Then there had been a gaiety within herself, a warmth and tenderness, but it was all gone from her now. Life had fooled and cheated her. These last three summers had brought drought into her soul.

When Dave had met her she had been teaching school. Life in those days had been such a glamorous thing. She remembered a Persian shawl in which she used to wrap herself on cold evenings while she sat correcting papers and making out reports; she had

had a curious fancy then that life was like a gay eastern shawl, soft and warm and rich with color. But life was no longer like an eastern shawl. Life was this stifling kitchen with its greasy pile of dishes, its dirt and toil. That was what it had become.

She pushed her hair back from her forehead, conscious that that movement was an expression of the nervousness that was tearing her into shreds. The kitchen was so overheated by the stove. Perspiration stood out in beads on her forehead. Her hair felt heavy and sticky.

A man's voice startled her. The plate in her hand slipped through her wet fingers and lay in pieces on the floor. The man laughed easily and stooped to pick it up.

"Why, you're nervous as a witch."

She looked hard at him, dazed for a moment. Then with a start of surprise she recognized him. "Ned Larkins."

"That's just who it is," he said with a blithe easy manner.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was around these parts and I remembered hearing that you lived somewhere near. I thought I'd look you up. So you're married Christine," he paused and an ironic smile settled on his narrow face as he looked around him, "and this is what marriage amounts to." He laughed, looking at her with bold eyes.

She frowned angrily. She might disparage her surroundings but it was another thing to have Ned Larkins laughing at her poverty.

"You shouldn't have come in without knocking."

She was painfully aware of her warm dishevelled appearance. It was six years since she had seen Ned Larkins. It wasn't fair of him to have taken her by surprise. He hadn't changed much in that time. He was well dressed and appeared prosperous. His shoes were well polished; his suit was pressed and neat. He had always been vain of his appearance. Tall, thin and dark, he was good looking, but with a narrow face that somehow had always thought too that he had slippery eyes. But somehow, today, his appearance impressed her.

"I knocked all right, but you didn't hear, slopping around with those dishes."

He leaned nonchalantly up against the wall. "I saw you through the window so I thought I'd just come right in. I guess I'm to blame for this," and he looked at the broken pieces of china in his hand. "I'll buy you a better one. It's cheap," he added, tossing the pieces into the tin pail beside the stove where they clattered into smaller fragments.

"What do you want, anyway?"

"Well, that's a nice way to greet an old friend. I should think you'd be glad to see anyone who would remind you of the old days. Don't you remember that summer—"

She tossed back a loose strand of hair.

"I don't remember any summer."

How could she help being angry having him see her this way? She wished he'd go, instead of standing there looking around him with that ironic smile.

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The Near Truth About How Canada is Governed

By D. B. Macrae

THERE is much talk in the country that there will be a federal election soon and the parties are all getting ready for it. Sometimes nowadays a party is called a group. In politics a party used to be a collection of persons that had a well-defined head and tail and in those days the head wagged the tail. Nowadays a group is a body of politically-inclined persons that has a head and a tail and inside which or outside which no one is sure whether the head is wagging the tail or the tail wagging the head. It gets so confused sometimes that a lot of people get the idea that the head is really the tail.

There used to be two political parties at Ottawa, the Grits and the Tories. When the Grits were in the Tories were out and when the Tories were in the Grits were out. There is no record in Canada of any collection of Grits ever getting out of power without being kicked out. There is also no record of any Conservative government having given up office without being taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown out. Grits sometimes admit that it is a good thing to have a change of government. They always admit this the day after the Grit government has been shown the door; they never admit it the day before. Tories sometimes admit that it was time for a change. They always do this the day after an election when they can't do anything else. Over in Europe a government sometimes quits office because it has been insulted. That doesn't work here. Our governments have been insulted by experts and nothing happens. You have to vote them out or shoot them out. The reason there hasn't been more shooting is that there is no open season.

Generation after generation of Canadians grew up thinking that if a man were not either a Liberal or a Conservative he must be a skunk. Some persons still believe that. The difference, however, between a good politician and a good skunk is that you always can tell where a good skunk is. When we say a good skunk we mean a skunk that is good in his own way.

There are no longer just two parties at Ottawa; there are four groups. One group is the Liberals, who form the government and who are the most numerous, though heaven knows why. The second strongest group is formed by Farmers or Progressives; heaven and the townships only know why they should be second strongest group. The third group in strength is formed by Conservatives. Only heaven and Ontario know why there should be so many of them. The fourth group is composed of the Labor members which is such a small group that it is hardly big enough to do any grouping. It has just two members, which is just enough to give it a head and a tail, if it can ever decide which is which. Mr. Woodsworth of Winnipeg is one of the members; Mr. Irvine of Calgary is the other. The difference between the Labor group and the Progressive group is that at times the Labor group has voted solidly. Mr. Shaw, also of Calgary, comes pretty close to being a member of the Labour group. He was elected as an Independent. An Independent member is one who votes for his conscience instead of for his party. No one in Canada has ever heard of a conscience getting elected to anything. Mr. Woodsworth and Mr. Irvine are former ministers of the Gospel and Mr. Shaw is a lawyer, so

that it will be seen that the Canadian Labor group runs more to brains than to picks and shovels and lathes and hard-swearing printers and that sort of thing. As long as the Labor party has but two members in the House of Commons it will not cause any of the hard-faced and hard-boiled citizens at Ottawa much alarm. Like the famous novelist's remark when asked for his opinion on music, they can see no harm in it.

In the House of Commons the Liberals all sit on one side and the Tories, the Progressives and the Labor members sit on the other side. One side always cheers when it is convinced that the other side is doing something to hurt the country. Mr. Meighen is cheered with great vigor by the Tories when he tells the House that the government is just about ruining the country. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King is thumpingly cheered by the Liberals when he announces to a burden-bearing and bow-legged world that the Tories pretty nearly had the country ruined before the Grits got hold of it. The Progressives do not cheer so much because they are not yet sure that the country is ruined and because they haven't had a chance themselves to ruin it. Nobody at Ottawa has ever been heard to give any cheers for the bow-legged taxpayer.

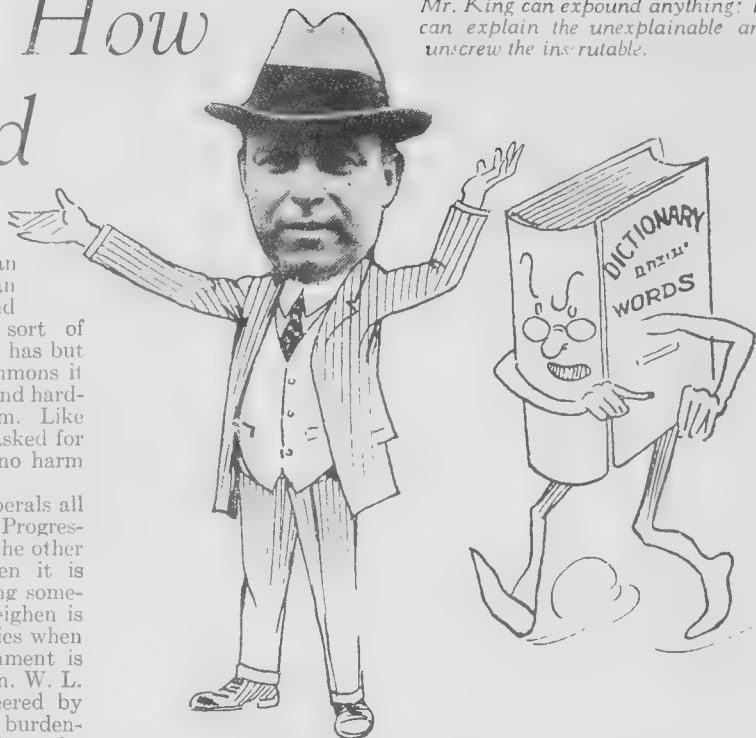
Mr. Meighen was prime minister once and liked the job so well that he is willing to get it back.



Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King leads the Liberal party. He was born in Ontario, and had quite a grandfather. He is fifty-one years of age and if he's looking at all he's still looking for a wife. Mr. King has lots of good clothes and language and always carries quite a supply of both. Mr. King can expound anything; he can explain the unexplainable and unscrew the inscrutable. Mr. King has more brains than his enemies give him credit for, which is what makes his enemies so mad. Mr. King once was a newspaper man, but has since bought a frock coat.

Hon. Arthur Meighen, who leads the Conservative group, was also born in Ontario the same year as Mr. King. Mr. King was born in December; Mr. Meighen in June. Mr. Meighen is also fifty-one years of age. Mr. Meighen was prime minister of Canada once for about a year and a half and liked the job so well that he is willing to get it back. Mr. Meighen hasn't as many clothes and as much language as Mr. King; he has a sad smile. Every time he looks across at Mr. King he has a sad smile. Mr. Meighen is a lawyer but there is no sense in holding that against him. When Mr. Meighen wants to make a speech he has to go out and look for the words and set them down and be anxious about getting them into their right places. When Mr. King makes a speech he can grab off words anywhere and throw them at you. It must be granted

Mr. King can expound anything; he can explain the unexplainable and unscrew the inscrutable.



that he can throw them with considerable accuracy. Sometimes you hear citizens at Ottawa talking about who is the better debater, Mr. King or Mr. Meighen. A lot would depend. Thrown onto a platform on the spur of the moment on a snap subject Mr. King would probably win. He can plead like an evangelist and can appeal to the "wider vision" and the "broader humanity" and the "judgment of history" and such things that sound a good deal better than they mean. On a given subject and with time for preparation, Mr.

Meighen would probably win. He has a mean, incisive jab. Of course, a lot would depend on the audience. If it were newspapermen it would probably get bored and go home before the debate was over.

Mr. King has policies; Mr. Meighen has policies. The difference between Mr. King's policies and Mr. Meighen's policies is that Mr. King has two names.

As we said before Mr. Meighen has a sad smile. For a number of years he lived in Portage la Prairie.

Mr. Robert Forke, of Pipestone, Manitoba, who pretty nearly leads the Progressives, was born in Scotland in 1860, and has been in Manitoba since 1882 and has survived grass hoppers, drouth, frost, blizzards, black rust, sow thistle, Canadian thistle and a Scotch burr. He is a farmer and doesn't look as slick as Mr. King or Mr. Meighen. Mr. Forke, it is said, used to be a Liberal in which respect he

resembles Mr. King. One time Mr. Meighen moved a resolution in favor of lower duties on agricultural implements, which almost made him a liberal; but the House didn't let it pass so Mr. Meighen got off with a warning. It is probably true that the best Liberals in Canada are always out of office. The Progressive party is not easy to lead. Everybody likes Mr. Forke at Ottawa so well that they often say they wish he could get the boys a little more accustomed to the halter so that they would lead a little better. Once Mr. Forke was leading a steer into Pipestone and the steer, having lots of notions about things and liking to buck and kick and bring about a more equitable distribution of the landscape, made a mad break for that thing people call liberty and which usually isn't.

"Hey, Bob, where you going with the steer?" shouted one of Mr. Forke's neighbors, who came upon the scene.

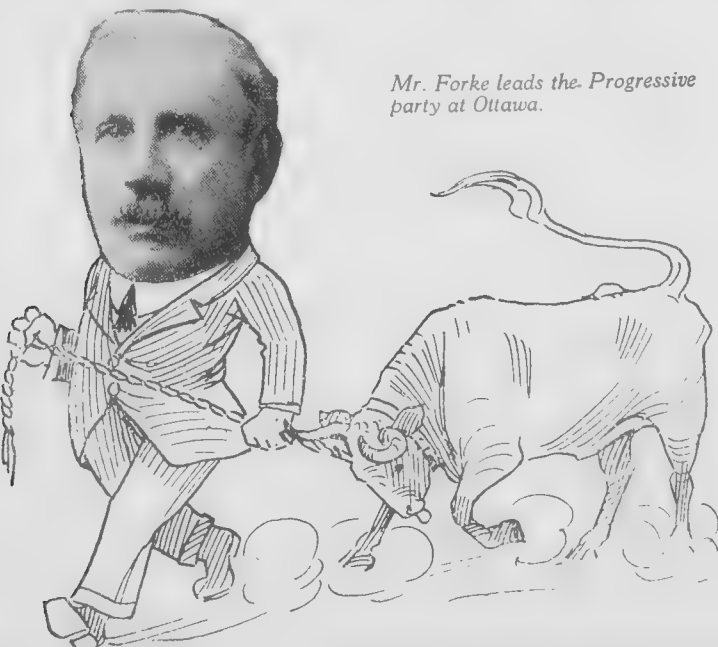
"Don't ask me, ask the steer," answered Mr. Forke between breaths.

Mr. Forke as we already stated, leads the Progressive party at Ottawa.

Most of the Liberal members at Ottawa come from Quebec and the Maritime provinces; most of the Conservatives come from Ontario and British Columbia; most of the Progressives come from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The Quebec and Maritime province members are practically all natives of Canada and of the provinces where they reside. The Ontario members are nearly all natives of Ontario. The Western members, including those from British Columbia, come from a little bit of everywhere and consequently have a more cosmopolitan outlook. The majority of them have lived in more than one province, many of them in more than one country. Of the members from the four western provinces, eighteen

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Mr. Forke leads the Progressive party at Ottawa.



Love Will Find a Way

Written and Illustrated

By V. W. Horwood

STOP the first well dressed citizen on Main Street as you come from the Union or Canadian Pacific Station and ask, "Your pardon, but what will you take for your home?"

Now in 1925 you most likely would get a decided snub, but in 1905 the answer would probably be "Well I wasn't just thinking of selling, but—"

It was even so in Winnipeg in those days "before the War" when men walked the streets with eyes full of visions, which the wanderer from the East could not understand until the same unutterable magic filled his blood.

A certain girl, Dorothea, was beyond all praise, at least so John Watson thought, and he should know for he was going to marry her. Jack, as he was known, was in the Real Estate business before it became dignified by its name of Realtor, but the business was much the same under the old name, and a Real Estate agent in Winnipeg boom days meant a lot, for Winnipeg was a pearl on the edge of the prairies.

The office which he occupied was also tenanted by three others; desk room it was called, with a common use of a phone. Jack had arrived in the Peg one day in February attired like the majority of Easterners who have been told that although the thermometer goes low "You don't feel it." His overcoat was an Irish frieze, a Fedora hat, rubber soled boots and a business suit completed his outfit. On his trip from the old Robin House some three blocks from Main Street, he took refuge three times out of a bitter February blizzard. In those days there was little choice in selecting an office. To Jack, there were two to choose from, one in the Hoover Block opposite the City Hall, and the other was desk room in a row of shacks beside the Post Office. He arrived at the office to meet a smiling man coming out of the door.

"Beat you to it," he said to Jack, sensing his errand; and he had.

"Better snatch the desk room," advised the Renter, "or you will be on the Street. Use the phone." So Jack used the phone.

"Lucky for you!" was the response. "There is another after it."

And now with desk room Jack followed the wild rush of speculation in property. Every train deposited its hundreds of settlers and emigrants. On the corner of Main and Higgins Avenue every nation of Europe and Asia was represented; the flat faced Chinaman beside the frogged-coat high-booted Russian, and silent amongst them all, the original owner, the Indian.

Then Jack met Dorothea. Dorothea was not merely a pretty girl; she was small but not little, if that can be grasped. She was lovable, which means that she was not only lovely in features but lovely in mind; a girl who said things and did things which made people love her and not merely by the accidental consolidation of her figure or features. She was an unusually fascinating girl, with the deep dark eyes which can only be expressed by the worn simile of pools, but the pools in Dorothea's eyes were like the deep dark pools in the forest in which are reflected all the moods of the flowers and leaves. A fresh complexion all her own, and a quick changing spontaneous spirit which baffled and attracted men to her side. Dorothea's family, as most Winnipeg ones of that time, were practically camping. Houses were only rented by the month, and they sometimes changed owners several times during that period, and a goodly portion of Dorothea's first hand information was how to move in the most expeditious and least uncomfortable way when their house was sold over their heads. She had accompanied her mother inspecting other homes, encountering the irate despair in the eyes of other mothers and wives, and these days of house hunting, with the dreaded thirtieth day ever drawing near, had made her appreciate the value of an owned home. So she busily sowed the seeds of emphasis in Jack's mind. "A home

was a home," she earnestly impressed upon him, "not a speculation." Her mother had not complained about moving two or even three times, but when she had lived on every street car route in the City in two years, it was up to Jack to see that they were not in the same position.

So Jack promised to build a home and, casually, for those were casual days, went to an architect's office and told him he wanted plans for a house some forty by thirty with a fireplace and lots of clothes closets and not to cost over \$8,000.00, and as far as Jack was concerned this summed up his descriptive powers. And then Dorothea got busy.

Jack was a live wire even for those

Men with a few hundreds would buy property worth thousands on a note and deposit, and rush out on the street and try to sell—nay, sell it, before the hour was over, at a profit. These were the men who, when the inevitable collapse of the inflation came, were ruined, finding themselves owners of lots in the midst of peaceful farm scenery, where subdivisions had been staked out with resounding names, and beautiful paper layouts, far away beyond the city limits. A dreary procession of little white stakes show the tombstones of many a budding millionaire's hopes.

Dorothea and Jack often walked to the new house, and it grew even through the many strikes which came with inflated prosperity, and Jack would listen while Dorothea enthused over the details—the tiled bath room, the running soft water, and all the little things which to mere man seem frivolous, but to the woman spell comfort. And then came the shock! Jack phoned her.

"Dorothea I have been offered a good profit on the house."

"Oh Jack!" said she weakly, a premonition coming to her.

He sensed it at once. "Oh all right dear. I just thought I would ring you up and tell you how your house is admired." And at last it was finished.

For months Jack had been manfully stifling the sale hunger for his business was in the midst of a frantic buying and selling, men even selling property to which they had no title, relying on getting it after the bargain was made, and the number of agreements on some lots would have papered them. In fact when the crash came, dealers found themselves possessed of property through the cancellation of agreements of which they had forgotten the existence, and Jack being one of the mad throng was only by almost superhuman efforts kept from selling or trading the new house, and at last he succumbed. A new official of the C.P.R.

had arrived in town and wanted a house. He was shown Jack's almost completed one, and came to see Jack about it.

"Nothing doing," was Jack's firm ultimatum. The house was a present for his bride.

Some time after the telephone rang. "It's for you Jack," said one of the desk-holders.

"Hello!" came over the wire. "This is Jones, Real Estate & Loans. Yes, W. Jones. Will you give us a listing of your house? Usual split of commission?"

"Sorry," said Jack, stiffly. "I don't want to sell."

"What price would tempt you?"

"Not for sale," repeated Jack shortly, to cover his weakness.

"Not at any price?" The voice was incredulous.

"No." And he hung up the phone.

"They seem to want that house of yours mighty bad," laughed one of the men.

THAT afternoon was a wild one. For some time the real-estate fraternity had sensed that something was moving north-east of St. Boniface, and the news had filtered through that a new townsite for the Grand Trunk Pacific shops was being located. Automobiles in those days were not common, but it was not many hours before the country around St. Boniface was being systematically searched for its secret, and to see who had sold. Jack was fortunate, or rather being good-natured had made many friends who gave him a tip and this was enough for him. He drove over that night and bought several farms close to the supposedly new town-site and the next day the town-site being registered, Jack found his farms close beside it. Of course the owners wished to back out of their bargains, but Jack pointed out it was a speculation on his part, and that they had been eager to sell. This venture

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Dorothea became meditative and toyed with her spoon.

feverish days, and he had been approached by some men who wished a certain block of land held by several different people, to be bought and the transaction not traceable.

It is usually thought that the real estate business is not an exciting one. But in boom times men come from the ends of the earth to gamble in land, and what a gamble! A whisper runs through the land. Winnipeg is to be the Chicago of the West, and men leave the farm, leave the bench, leave the desk. Grey-beards and youth go forth with the one idea that each one is fitted to compete and win in the oldest trade and against the keenest wits in the world.

And each train poured its thousands off into the block-paved Main Street, where the over-burdened sewers mingled their stench with humanity. There they stood or sat beside their baggage, and many faces were grim and haggard as they looked up the ancient Red River trail, with its wooden shacks of stores, each with its vociferous cadgers outside, pulling and cajoling to buy, buy! And high above the rattle of the cars and human cries, came the staccato "Rap! Rap!" of the riveter as he deftly caught in his bucket the cleaving red rivets and hammered them home, high above the City Hall on the Union Bank Building. And it was every man for his own, for the small city could not carry its burden. The hospitals were overflowing. Typhoid ran riot, and ghosts of what some weeks before had been men, staggered about the streets.

Almost every transaction was on paper and notes.

Extra help! Fels-Naptha gives extra washing help you cannot get in any other form!

Extra help that brings bright, sparkling cleanliness to your wash—more quickly, more easily than any other way!

Extra help that makes your clothes safely clean!

Extra help that spares you from the hardest part of washday!

Splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha—working together in Fels-Naptha—give you this *extra* washing help.

Isn't Fels-Naptha's *extra* help worth a penny more a week? It is cheaper in the end, anyway!

Millions of women know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. They wouldn't be without it for all their household cleaning! Get a bar or two from your grocer today, and give Fels-Naptha a chance to prove its *extra* helpfulness in *your* home!

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



Naptha! You can tell by the smell

The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper.



Evolution and Obscurantism

EVOLUTION

EVOOLUTION is the theory that the universe has come into being by an orderly process of development and as applied particularly to man it is the theory that man has developed physically from lower forms of physical life and spiritually by the growth of the divine principle in his soul. It is both a scientific theory and a popular theory. It is a scientific theory on the physical side, inasmuch as scientists, biologists, anthropologists, paleontologists, archaeologists, and others, by the application of scientific methods to the material facts, are assured that the theory is sound and offers the best natural explanation of the facts and things that we call the universe, including physical man. It is a scientific theory in its spiritual aspect, inasmuch as scientists, sociologists, economists, psychologists, theologians, and others, by the application of scientific methods to the spiritual content of life approve it as the best explanation of the spiritual life of man and of the great changes that are going on in that life. It is a popular theory; it has come to be a part of the every day belief of the man on the street, that there is in fact an orderly development in the world in which he lives; that in his physical environment, including the rocks, the earth, the plants, the animals, the climate, the forces of nature, and physical man, and also in the spiritual life of himself and of his fellow men, there is a process of growth, of development, and of progression, according to law, which he designates as evolution. The theory of evolution is a theory, a hypothesis, which when applied to the facts, gives a rational explanation as to how and why there is a constant progression in the physical universe and in the spiritual life of man.

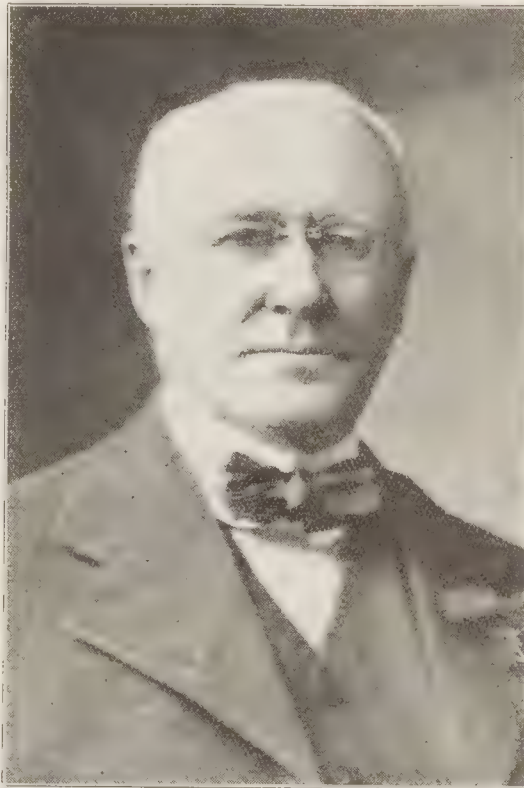
It is on the same basis as the theory of gravitation, or the atomic theory, or the theory of the solar system. Any of these three theories might give place to, or be swallowed up in a longer or more comprehensive theory, that would give a better and more reasonable explanation of what we call gravity, or of the combination of atoms, or of the motions and relations of the solar systems. But till our knowledge grows from much to more, we accept these theories as the best working theories or hypotheses available, to satisfy the human mind as to the wonderful processes and changes which are going on in our environment. The fact is that the discovery and adoption of these hypotheses—gravitation, the atomic theory, and the solar theory has added greatly to our knowledge, to our physical comfort and to our spiritual satisfaction. No one has to believe in any of these theories, that is to say, in the British Empire. We have adopted the principle of freedom of thought and it works admirably. There are men among us to-day who refuse to believe that the earth is spherical, that the attraction of gravity has anything to do with the fall of the apple or that there is either rhyme or reason in the atomic theory. We say to each man that he is the master of his own fate, the captain of his own soul, and that he has liberty to believe or not to believe. But the fact is that acceptance of these theories is almost universal with us and they have enabled us to make great progress in the physical sciences and arts and they have given us vision and means of wonderful advance on the spiritual side of human life.

The same thing applies to the theory of evolution. This is a free land and any man can adopt evolution as a hypothesis that will aid him in understanding his physical environment and assist him in the conduct of his spiritual life or on the other hand he is free, perfectly free, to reject it. Happily in the domain of evolution, as in every sphere of spiritual thought, there is no British law anywhere, that constrains the spiritual life of man.

He may be an evolutionist if he will or an anti-evolutionist if he wishes. The fact is that the great mass of British people—men and women—have accepted the theory of evolution, that is, the theory that there is an orderly process of development going on in nature and in the soul of man—a process of growth whereby in the past physical things including physical life have grown from simpler and lower forms to higher and more organized forms and whereby this same process is now going on and will continue to go on so long as the universe is subject to the same laws as now govern it and further that the process obtains not only in the physical but in the spiritual life of man.

DURING the 65 years since the theory of evolution has had general acceptance of the British peoples, there has been great advance in science, in art, in medicine, in industrial life, in knowledge, in humanity, in religion, in reverence, in brotherhood—an advance in these respects exceeding the advance in the preceding 5,000 years and this advance is in a large measure due to the acceptance of the theory of evolution. In a

By Alexander McLeod, K.C.



Alexander McLeod, K.C.

word, the acceptance of that theory has given us newer and higher conceptions of God, man, the material world and the universe than we had before. Charles Darwin did more to change, direct and elevate the thought of men than any man since Jesus Christ. He brought us a teaching that is full of optimism—divine optimism. We are on the road up and it does not yet appear what we shall be.

The great controversy that arose over Darwinism as Darwin's presentation of evolution was called, was caused by the fear that evolution was subversive of revealed religion, and of the historicity of the Bible, and particularly of the Biblical revelation as to creation. The traditional theologians were greatly stirred by Darwin's work, and many of them honestly believed that it was a menace to Christianity. As has now become abundantly clear, evolution is not inimical to Christianity. On the contrary it is a great aid to it and to-day the theory of evolution is the handmaiden of religion. True, it has changed our conception of religion but it has enhanced and magnified it. It has given it a sweet reasonableness that makes it almost a new religion compared with what it was a century ago. It makes it clear that divine law, and that the law of love, is operative in the realm of the soul as in the rest of the universe.

In 1859 when the "Origin of Species" was published, the churches were largely teaching a formalized traditional theology, which based on the inerrancy of the scriptures, an inerrancy which in the popular conception extended to the very words and letters of the Bible text as allegations of literal fact. The talkative serpent, the habitable whale, the loquacious ass, the aeroplane of fire, the arch of the sky forming the floor of heaven, a hell of physical fire, a flat immovable earth, the halting sun and a vindictive God—at the one end of the Bible and the bottomless pit, the great harlot, the literal Devil and much more of the same sort at the other end of the Bible—were believed to be literal and not figurative revelations. Spiritual liberty was taboo in those days and those who refused to believe in the literacy of these figurative parts of the Bible were hounded as infidels. The result was that the land was filled with unbelievers, who refused to believe the current interpretation of the Bible. The churches themselves, held many who professed to be orthodox but whose reason refused to follow their formal orthodoxy—the description of the creation in the first chapter of Genesis was the battle ground royal. It was perfectly clear that if that description was to be taken literally that God made the world in six days of 24 hours each, it was a purely mechanical creation and there was no process or law connected with it. But it was equally clear to most people that

the description was poetical and that if God created the world by a spiritual process rather than by a thaumaturgical act, the writer of Genesis had given a most wonderful panoramic description of that creation. It was a question that was useless to argue about—the only thing that could settle the controversy was facts. And the facts gave an answer. The new conception of deity as a spirit operating through law gradually gained ground and religion took on new life and renewed vigor. It began to leaven the lives of men and to inspire them not only in church but in the shop, in the office, in the fields. To-day religion has a new significance, a new outlook, and it is achieving greater results than ever before.

Since 1859 there has been a spiritual evolution in the British Empire. Crime has greatly decreased—the people have become more law abiding—their humanity has greatly increased—their charity has become expanded—the bounds of liberty have been extended—tolerance has developed—co-operation has become a habit—brotherhood has become an inspired gospel, and the context of life has become fuller and better. This is not mere matter of opinion, it is borne out by the statistics but the verification of statistics is not necessary because the facts are notorious out of common knowledge.

Three things stand out particularly in this era as spiritual landmarks: (a) the expansion of liberty—liberty of thought and freedom of speech, (b) the establishment of brotherhood—the co-operative brotherhood of all the children of the Empire regardless of race, creed or color and (c) the growth of optimism—the assurance that the road leads upwards to spiritual heights, yet unsealed.

OBSCURANTISM

IT is a matter of great regret to Canadians that so many of our cousins to the south of the International Boundary Line, for whom we have so high a regard, have assumed an attitude of antagonism to the theory of evolution and indeed to the whole range of spiritual benefits that have followed in its train. Among large sections of them the preacher still represents God as sanguinary and vindictive—a real old time hell-fire deity. Their cosmogony is mechanical; their theology is stilted and artificial; their educational system is authoritarian, forced and penal; their outlook is selfish and pessimistic; the spiritual road leads down not up; the idea of brotherhood is shrivelling rather than expanding; the material has swallowed up the spiritual; obscurantism and reaction are in the saddle; and particularly since the war have the bounds of liberty been restricted. It might be said that the national motto of to-day is "keep out."

Evidences are not lacking of the spiritual decadence that the United States are undergoing. The increase of crime including grievous assaults and murders is enormous. Indeed, assault on man or woman, either serious or deadly, passes as a thrilling adventure and many there be who indulge in it. The seriousness of this condition lies in the fact that all the efforts being made to remedy it are directed to the application of force, after the event. Penalties are increased—threats of punishment are published—official fulminations are broadcast. But there is not a single suggestion that the cure is by the way of evolution, through the still small voice—the voice of inspiration, and of education, and of instruction, and of direction of the young. Nor is there any thought that work is a remedy for folly and criminality. Indeed, work has come to be regarded as a necessary evil. In the midst of all this the church is falling into desuetude.

The administration of justice is not beyond suspicion. It is technical, expensive, slow, partial, ineffective. Trial is largely by newspaper. Only a trifling percentage of murders are expiated on the gallows, even where capital punishment obtains. Many who are sentenced to death are reprieved. Naturally life is held cheap.

To compensate for maladministration of justice, kukluxing is the order of the day or rather of the night. The coward who has not the courage to go out alone to assault or slay, gathers a band of fellow cravens, and they steal out in disguise under cover of night to attack stealthily some unarmed and unprepared man or woman. And these make a hypocritical pretence of virtue as a defence for such cowardly skulking crime.

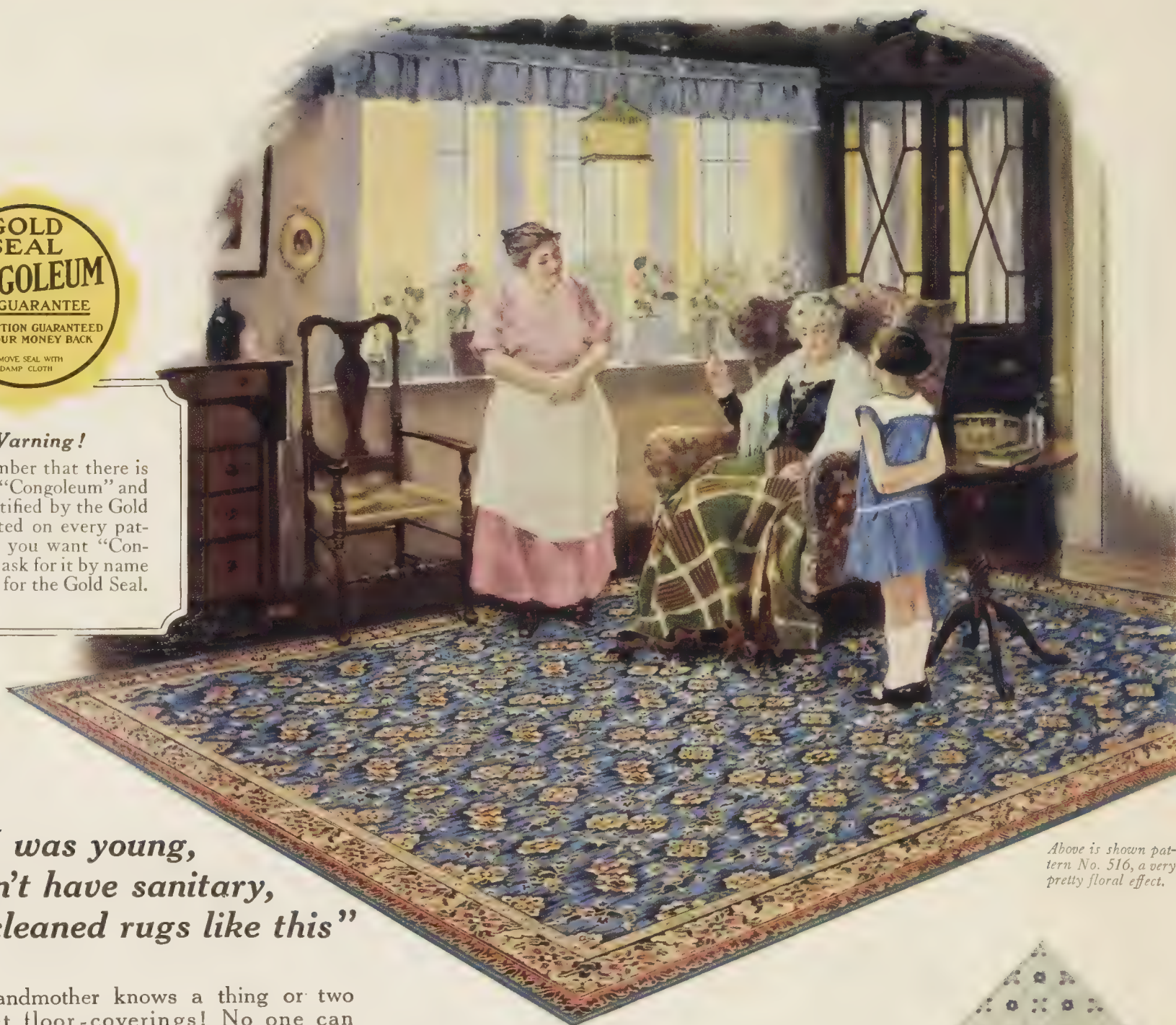
Then as a further alleged aid to the administration of justice, the lynchers are a recognized order of society. They may lynch anyone, young or old, innocent or guilty, male or female, with impunity, but their usual choice is of someone who belongs to a racial minority, whose friends and associates cannot make an effective demand of satisfaction for the lynching.

Continued on page 75



Warning!

Remember that there is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.



**"When I was young,
we didn't have sanitary,
easily cleaned rugs like this"**

Grandmother knows a thing or two about floor-coverings! No one can appreciate better than she the saving of time and labor that a Congoleum Gold Seal Rug brings.

These easy-to-clean rugs never require sweeping and beating. A light mopping removes every speck of dust, every stain, leaving the smooth surface as fresh as new—and absolutely sanitary.

Congoleum Rugs are made to resist wear. They are thoroughly waterproof and germproof. Although they need no fastening of any kind, they never curl up at the edges or corners.

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famous. There's an appropriate pattern and coloring for every room.

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Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs are made in seventeen sizes ranging from the handy 18 x 36-inch mat size to the 9 x 15 foot size for a large room. The low prices of these modern, labor-saving rugs appeal to women who like to make every penny count in furnishing their homes.

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Above is shown pattern No. 516, a very pretty floral effect.



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ALASKA WAFER

A rich, tasty, water ice wafer, with delicious cream filling.



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A hint of the rich short-bread of Old Scotland, a biscuit you will enjoy.

How the Kiddies love them! —McCormick's Biscuit Basket

"GIVE me a biscuit, Mother! I want another, Mother! Give me *that* one! I want two! three! more! please!" Can't you just hear the kiddies clamoring, begging, insisting around a McCormick Biscuit Basket?

Everyone knows what the name "McCormick" stands for in biscuits. The snowy whiteness of our great bakeries, and the skill and care of our bakers are a part of the purity, the fine texture, the high food value of these choice tit-bits of the baker's art in the McCormick's Biscuit Basket.

Give them to the kiddies. Growing children need them. Not forgetting that grown-ups, too, can feast at any time upon the treasure-trove in a McCormick Biscuit Basket.

And you can buy any one of the twelve varieties by the pound. Ask your grocer.

McCORMICK'S BISCUITS

*Every one of that Distinctive Quality
which makes JERSEY CREAM SODAS famous*



Buy them in the Biscuit Basket, or by the pound.

That Centre of Joy, the Nursery

Where Practicality and Enchantment Meet

By Katherine M. Caldwell

TWO grandmothers were chatting within my hearing, a short time ago. Gifts for a wee grandchild provided an enchanting topic.

"Nowadays one can find nearly anything for a baby or a toddler—things are not as they were when I was gathering the 'tiny trousseau' for my first baby! I had not been in this country long and had put little strain upon the shops. I was terribly upset to find nothing dainty in either the little wearables or in furniture—until a letter came from my mother, demanding the privilege of providing the baby's clothes. Those dainty bonnets and cloaks fairly stopped people on the sidewalks, later on! And how I gloried in all the little fineries I had been breaking my heart to find!"

"The furniture for the nursery was a greater problem. I finally got hold of a little cabinet maker and had him make a plain, pretty cot, that left plenty of kicking and growing room, and a low table on which I dressed the baby; he also fitted a small alcove in the room with drawers, and my husband painted the whole thing a very pale blue. I clutched at my prim little artistic abilities, (those were the days when we were all taught a little painting, whether we had any talent or not!) and painted pink posies and garlands on them all. I declare that my nursery furniture was the direct ancestor of all the dear little tricky, dainty furnishings that the shops offer to young mothers nowadays!"

Probably it was. I have not a doubt that it was the young mothers of a generation or two, who, by their own efforts to supply their needs, and with their own ideas on the subject of suitable furniture, set the vogue which manufacturers have taken up and developed so happily into the present delightful styles of nursery furniture.

What constitutes an ideal nursery?

First of all, it must provide the right health conditions for the baby and later, for the growing child.

Second, it must do all that is possible to make caring for the baby easy for the mother.

Third, it may be just as dainty and lovable a little bower as mother chooses to make it—always remembering that hygiene and comfort must not be sacrificed to frills, however captivating.

There is, of course, plenty of scope for the pretty fixings that are one of the inherent rights of Babyhood. But we have learned to make them compatible with our present-day ideas—easy to care for as well as beautiful to look at.

The walls, that throw a background behind the dainty furniture, are of course very sanitary if they are given a washable painted surface. Very suitable wall papers include the little cambric stripes and almost plain patterns, in the desirable pastel colourings. And how happy a Mother Goose border makes the youngster, from the moment Bo-Peep, Boy Blue and all their jolly company, begin to make friends with him! Most attractive borders are printed now, with all the old bill of characters usually at a modest price per roll or yard. Sometimes the figures are cut out and mounted right on the papered walls.

The same motif may appear on the furniture, after the fashion of Mother Goose herself, in our illustration. Sometimes the decoration is stencilled or painted on, and I have seen the wall paper cut-outs cleverly applied—cut out and pasted on the wood, then given a coat of white shellac, for protection. This is a simple business, since most of our ready-to-use wooden pieces are sold in the painted finish, usually white or palest grey. If you elect to have yours finished to order, or are wielding your own paint brush (an easy thing to do), it is a simple matter to finish in palest pink or baby blue, if one prefers, and to follow one's whim in the matter of decoration.

LET us give special thought first to the fittings for the nursery of the new baby. The bed is the first item. What shall it be? A basinet, fine wicker, probably, silk-padded and exquisitely frilled and bow-knotted? One of the sensible folding kiddie-koops? A cot? Or that good old standby, a large clothes basket?

Each type of bed makes its own appeal. The fluffy basinet, whilst it is apt to be expensive, is dainty as a bon bon; the kiddie-koop is very convenient, as it may be moved about at a touch, or folded up for ambitious travel; a cot may be bought in quite a large size, so that it will do for the child for a number of years, and there is a very good type with a detachable side, which need not be used while the baby is small, thus adding to the convenience of handling him; and finally, the good old basket, which even in its modesty,

can claim the advantage of cheapness, that it will hold a great many clothes (which may be packed in it and crated if travel is on the list), and that it may be prettified as much as one pleases, with a sateen cover over its thick padding, flounced with washable net—usually point d'esprit. Since it shares so many advantages of the basinet, it is only fair that it should also share its disadvantage—there is less free circulation of air around the child than with the more open cot types.

It is not necessary to dwell particularly upon the furnishings for the cot or bed for we take for granted that baby's comfort is to be well provided for; it pays

and can be set to protect baby from drafts. What more could we ask of a single piece of juvenile furniture?

FOR the first little while, baby really does not care very much about anything else, if bed and bath arrangements are completely to his liking. But the problem of stowing his fairly extensive wardrobe is one that must be given attention. Nothing is more useful than plenty of drawer space, and if a good many of the drawers can be rather on the small side, so much the better. There are, in the shops, delightful small painted chiffoniers or little chests of drawers, which could be welcomed into the general scheme and touched with the same decorative note as is used elsewhere in the room. Or perhaps the drawers will be built into the room some place. I have seen this artfully done, in a number of different ways, and at small expense.

In one case, an alcove with a window in it was very advantageously used for this purpose. It was one of those little alcoves we see frequently enough—owing its existence to the fact that there is a bit of space which may as well be brought into the room as close outside it, but not because it is of a shape or size which can be counted upon to be very useful. In the one I speak of, the window occupied the full width, but was about four feet above the floor. This space was turned to excellent account when it was filled with two rows of narrow drawers—not very deep or very long. At the bottom was one good-sized drawer extending the full width—very wisely designed for a toy drawer when the young baby who inspired it should reach the age of Great Possessions.

Sometimes these drawers are built into a window seat, or into a clothes closet. In the first of these, there is no way of avoiding their low position, but my private opinion is that the average mother has plenty of stooping to do without deliberately planning more. For that reason, I hold that when the drawers are built in a closet, they should either leave the deep toy drawer at the bottom, or begin about three feet from the floor; a rod can be placed below them for hangers, to carry diminutive coats and dresses. If, later on, the room has the same tenant, the supports could be removed and the drawers

lowered to suit the child's stature. If there is still a baby to be reckoned with, add some lower drawers for the older child.

I saw what was little more than a cubby hole turned into the most successful juvenile clothes closet I have ever seen. The room was a tiny one, only about seven by ten feet. In one corner, a foot or so from the floor, was a white enamelled door, perhaps three feet wide and four high. What, one wondered, could lie behind it? Investigation revealed a deep closet—so peculiarly shaped, because the main staircase wound under it, preventing the use of the space as low as the floor line. Doubtless the architect had a sewing room or something of that type in mind as the fixture of the small room (he had provided two windows, fortunately), and considered that any closet, no matter how weirdly shaped, would be counted an asset. (Wise man; I have yet to see the closet or cupboard that could not be turned to advantage in a house.)

The clever young mother who furnished this room as a nursery, looked long at the odd closet, then made a sketch, called in a carpenter and evolved a most complete equipment for taking care of her baby's by no means modest clothes.

The left half was filled with drawers, from top to bottom. Some were shallow, for booties, little shirts, bonnets, etc. Deeper drawers held a generous stock of knitted jackets, shawls, petticoats and so forth. The right half was used for hanging coats and dresses. When an extension rod, that could be drawn right out into the room and display its whole cargo at once, was put in place, running from front to back, there was just sufficient width for the tiny hangers, on which the dresses and coats were hung. On the inside of the opened door were two or three hooks, to which the desired frock and coat could be hung, then the rod would be thrust back into the closet, and the required small articles taken from the drawers. The virtue of several small drawers, each of which can hold one class of garment, is readily obvious. This tricky cupboard was priceless in its convenience, and beyond the carpenter's bill, cost only \$1.65 for the extension rod, a few cents for hooks, and perhaps a dollar for clothes

Continued on page 71



Mother Goose and favourites from the world of birds, animals and flowers, will remain the supreme decoration for several years

The Rivals

By H. Mortimer Batten

W

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

R 36

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



THEY met under an old gooseberry bush in an old Virginian garden. A granite seat, supported by two giant tadpoles of granite, loomed wearily through the morning mist on their left, a relic of a hardier race than ours, and the stately delphiniums were just beginning to sprout amidst a chaos of lesser flowers, along the banks of what was once a lake.

They met under the gooseberry bush, I say, a bush hoary and barren with age, and Rand made bold to stroke a lady squirrel's ears. He had, of course, no way of knowing that another gentleman squirrel was in the running, for she appeared quite unaccompanied, but Rand's attention had the effect of bringing a churr of disapproval from her russet lips, and the result was electrical. It brought the rival gentleman from a neighboring bush, where he had been chattering derision at the frog, brought him bounding across the marble seat, all claws and bristles, so fearful to behold that the lady took to her heels and rocketed skywards into a maple.

The idea was all right in theory but it didn't work well in practice. Had the lady squirrel been of the old world silk and lavender type, Rand's rival might have won, but she was of the modern school, and a very athletic young lady at that! Anyway, she turned and all but wrenched the lynx-like tassel from her foremost suitor's ear, while at the same moment Rand kicked him in the stomach.

Thereupon he loosed his hold, and with a most unspeakable oath went for Rand, knocking him clean off the branch, and fell with him to the branch below. Then the lady slid to earth and hid in a rabbit hole, leaving the rivals to fight it out among the flies and sunshine of the upper branches.

They would have fought it out but that, in the middle of the fight, they discovered she was missing. Simultaneously they set off round respective sides of the tree to hunt her out, and colliding in the middle they both swore explosively, but exchanged no blows. It was of no use taking the risk of being hurt

on it to make sure of her while he turned to box his rival; neither had he pushed her in the face when she tried to bite him—possibly because she had never tried to bite him. Rand was scratched all over his back, and his nose was bleeding. The other squirrel could not see at all out of one eye, where a bee had stung him, and his tail looked as though it had been manhandled in a Chink laundry.

The lady was somewhat ruffled, but there was the suggestion of a merry twinkle in her eye—especially when she saw the fluff begin to fly.

The final contest took place at the end of a branch overhanging the creek. The lady was at the extreme end of the branch, and she had made up her mind which emerald rock to leap for should emergency demand. Next came Rand, all ears, teeth and tassels, kicking off the leaves with his hind legs, while the old squirrel, not a foot away, hurled bits of bark and blasphemy at him. Thus they came to a checkmate, and the blue jays thronged to the place again.

Directly below was the pool, radiant



The result of the united pushes was that Rand and his rival fell into the river.

Rand took no notice of the newcomer, who already had a scratch over his nose and a chunk of fluff out of his tail. Rand pursued the fleeing lady, and the other gentleman pursued Rand, and thus the courtship of our hero began.

On the topmost branch of the topmost maple the lady squirrel came to a halt, for the very excellent reason that she could climb no further, and there she turned and poured her vitriol upon Rand, who, in turn, faced about, and handed it on with lurid touches to his rival in the offing.

The two male squirrels, about a yard apart, then indulged in a swearing competition, the outcome of which it would have taken a skilled judge to decide, as they who know the red squirrel will readily conceive; and in the midst of it the lady took the opportunity of descending the other side of the trunk, head downward and at colossal speed.

Rand's rival was the first to see her go, and promptly gave chase, so that it was Rand who now brought up the rear, pursuing first the lady and secondly his rival. In this order they ran right up the wood and back again, at the end of which peregrination Rand's rival caught the lady by the tail, sat on it, and turned to face Rand.

when the object of the fight had vanished into thin air!

They searched singly and together, each considerably handicapped by the persistent impression that the other was just in the act of finding her. They skipped back and forth and through and under, making so much noise about it that the blue jays flew to the place and made the upper air hideous. The lady, in the meantime, was getting sick of the rabbit hole. It was hot and stuffy, and the bluebottles, flying in and out, annoyed her. Eventually she made a hasty exit, more hasty than prudent, and the procession began again.

As the day wore on, the three seemed to lose all count of the former order of things. Sometimes the old squirrel was following Rand, who was following the lady; sometimes Rand was following the old squirrel, while the lady, because she had become used to being in the procession, coyly brought up the rear to see the show.

It slowly became evident, however, that of the two the lady favored Rand, which was perhaps most natural. He was not so war-worn as his rival, he was younger, and he did not feel the heat to the same extent. Moreover, Rand had never caught her by the tail, and trodden

with drifting blossoms, flashing with shoals of tiny parr, and mirroring every phase of the fight with an accuracy more faithful than artistic. The lady was clearly becoming sick of the whole affair, and now she turned at bay prepared to settle matters. She gave Rand a violent push, just as Rand rushed the old squirrel, and the old squirrel pushed Rand, and the result of the united pushes was that Rand and his rival fell into the river, while the lady leaped lightly to her chosen rock and daintily skipped across.

There she sat, among the budding flowers, amidst the wild garlic, shrieking at the top of her voice and pulling the heads off the yellow crowsfoot, showering them into the air. The two squirrels had fallen chattering violently. They went under chattering, and came up still chattering—somewhat wheezily. Side by side they struck out for the shore, neck to neck, cursing all the time, while the voice of the lady on the bank now revealed rather a vulgar side of her nature, hitherto concealed.

Dripping, bedraggled, the angry rivals crept ashore, mere skeletons of their former selves. Their russet coats, once lustrous and deep, now clung to the contour of their bodies with betraying

accuracy. They looked like comic opera brigands garbed in skin-tights, but as neither could see himself, and could only see the other, each renewed the chase as full of beans as before, and far more confident of the issue.

The lady smiled coyly and retreated—retreated into the arms of a balsam, so dense in branches that one could see no farther than the first floor up. The old squirrel was first after her, and rocketed upwards in triumphant haste, then Rand, just behind him, heard a thud and a squeal, and saw his rival careering earthwards again, head over heels, more or less. Rand saw also a very large and handsome squirrel seated serenely on a branch from which his rival had just fallen—so large and handsome, indeed, that Rand decided to go no farther.

Still higher up in the tree he saw the beautiful female whom he had chased. She was looking down at him—looking down from a hole in a huge bundle of roots held in the fork of the tree. The bundle looked rather like a nest, and—yes, it was a nest, for now the heads of other squirrels began to appear from the hole at the side of it, the heads of many squirrels, little squirrels, only a few days old, indeed, and all of them were making baby noises to the lady squirrel as though they were glad to see her home again.

Rand quietly descended to the earth below, where his recent rival sat, somewhat limply, rubbing his head. The idea seemed to occur to them simultaneously that they might as well go to another part of the wood, where they could dry their coats and rub their bruises, so they went—silently, I say.

Trail Riders Form at Jasper



Countess Haig in her Trail Rider Costume at Jasper National Park.
Inset—Earl Haig receiving his Trail Rider's Button

TO encourage travel on horseback through the Canadian Rockies; to foster the maintenance and improvement of old trails and the building of new trails; to advocate and practise consideration for horses and to promote the breeding of saddle horses, suitable for high altitudes; to foster good fellowship among those who visit and live in these glorious mountains; to encourage the love of outdoor life, the study and conservation of birds, wild animals and alpine flowers; to protect the forests against fire; to assist in every way possible to ensure the complete preservation of the National Parks of Canada for the use and enjoyment of the public; to create an interest in Indian customs, costumes and traditions; to encourage the preservation of historic sites as related to the fur trade and early explorers and to co-operate with other organizations with similar aims." These are in part the aims of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, a local squadron of which was formed at Jasper on July 18 of this year, with Field Marshal Earl and Lady Haig as charter members.

An international organization, comprising in its membership members of both sexes and many races and creeds, the Trail Riders have drawn to their membership many lovers of the out-of-

doors, in the National Parks in the Canadian Rockies, with prospects of a greatly increased membership through the formation of local squadrons such as that organized at Jasper.

The plateau where the inaugural camp was held presented a colorful sight when Field Marshal and Lady Haig, accompanied by members of their staff, rode up accompanied by Major Fred Brewster, M.C., organizing secretary pro tem, and about a score of his guides, in addition to a score or more of other riders comprising members of Earl Haig's staff, guests at the Lodge, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Swift, "originals" of Jasper, who have resided for some forty years on a ranch within close proximity of Jasper townsite, were the first persons to sign the roll of the new squadron, both of them qualifying for the 2,500 mile badge, the highest granted by the Association. Following them came Earl and Countess Haig, both of whom had since their arrival in the Canadian Rockies ridden many miles over mountain trails, and to whom badges were presented by J. Murray Gibbon of Montreal, who was present for the organization ceremonies. Then followed the names of Field Marshal Haig's staff; guides on the Jasper Park Lodge staff and residents of

Continued on page 52



Snug Fit and so Comfy

THE Secret of "CEETEE" popularity lies in the fact that our ideal of "CEETEE" manufacture recognizes perfection only.

To assure that this ideal is lived up to we even spin our own yarn, from the purest wools, in our own mills, for use in our garments.

It is many years since "CEETEE" Underwear won its place as the acknowledged leader in its line.

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When buying your own underwear, or his or the kiddies, always see that you see the "CEETEE."



At all good dealers in a wide range of weights, styles and sizes, plain or ribbed, for men, women and children.

Made in Canada by

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt Ltd.

"CEETEE"

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

On a Letter from the Rockies

FROM a young woman whom he has seen grow up from infancy, and who, while these words are being written, is on a holiday trip to the Pacific coast, The Philosopher has received a letter in which she tells of her first sight of the Rocky Mountains—an unforgettable experience. Later in the same letter she writes about the marvels of colour in the glaciers, with their unearthly pale-green and delicate purple tints, and about the great snow-clad mountain summits, bright in the sunlight, towering high above the glaciers into the cloudless blue of the sky. She writes that it is hard to believe that the glaciers have a slow steady movement downward to the valleys, where they melt, carrying with them rocks and boulders and great quantities of earth from the regions higher up. This letter has reminded The Philosopher of a tragedy in the Alps about eighty years ago, the memory of which was revived strikingly some thirty years ago. A young man, in his twenties, while in Switzerland with his bride on their honeymoon, ventured alone on a glacier and fell into a deep "crevasse." His body was not recovered. The exact spot where he fell was known, and the broken-hearted young widow was told that, at the rate of movement of the glacier, the region of it in which the ice-chasm which held her husband's body was situated would in about forty years reach the valley where in due course it would melt away. It was nearly fifty years before it was possible to dig the body of the young man from the melting, thinned out margin of the glacier. He lay there unchanged—the young man who had fallen into the deep fissure in the ice nearly forty years before. His features were not marred in the least, his clothing was untorn and unaltered; his eyes were closed as if he were asleep, tired out after a long day's climb. For a moment, to the aged woman who looked upon his unchanged body, the years which had passed were as a mist that had vanished—she was a happy bride looking at her husband with eyes that for that overwhelming moment were young again!

Long-windedness in Parliament

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, Prime Minister of Great Britain, in a recent remarkable tribute to his predecessor in that high office, Mr. Asquith, who is now Lord Oxford, spoke of his pre-eminence as a parliamentary orator. Mr. Asquith, he said, in his speeches in the House of Commons was incomparably clear and masterly in his command of the English language. "And he never supported his arguments," added Mr. Baldwin, "with any extraneous helps such as Dr. Johnson alluded to when he spoke of orators who employ labored gesticulation and think that they can impress themselves on audiences by rolling their eyes, puffing their cheeks, spreading abroad their arms or stamping on the ground." Lord Oxford, in reviewing his career in the House of Commons, said modestly, "I do think I did something to shorten speeches." And he went to say that there is more work in preparing a good short speech than in making a long one. "I have always had in mind," he remarked, "what was once said by a famous American orator—that he was a train of fifteen cars, with only one passenger—a great length of language, with only one idea. That is prolixity; and prolixity, believe me, is the child of idleness. If speakers would only take pains to be as industrious and prudent in condensing and concentrating their remarks, as so many seem to be in expanding, embroidering and exuberating them, I think that in the House of Commons we should have a higher and more effective standard of public speaking." It has been figured out by one of the Ottawa newspapers that the average speech in the Dominion House of Commons is four times longer than the average speech in the British House of Commons. What a saving of time and of public money—for every day that Parliament is in session costs the country a quite large sum of money—and what an increase in the effective attention given to the public business would result, if the average member of the House at Ottawa took to heart the words of the former Prime Minister of Great Britain. All public speakers, in Parliament and out of it, should realize the advantages of "condensing and concentrating their remarks."

Hospitality

IN looking through the small local newspapers in the Western Provinces, it is pleasant to see how constantly there is evidence of the hospitable welcome given to newcomers in the communities and districts whose doings are chronicled in those local news-sheets, the prairie weeklies. Is there anything the West has better reason to be proud of than that the phrase "a Western welcome" is not merely a phrase and nothing more, but really means something actual and living? It means the spirit of neighborly friendliness to those who come to make new homes on western soil. There is nowhere truer hospitality than in the West. What is hospitality? True hospitality is that given one from outside the home circle when he is welcomed into the home, and has food for the body divided with him, and food for the mind likewise, bodily sustenance and thoughts for the mind, in true companionship. There is a sharing of life and of the things that are learned by living. The newcomer brings thought and fellowship likewise. "It is truly a give and take. And that, whether in an Indian's tepee or a white man's house, in any home, is the soul of hospitality."

The Philosopher

Are Not Women, Too, People?

THERE has been no more remarkable and significant fact in the history of the House of Lords than the rejection on a division of 80 to 78 of the bill which proposed that peeresses in their own right should be admitted to sit in that House and take part in its debates and have votes on a perfect equality with peers. The bill was thrown out by a majority of only two. Altogether there are some seven hundred peers entitled to sit in the House of Lords. But there are never more than a small fraction of that number present. The significant thing about that vote of 80 to 78 is that it was a defeat for the bill which means no more than a victory postponed. The House of Commons has passed the bill. It will be pressed forward year after year, until it is successful in the House of Lords. In this connection it must be remembered that the wife of a peer is a peeress, but not "a peeress in her own right." Lady Astor, for example, is not a peeress in her own right; that is why she can be elected to the House of Commons, where she is so notable a figure. Most peerages descend only to male heirs and become extinct when there are no male heirs, only a small number of peerages can be inherited by female heirs. At present there are only about two dozen peeresses in their own right. The 80 to 78 decision in the House of Lords followed a most ingeniously technical speech by Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, which recalls the manner in which the House of Lords a dozen years ago threw out the bill to give women who were university graduates the right to vote. The existing law says that any person who was a university graduate was entitled to the suffrage; but the Lords decided that, without a special Act of Parliament, a woman was not a person within the meaning of the existing law. The securing of seats in the House of Lords for peeresses in their own right is not the only victory to be won by women (in this case by a very few women, indeed, of the highest privileged class) in order to place women on a footing of political equality with men in Great Britain. Men vote in Great Britain when they are twenty-one years old, but women only when they are thirty. The promise has been given by the present Government that, before the dissolution of the present Parliament, this inequality will be rectified, and women in Great Britain will have the vote at twenty-one. Then the women of Great Britain will hold in their hands the control of political power if they choose to exercise it. For in Great Britain there are more women than men; which is not the case with Canada. But that all the women in either country would ever vote together is a thing absolutely inconceivable. Just as it is inconceivable that all the men in any country will ever vote the one way.

Honesty and the Best Policy

THERE are questions to which the answer must be "Yes and No." Take, for example, the question, "Is honesty the best policy?" The answer to this question must be "Yes," of course, in the meaning that honesty, regardless of consequences, is the best course to follow, because it is the morally right course to follow. But if the meaning is that it is the best course to follow because in the long run it pays best, not because it is morally right but because careful calculation of the pros and cons shows that honesty is the best policy, then the answer is "No." In other words, honesty which is a matter of policy is not true honesty. A striking illustration of this distinction is furnished by a fact to which a good deal of attention has been given recently in the United States newspapers. It is that the owners of the ocean vessels engaged in the enterprise of carrying cargoes of alcoholic beverages have found that the most difficult problem in their business of violating a provision of the United States constitution is to find honest men to be the captains and managers of their ships. Enormous sums of money have been invested in "rum running" operations. The value of a single cargo is often a large fraction of a million dollars. The men who own the ships and the cargoes find that there is neither safety nor profit for them unless they can hire men whom they can trust absolutely to handle their illegal business honestly for them—strange as that conjunction of the words "illegal" and "honestly" is. It is a lawless business, of course, and involves not only violation of the law but the corrupting and debauching of officials and others, when that is necessary—and by all accounts it is found necessary quite frequently. But they want men in charge of the contraband ships and cargoes who will supervise this lawless work and carry on this morally wrong business of corrupting and debauching, and do it with scrupulously "honest" regard for their employers' interests. How can they ever feel secure in believing that they have placed their business in the hands of men who are thus "honest?"

What Sounds Do Insects Hear?

IT is an ancient practice of beekeepers when the bees swarm to beat a pan in order to induce the bees to settle down, instead of wandering away far from home, a buzzing mass of immigrants in search of a new home. But more than two thousand years ago, in Greece, Aristotle wrote that for his part he considered it doubtful whether the bees heard the noise made by the beating of the pan. Can insects hear? This is a question which scientists have been investigating. No insect has anything like the ear of an animal with a backbone. But certain families of grasshoppers, crickets and beetles make sounds which human ears can hear. These sounds are evidently calls to their mates. But by what means their mates hear those sounds is not known. No insect has anything in the nature of an eardrum for the reception of waves of sound; only beings with backbones have eardrums, and no insect has a backbone. The conclusion of the scientific investigations which have been made is that apart from the grasshoppers, crickets and beetles which are undoubtedly aware of the sounds made by their mates as calls, and which, it may be believed, can hear (though there is no telling how they hear), there is nothing to warrant a belief that any other insects can hear at all. They have sight and they have the sense of smell, but experiments made upon many hundreds of insects with many hundreds of noises failed to result in any indication that any of the noises were heard. Butterflies, for example, while sensitive to sights and smells, gave no sign of hearing a gun shot off within a yard of them, when precautions were taken so that they could not see the flash or smell the burnt powder. There might be some satisfaction in the thought that mosquitoes hear the things we say about them. But we have not that satisfaction.

Far-off, Ancient Things

THE ruins of cities thousands of years old have in recent years been dug down to under sand, lava, cinders, dirt and under masonry much less ancient and in some cases even modern. Now there are prospects that the ruins of a prehistoric city will be found at the bottom of the sea. In the Mediterranean, just out from Tunis, there is an island named Djirba. Off that island investigators in diving suits have been exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean for traces of a city long believed to have stood there in prehistoric times, before the Mediterranean Sea came into being. For nothing is more firmly established now than that many thousands of years ago Europe and Africa were separated only by a great river which flowed westward into the Western Ocean, and that the greatest disaster in the history of the world, the disaster in which most lives were lost, was when the Western Ocean, after a great earthquake which altered the levels of vast extents of territory, flooded in and formed the Mediterranean Sea. The first discoveries made by the explorers in diving suits were some thickly encrusted vases with six handles and some other objects which appear to be small pedestals for statues. These things, say the learned men who are the authorities in regard to such matters, might have been sunk with a Phoenician galley during, say, the fourth century before Christ. But according to a recent report, the most experienced diver of the expedition insists that he has found a fragment of a city wall. It will be interesting to see if he is right. Whatever the facts in regard to this particular exploration of the bed of the Mediterranean, the search goes on—under sands, under lava, under cinders, dirt and masonry, and under the sea—for ruins in which there are relics of men who lived so long ago that History has little or no record of them.

The Complexity of Human Intercourse

DID you ever, in a strange city, walk up a staircase in a building and at the head find yourself facing a person coming towards you whom, for a moment, you did not recognize as yourself in a mirror? The experience is instructive. It is probably true of most of us that we are not pleased with correct likenesses of ourselves. When we are young we habitually see ourselves in a fairy mirror, and when we are older we have an idea of our appearance which is a composite of what we have been believing we looked like as we advanced through life. How often do we perceive a familiar friend as he really is—as he objectively is, to use a philosophic term? What we see when we look at him is a composite picture of his aspects in the course of the years we have known him, mostly with the expressions of face and the attitudes of body which have impressed us as characteristic of him. The thing is even more complicated than that. Suppose Mr. Smith is talking to Mr. Jones. How many people are engaged in the conversation? There is Mr. Smith, as he thinks he is. There is also Mr. Smith as Mr. Jones thinks he is. And it may be that the real Mr. Smith is different from these two Mr. Smiths. There may be, likewise, three Mr. Joneses engaged in conversation with the different Mr. Smiths. Nor is the complexity of the situation any less when Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones engage in conversation. Truly, human intercourse is anything but the simple affair it may sometimes appear to be. When we begin to try to figure out all that is involved when Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Jones are all engaged in conversation together—a foursome, as golfers would say—we begin to realize how complex an affair it is.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Written and Illustrated by Dan McCowan

"Every tree gives answer to some different mood.

This one helps you, climbing, that for rest is good;

Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels, they are:

Good to live and die with, good to greet afar."

THROUGHOUT the prairie provinces of Canada it is, year by year, becoming more evident that a farm home cannot be worthy of the name unless there are trees and shrubs around the yards and about the buildings. These, not for beauty only, but also for service at all seasons of the year. Affording shelter from the blazing July sun; giving protection from the January blizzard; providing resting and nesting places for companionable singing birds; adding appreciable value to homestead and ranch; bringing larger measure of comfort both to man and to beast—these are but a few of the many benefits to be derived from the planting and cultivation of trees.

With vast wheat fields where the buffalo roamed, with great cities on the Red Men's camp sites, it cannot be idle fantasy to vision present day prairie "trails" as someday "leafy avenues" and to picture rows of graceful growing trees where now are cheerless, monotonous stretches of posts and wire. The perplexing problem of soil drifting may be solved when fields are protected by belts of evergreens; increased humidity during hot summer

some form or another. These "wood-workers" being for the most part heads of families, represent probably a half million people who rely upon trees for a livelihood.

And then, too, there is recreational value in trees. An army of sportsmen are yearly lured to the forested wilderness, there to hunt the deer and the moose. Anglers delight in streams which are fringed and shaded by leafy trees. During the last few years the growth of auto touring and camping has been phenomenal, a condition which has brought about the establishment of large numbers of public camp grounds. These, lacking trees, are not attractive or enticing. After a long day's journey over dusty highways, the traveller is glad to halt his car and pitch his tent amidst a friendly grove of spruce or poplar. Thus the residents of many a once treeless town and village, realizing the economic value of an oasis, have become interested in tree planting and are striving to establish well arboured camping places wherein the motorist may tarry in comfort.

Trees, like people, have family traits and, no matter where they may be placed, conform strictly to type. Thus the pine is entirely different from the poplar and there is no mistaking the walnut for the alder. The oak is a sturdy tree, embodying rugged strength in all of its widespread branches. The elm is symmetrical and graceful, appearing refined and elegant as a dainty lady. Giant cedars which tower



Morning Mist in the Cedar Grove

Photo study by Dan McCowan

days will surely follow the establishing of many hedges and windbreaks. To the western farmer all this may seem romantic, idealistic, nigh impossible. Yet great Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane, and so, some when, a host of stately trees will stand deep rooted in the prairie soil, to swing all day in the soft south winds, to point all night to the stars.

In compiling a list of the uses to which trees and tree products are put, one is astonished at the many ways in which wood has part in our everyday life. The chair you sit upon, the paper upon which these lines are printed, the violin and piano from which sweet music comes to entertain you, silken fabrics with which you may be clothed, cars and ships which carry your grain to the markets, barns and houses which shelter your herds and your household. All these necessities of modern civilization come from the trees which grow so profusely in the great forests of Canada. Indeed it might well be said that from the cradle to the grave we are, in large measure, dependent on the activities of the forester, the lumberman and the carpenter. At present there are no fewer than one hundred thousand people in Canada who are engaged in converting tree products into wealth in

in the forests of British Columbia inspire in the beholder a spirit of reverence and awe. The great boled Douglas Firs speak of ancient days and stand in a stately dignity, as if conscious of remote centuries. John Burroughs spoke of old apple trees as being maternal; Rupert Brookes in one of his noblest poems makes mention of the peace which abides in trees. That sweet singer of a bygone age, Lady Nairne, penned no finer verse than

"O rowan tree, O rowan tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me,

Entwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.

Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowers the simmer's pride;

There was nae sic a bonny tree in a' the countrie side.

Oh! Rowan Tree."

Irate Householder—"This coffee is like mud."

The Humble Servant—"Yes, sir, it was ground this morning."

If you use slang overmuch, you mark yourself as having a slovenly mind.



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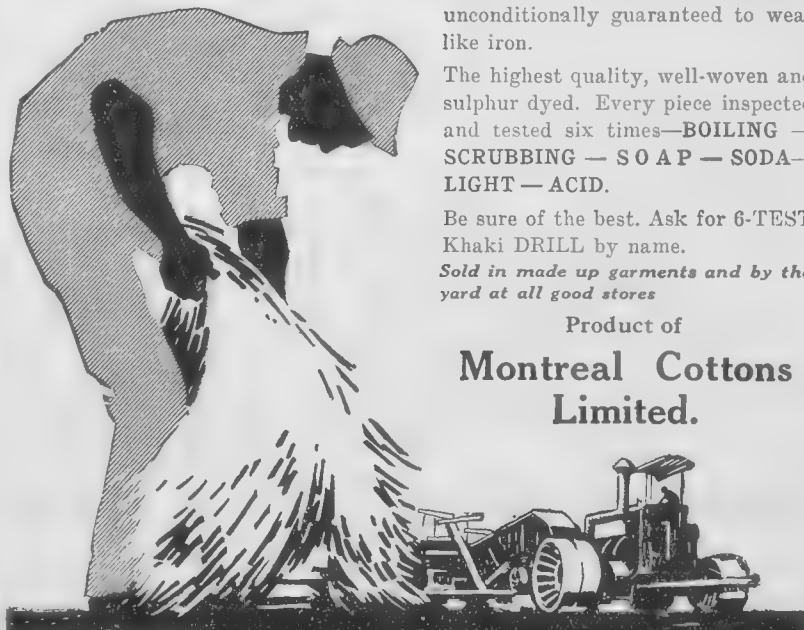
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Hunting in Canada

THE pursuit and killing of wild game is probably the oldest sport known to mankind. Being, in fact, a sort of natural instinct handed down from the days when it was pretty much a necessity and not a sport if the primitive wanted to avoid the thrill that comes last in a lifetime. But such has been the progress of our so-called civilization that so far as the habitable sections of the globe are concerned Canada has become the last handy refuge for the wild species. Due, moreover, to the rapidity of Western development and the wisdom which in this matter at least has been seized on by the people, wild game is protected in a manner to ensure the continuance of the various species and at the same time the sportsman finds even the rarer kinds available almost at his back doors.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific every province has its sport and its sports. In every province it may be said that the opening days of its principal shooting is recognized as at least a semi-public holiday. And such is the democratic nature of this sport of all sports in Canada, that participation is not confined to any one section of the community, but in all ranks, for days before the opening of the shooting season

British Columbia is, however, not merely a paradise for the sportsman in search of big game. Birds offer a wide variety of sport in all sections and especially on Vancouver Island. Here the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway leads directly to such favored spots as Cowichan Lake and Alberni where abound pheasants, grouse, quail, geese, ducks and shore birds. Partridge and grouse are found in many of the interior sections and are easy of access from practically every point on the railway.

The prairie provinces, however, offer the most accessible sport in the shape of game birds. From every little town or village on the whole 800 miles stretch from Winnipeg to the Rockies a few minutes ride in a car will bring the sportsman to a favored slough or some handy stubble field. Good roads or better still, where found, an old prairie trail leads almost invariably to a neck of land where the morning and evening flight of mallard and teal come whirring down out of the twilight. If you are fussy you will take decoys and waders and canoes and all the paraphernalia of the well-equipped hunter, but often enough just a secluded spot will give one all the shooting that the law allows. And as for chicken and partridge, by the



A Typical Hunter's Lodge

enthusiasts can be seen cleaning up the old gun, arranging congenial parties, many of which go out together season after season, with due care to take along something to ward off the morning chills or the evening fatigue.

Western Canada offers to sportsmen every variety of hunting that can be desired. Close to the mountain resorts of the Rockies can be found moose, caribou, black bear and grizzlies, mountain sheep and goats; if the actual chase involves a few hours hardship, and what sport would be worth anything without effort, at least access to the starting camps is easy and pleasant. The Canadian Pacific taps many such, for instance. No costly outfits are necessary such as confront big game hunters in Africa or India. Mountain hunting has a kick all its own. The enthusiast who has had a taste of it, comes back like Oliver Twist for more.

The game laws of British Columbia provide an open season for the male only of moose from September 15 to December 15, caribou September 1st to December 15, mountain sheep in the southern part of the province from October 1st to November 15, mountain goats September 1st to December 15 except south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific where it commences 15 days later. The season for bear varies according to districts and starts September 1st or 15th and closes June 15 or 30 except on Vancouver Island where the season is from November 1st to May 31st. And as the bag limit has been referred to in connection with preservation it may be mentioned that only 3 of any species is allowed except bear where the limit is two.

time the season opens, in a year of a good crop they are often so fat and careless that they can hardly fly and one hardly needs a dog.

The opening day of duck shooting in the West is pretty much a general holiday in the smaller communities. From midnight the night before parties stream out in quest of their yearly favorite spot and with sunrise the country almost sounds as if a battle were raging. A breakfast par excellence is wild duck shot at dawn fried an hour or two afterwards over an open fire possibly preceded by the odd rum ration. Duck shooting opens in the West on September 15 and closes in Manitoba on November 30, in Saskatchewan December 31 and in Alberta, December 14. In recent years a limit on the number of ducks that can be shot by the individual hunter has wisely been set, the average running some 30 a day and the season limit being around 200.

A few years ago serious inroads were being made on the chicken and partridge of the West and in most provinces a close season the year round was established. At present in Manitoba the season is only open from October 15th to 22nd with a bag limit of 35. In Saskatchewan the season for these birds is from October 1st to October 31st with a bag limit of 30. In Alberta the season is the same as in Saskatchewan, namely, the month of October.

Licenses are easily obtained and vary from \$25 for a non-resident wishing to shoot all kinds of game to a resident license for birds which is as low as \$2.

Big game in the prairie provinces is found with no great difficulty. North

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Married Women and School Teachers

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

IN the province of Manitoba married women are inhibited as teachers of schools, a fact that has given an argument and a precedent to other provinces desirous of following in their wake.

This is a peculiar situation because the people of Manitoba were among the first in Canada, if not the first, to secure the enfranchisement of women. It is, however, plainly evident that although securing equal rights, and a removal of all political disability where their sex is concerned, women are still possessed with an inferiority complex. It is in their power to remove all trustees, municipal officials or other persons who may debar a married woman from teaching but, as a matter of fact, when an election takes place, the female has forgotten or is wholly indifferent to the issue.

How simple it would be, after all, for representatives of the Citizenship Committee of the National Council of Women, or of any other women's organization, to wait upon all candidates for election on the school board asking them, if elected, whether they will support equal rights to all teachers, and requiring them to give a public pledge of the same. Yes, yes, subsequently seeing to it with certitude that the pledge is fulfilled.

Unless the ousting of married women from gainful occupations is vigorously resisted, women will find themselves back in the position of pre-franchise days, or even of 1850. Formerly a married woman was deprived of her property right, although taxed. Now, she is being denied the right to earn, to say nothing of her right to self-expression and freedom for self-development.

In this respect the inferiority complex is not confined to Manitoba. Every day and everywhere, the Canadian woman is thoughtlessly permitting certain self-centred persons to destroy her confidence in her own powers, and to make her willing to lead a dependent life—to become what they are pleased to call "kept females." Almost universally, women are receiving half the amount that is paid men—the women having more work and doing it better—and then are expected to lay it down without so much as a whimper, when any male person is pleased to intimate that he desires her job.

A while ago, a trustee at a meeting of a school board, suggested that when a woman wedded, it was expected that her husband would keep her and not the taxpayer. In referring to this remark, an editor said with fitness: "When men and women earn their salaries it is not usual for them to be told they are 'kept' by their employers. If this view is taken generally of the matter, we can only point out that the fact that they are kept by the ratepayers applies equally to school masters and school mistresses and, of course, to young women teachers."

The editor then invited the trustees to consider if they were getting the best value for their money in dismissing married teachers with years of training and experience, and in replacing them by young women fresh from college.

There are still numerous organizations of a national character in Canada where all, or nearly all, paid offices are held by men while the actual work of carrying-on is performed, and even financed by women. Trained for many generations in submission and subservience, the women's attitude too often resembles that of the beaten donkey: "Don't kick me, but if you will, you may."

Of olden times, Sarah, the wife of Abraham the Chaldean, sat in the portals of her house listening surreptitiously and giggling, while notable strangers arranged outside that she should become the mother of a son.

But a day came when the modern Sarah refused to stay within the portals, but insisted on being heard on matters relating to her home and race. Having gained these rights if she through inertia, or through any other cause, permits herself to be shoved again indoors, the responsibility lies wholly upon herself.

As a matter-of-fact, the same opposition is being shown to the unmarried woman teacher, although with a somewhat lesser vehemence or volume. Fault

is found with the girl teacher in that she is prone to turn her back on "the career" because she is looking for marriage.

Of course she is, and will continue so to do. The parent impulse is stronger in the woman than in the man. It was a writer of note who annihilated the contrary opinion with a witticism when he spoke of "the woman who could forsake her

infant for a quadratic equation."

The whole crux of the trouble lies in the fact that the profession is much more remunerative than formerly. School-teaching used to be a "woman's profession" and unworthy of serious male effort. Those were the days when the woman teacher was only "a school m'arm," and very poor prunes indeed.

When the profession became better paid, the unemployed male decided of a sudden that this was a "man's job" and that boys were in sore need of a teacher who was capable of leading in athletics. Just that!

It was Rudyard Kipling who, writing of the American soldiers taking part in the great war, referred to their truthfulness and general purity of mind as the result of their having been taught by women in the public schools. As a matter-of-verity, women are, and always have been the teachers of children. This is assuredly the one position where their rights should be unchallenged—especially the right of the married woman who has had children of her own.

Up to the present, no one has ever been found who argued that a married woman should not work, but many argue that she should not choose her work or be paid for it.

No one ever argues against the employment of the married woman who scrubs miles of marble floors in hotels or public offices, or stands over the tubs in laundries. I have never yet seen the charwoman who was dismissed because her work interfered with her home; because it tended to injure her children, or because it was "unwomanly." Have you, Oh Gentle Reader, have you?

One has heard of a woman being "relieved" of work because of old age, but she must be very, very old like that woman in Ottawa who has been scrubbing at "the buildings" since the Act of Confederation became operative—a period of almost sixty years. Incidentally, it would seem that a tangible recognition of her valor might be made by the women of Canada—that is, unless the Government have decided to pension her themselves.

No! No! The argument of the married woman as a worker is never adduced except where she is receiving a considerable remuneration in some branch of skilled labor. When this occurs, society becomes disturbed in its mind and

Continued on page 49



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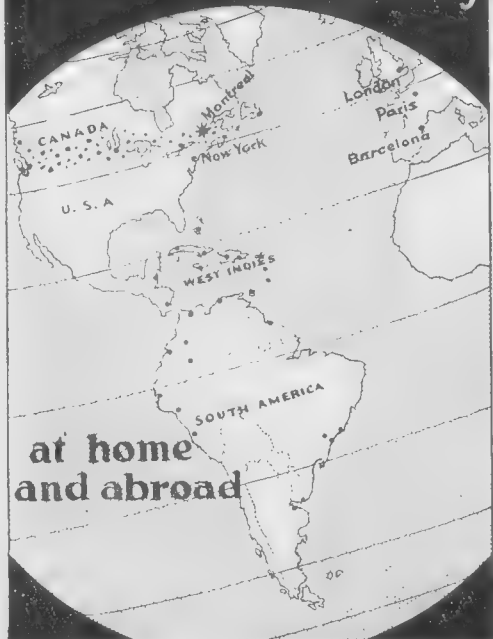
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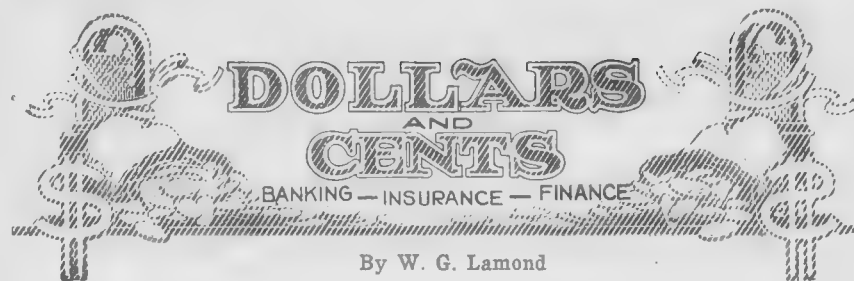
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By W. G. Lamond

The Crop Outlook

UNDER the stimulus imparted by the prospects of a bumper wheat crop, the Canadian business world is showing signs of recovering confidence. While Canada is making rapid strides as an industrial country, the wheat crop remains the one great source of national revenue, and this year the reports from all sources indicate a yield greater than the average for the past ten years.

The most reliable reports are those issued by the Dominion Government Bureau of Statistics, and the last bulletin to hand, issued July 10, indicates that the crop this year will approximate 365,000,000 bushels of wheat, in comparison with 270 odd millions in 1924. When it is considered that this will mean an increase in the purchasing power of Canadian farmers of more than \$100,000,000 it is obvious that the manufacturers of Eastern Canada have every reason to look forward to better times. However, the last three weeks are always the most critical ones in so far as the crop is concerned. A heat wave or a prolonged spell of rainy weather might easily clip 100,000,000 bushels off the yield. In fact, telegraph reports from the Western Provinces received since the bulletin was issued by the Bureau of Statistics indicate that heavy wind and hail storms have played havoc with the wheat in large areas of Saskatchewan. On the whole, however, the crop weather this season has been very favorable, and the toll taken by cutworm, rust, sawfly and other agencies of destruction has been unusually light.

The estimates of acreage show that there are 22,200,000 acres sown to wheat, as compared with 22,055,710 in 1924. A correspondingly great increase is shown also in the acreages sown to oats and barley, while there is a slight decrease in acreages sown to rye, flax and potatoes. The total area sown to all field crops, exclusive of grain and hay, for 1925 is estimated at 56,103,660 acres, as compared with 55,821,643 acres for 1924. This shows that the steady increase in the acreage of land under cultivation is being maintained. Anyone who has toured the prairie provinces—where the increase is most noticeable—will realize that the land now under cultivation is but a fraction of the area which is cultivatable. Given an energetic immigration policy these acreage figures are bound to increase by tens of millions.

For the moment unemployment has ceased to be a problem in the Dominion. The rush of seasonal work and the prospect of obtaining harvest hands, in fact, are causing some anxiety to the railways and other large corporations which are vitally concerned in the crop movement. It is estimated this year that 50,000 extra men will be required to work in the wheat fields, and there is some talk of encouraging harvest help to come from the United Kingdom by giving low excursion rates.

Features Peculiar to Life Insurance Protection and Investment

WHILE most kinds of insurance contracts have a single purpose, namely, the assumption of a particular risk, the great majority of life insurance policies embody a two-fold purpose by combining insurance with investment. Every policy which contains an endowment feature, i.e. which creates a fund available upon survival for a stated period, is to that extent an investment, and the increase of this investment fund constantly minimizes the insurance element. For instance, a policy issued ten years ago and having an endowment fund to its credit at the time of the in-

sured's death equal to \$500, will pay this \$500, and, in addition, \$500 more out of the "insurance fund." In other words, by the growth of the investment fund the insurance element of the policy is constantly decreased. While this fact is clearly apparent in the case of an endowment policy, it is not so evident in the so-called ordinary life policy. But there is no difference in principle, for the ordinary life policy accumulates a reserve which eventually wipes out the insurance. As is often stated, an ordinary life policy based on the American experience table of mortality matures as an endowment at age 96. This difference between life insurance and fire insurance, for instance, is fundamental, for the loss in fire insurance is measured by the total risk of burning, whereas in life insurance it is always equal to the total risk involved less the reserve fund.

Prudential to Invest in Manitoba

THE Prudential Insurance Co. of America has decided to enter the mortgage loan field in Manitoba, and has appointed C. S. Gunn & Co., of Winnipeg, as its loan correspondents. A year ago the Prudential opened offices to handle this form of business in Montreal and Toronto, but its connection with C. S. Gunn & Co. marks its first entrance to the Western loan field.

That the mortgage loan business of the company is a big one may be judged by the fact that last year it put out \$150,000,000 in mortgage loans, while, according to the last annual statement of the company, its total mortgage investment amounts to \$505,737,357.

Mr. Gunn states that while the principal mortgage business of the company was based on a five year term, it was also its intention to make monthly instalment loans on a five-year basis, repayable one-half of 1 per cent. monthly, and also amortized mortgage loans for periods of 12 years and 10 years and 8 months.

Mr. Gunn, who has been in Winnipeg since 1906, has had long experience in banking and finance, first with the Merchants Bank, and later as head of the investment house which he founded in 1910.

Mark Twain's Sermon to Salesmen

LONG before the present-day competitive conditions, the danger of a salesman talking too long, and losing the sale, was appreciated.

"I went to church and heard a missionary talk once," said Mark Twain. "He was the most eloquent orator I ever listened to. He painted the benighted conditions of the heathen so clearly that my deepest passion was aroused.

"I resolved to break a life-long habit and contribute a dollar to teach the gospel to my benighted brethren. As the speaker proceeded, I decided to make it five dollars and then ten. Finally I knew it to be my duty to give the cause all the cash I had with me—twenty dollars.

"The pleading of the orator wrought upon me still further and I decided not only to give all the cash I had with me, but to borrow twenty dollars from my friend who sat by my side.

"That was the time to take up the collection.

"However, the speaker proceeded and I lost interest and finally dropped off into sweet slumber and when the usher woke me by prodding me in the ribs with the collection plate, I not only refused to contribute but am ashamed to state I stole fifteen cents from the plate."

Legal Information

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

WE have received various enquiries as to the advisability of making a last will and testament in anticipation of death. We are, therefore, devoting a general article to the discussion of this subject.

Our advice to every property owner is that he should without delay make some testamentary disposition of his property. There are very many reasons which demand that a man should give this attention to his estate no matter how small it may be.

In the first place, a man's property is his own, and naturally his should be the voice to say among whom it should be divided. Obviously, the owner of property knows best who most deserves to receive it, and also, surely he would know to whom he would rather give it. If you do not make a will and die leaving property, the law presumes that you will wish to divide it among your near relatives in certain fixed shares. However, in very many cases, the division required by law would not be that which a man himself would make if he had disposed of the property by will.

Another reason for making a will is that a man who makes a will can appoint as his executor the persons whom he considers most suited, either by natural ability or their personal interest in the property, to give it the best attention for realizing the greatest possible amount out of the estate, and thus provide the greatest amount to support and care for those who are near and dear to him. If a man is in business, and has various interests which would take some time to dispose of, it would seem natural that those associated with him in that business, would be the best to wind up his affairs to the greatest advantage. In such a case, a business partner or associate would be an excellent executor. In another case, a man has very wide interests with numerous investments in various districts, he owns farms in Saskatchewan and shares in a company in Manitoba, his wife is not experienced in business, and his family is too young to give her any assistance. In such a case a man should appoint an experienced business man as executor or a trust company, to handle his estate. You know what your property is, and so by your will can choose as executor the person or trust company most likely to handle the estate well.

For the ordinary man, who has no particularly involved or extensive estate, the simplest and most advisable plan is to appoint one of the principle beneficiaries of his will to be his executor. In most cases, this would be the man's wife or perhaps his oldest son if of age. If the executor is one of the persons chiefly interested in the proceeds of the estate, he is more likely to give it very careful attention, and by his personal interest therein, obtain better results than if he had no direct share in the property. Also, an executor or administrator is entitled to certain fees for his administration of the estate, and if he has no share in the property, will likely require payment of these fees, which will reduce the net estate accordingly. If the executor is chief beneficiary he will likely waive his right to remuneration, making a little larger net estate.

Another reason for making a will is that if you do not make a will and leave children surviving, the law will presume that you intended to leave the greater part of your estate to your children. The result is that the portion going to the children cannot be dealt with until they all become of age, or if it is dealt with, it can only be with the approval of the court. Naturally, such approval is only obtained at considerable expense and difficulty. In most cases, the best interests of a man's family would be obtained by his leaving all his property to his wife. If he has any children, this can only be done by his making a will. It would be in a very exceptional case

where the wife would not give a proper share of the estate to the education and advancement of their children.

From this you will see also that it is advisable to omit from a will any bequests to a minor, unless it is a specific bequest of certain property, which can be set aside from the residue of the estate. If it is a general bequest of an undivided share in the whole estate, it will tie up the disposition of any part of the estate, except for payment of debts, and add greatly to the difficulties of realizing the real value of the estate.

Most men are very anxious to cut down as far as possible any unnecessary expense of dividing their property amongst their family after death. Generally, the making of a will provides the most economical means for his wife and children to do this. If a man does not leave a will, his administrator appointed to wind up his estate must take out an expensive administration bond, which must be kept in force during the whole period of the administration of the estate. A bond can be obtained by obtaining personal guarantees from friends of the administrator, but the most usual course is to obtain a bond from a bonding company. Most administrators would hesitate to endeavor to obtain a bond on the guarantee of a friend, as the latter's liability as a bondsman would be always a great handicap to that friend in his business. The modern way is to obtain a bond from an insurance company instead of a friend. If a man appoints an executor, no bond is required. Thus, by making a will, the bond premiums are saved to your family. In addition to this, an administrator must obtain a discharge from the court before the bond can be discharged. The bond company will require such an order.

In the case of a simple will where property is all left to one or two immediate relatives, one of whom is the executor, not only is no bond required, but in many cases it would be unnecessary to pass the executor's accounts and obtain the court order discharging the personal representative. This also would be a considerable saving. Such an order would be necessary if there was no will and an administrator wound up the estate.

If you do consider a will advisable, do not attempt to draw it up yourself if there is any possible chance of your obtaining legal advice in the matter. There is nothing to prevent a man preparing his own will, and if drawn in his own handwriting and signed by him, such a will would be effective to dispose of his property. On the other hand, the law relating to wills and estates is exceedingly complicated, and a man who is unversed in law might make very serious errors in attempting to dispose of his property, and the result would be that, instead of disposing of it in the way he had intended, the law would interpret his words quite otherwise.

The duties of an executor are to collect and realize upon the assets of an estate, and after paying the debts of the deceased, distribute the net residue among those indicated by the will. Ordinarily an executor cannot sell or transfer or mortgage any property of the estate without the consent of the heirs. The exception arises where the executor must dispose of property to pay debts. These duties sound quite simple, but when there are outstanding obligations such as mortgages or agreements for which the estate is liable, it may prevent the winding up of the estate for many years. Also, the more a man tries to control his property after death, the more complicated the executor's duties become. If your estate will be complicated, then appoint a trust company as executor. They have large staffs to attend to details and are experienced in the work.

Continued on page 66

Our Charges

Our charges for the administration of estates are no greater and often less than those of a private Executor or Trustee being based on a small percentage (up to 5%) on the amount of funds handled. When you compare our service with all the advantages we offer in the administration of estates with those of a private individual you will realise that they really cost less in the end.

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A Sure Thing

Before Henry Bell passed away he made sure that Mrs. Bell would never be the victim of "get rich quick" schemes. He had seen too much misery caused by unsuspecting widows placing their mite in the hands of smooth-tongued promoters. He wanted a sure thing—and he got it.

Each month Mrs. Bell receives a cheque for \$100. She will receive this as long as she lives, for Henry Bell was insured under the "Permanent Monthly Income" Plan of the North American Life Assurance Company.

This form of insurance provides no lump sum of thousands of dollars for grasping hands to dissipate, but a regular income which lives on through the years—a monthly income for life—a monument to your judgement.

Investigate this most protecting type of North American Life Policy. Our booklet "A Permanent Income" gives full particulars. Write to-day.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A Gentleman

"MR..... in appearance is a gentleman, middle-aged, with a rosy complexion and very fine manners," so runs a recent account of an interview between a visitor to Winnipeg and a press reporter. The comment suggests the question—What is a gentleman?

There are men who have received the many advantages of a college education who have not earned the name of gentleman in the estimation of those who know them well, and there are men in very humble walks of life who seem possessed of such innate courtesy as to make one say of any one of them "He is a gentleman."

Thackeray wrote: "A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list."

"Education," says Locke, "begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him."

"Gentleman is a term," wrote Talfourd, "which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and the feelings in every station."

George H. Calvert says that "the gentleman is a Christian product," and Coleridge wrote that "religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It alone will gentelize, if unmixed with cant."

Goldsmith remarks that "to make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber."

Some writers place the emphasis upon ancestry; thus Henry Bennett writes:

"Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people."

Perhaps the thought that should appeal most strongly to the mind of the young man, no matter what his occupation may be, is that furnished by Cardinal Newman:

"The true gentleman has his eyes on all his company. He is tender towards the bashful; gentle towards the distant; and merciful towards the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome."

A College Education

A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded the following statement, attributed to a former president of the Chicago Association of Commerce:

"Most of the great qualities necessary for business leadership can be cultivated out of college as well as in. Certainly, all of the undesirable characteristics can be avoided. But the man in an apprenticeship must make up his mind in some way to secure the advantages which the college offers his competitors."

Our correspondent then puts the question: "What, in your opinion, would be the most effective method of obtaining the advantages held by the college student?"

This question raises a point which has been discussed pretty thoroughly from time to time in the columns of some magazines and newspapers and the matter has ever been reduced to statistics for the purpose of proving that the man with a college education has, if not the initial, the final advantage over the man who has secured his training outside of the university.

What are the advantages of a college education? Briefly, perhaps they are as follows:

1. An organized course of study leading to a degree.
2. The degree is a guarantee that the student has covered certain work and is a means whereby entrance may be secured to several types of positions and vocations.

3. College students represent, in a sense, all those who have "survived" the examinations of the preceding grades. There is the advantage, therefore, of the association of keen intellects.

4. There is a traditional atmosphere about a university that ought to react favorably upon those who enter it.

Referring once more to our enquiry—How may these advantages be secured by those who do not enter university?—it may be said that it is hardly possible to secure advantage No. 1 or advantage No. 2.

Advantage No. 3 may be secured to some extent by the careful use of leisure time. In any city that is the headquarters of a university, members of the general public have many opportunities for attendance at lectures by the faculty. The radio now extends some of these opportunities to residents of country districts. Then, too, there should be a careful selection of reading. Such books as those included in Everyman's Library furnish reading similar to much that is studied in a

university. It was Carlyle who said: "The true university of these days is a collection of books."

Some universities have now extension departments which offer many subjects by means of correspondence instruction. This plan affords private students an opportunity to study the same textbooks, under the same guidance, as those who are regularly enrolled.

Advantage No. 4 is hardly available but the student who goes early to work and who has not the advantage of university training has this great advantage—that he is working with men as well as with books. Perhaps it is this that accounts for the leadership of many men who lack university education. They have gained a practical understanding of human nature. It might be added, too, that a philosophical habit of mind and a proper religious background will go far in creating qualities of thought that may equal the mental achievements of many university students. Professor William Lyon Phelps, the author of "Human Nature in the Bible," says:

"Everyone who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated. I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

How To Keep Accounts

A STATEMENT is on record to the effect that "the man who never does more than he is paid for will never be paid for more than he does." It might be said also that the young man who never keeps any accounts will never have any accounts to keep.

"Basic Accounting" is the title of a new book from the press of the Gregg Publishing Company, 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago; eight hundred pages, clearly printed and bound in cloth, \$5.00. The author, George E. Bennett, C.P.A., is a man of wide experience in the field of business and in this book he gives a clear exposition of the principles of accounting.

Among the subjects that receive attention are applied economics, business law, statement of assets and liabilities, the ledger, the journal, classification of ledger accounts, balance sheet, profit and loss statement, partnership accounts, corporation accounts, treatment of depreciation, and sinking fund.

For young men who have an elementary knowledge of bookkeeping, this book should prove very valuable as a further step in the study of accounts. A useful feature is the inclusion of 280 questions and 112 problems, many of them taken from accounting examinations and representing standard business practice.

"Business men," says J. O. McKinsey, "have learned by experience that to manage a business successfully it is necessary to have information about the operations which the business performs or the things which the business does..... Since all the information necessary cannot be remembered by the business man, he must devise some method by which to obtain it.

"The method which he employs is to make a record of such information as he desires to keep. Through experience and practice certain ways and means have developed to record this information so as to make it most useful to the business man..... These ways and means by which information about the operations of a business is recorded are known as accounting."

The publishers will send a circular of information to young men who are interested in a book that will guide them clearly and correctly in the keeping of accounts.

Short Course in English

ARTICLE No. 10. The short course is brought to a conclusion this month by the reproduction from the works of great writers of a number of statements on the art of writing. These opinions should be studied carefully as they present principles of writing which the authors have followed in their own works and which have secured the approval of scholars and of the reading public.

1. To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul, and taste.—Buffon.

2. That writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.—Colton.

3. Nothing goes by luck in composition; it allows of no trick. The best you can write will be the best you are. Every sentence is the result of a long probation. The author's character is read from title-page to end.—Thoreau.

4. For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.—Confucius.

5. How forcible are right words!—Bible.

A New Short Course

NEXT month we shall begin a new short course of study under the general heading of "Choosing Your Life Work." It will be based upon the book of that title which was reviewed in these columns some time ago and will, we think, prove to be helpful to young men who are seeking information about occupations that may be open to them.

The course will be completed in ten sections, the first of which will contain some introductory suggestions, and the remainder will deal with the following, and other occupations: Agriculture, Banking, Business Occupations, Chemistry, Engineering, Law, Medicine, and the trades.

Questions and Answers

QUESTION: Can you give me the title of a book from which one might learn French at Home?

Answer: A study of Hugo's French Grammar Simplified, and Key, will provide a knowledge of simple conversational French. These books may be secured through a Winnipeg bookseller. Especial care should be given to pronunciation and on this point personal assistance would be of advantage.

Question: Please give me the title of a clear and practical book on English grammar.

Answer: McDougall's Complete Grammar. This book contains, in addition to chapters on grammar, sections on punctuation, letter writing, easy writing, paraphrasing and figures of speech.

Question: What is the name of a good book on general science that might be studied at home?

Answer: Caldwell's General Science, published by Ginn & Company, Chicago, lends itself to home study. It is very freely illustrated and is written in plain language. It is divided into six parts, as follows:

The Air; Water and Its Uses; Work, Energy and Electricity; The Earth in Relation to other Astronomical Bodies; The Earth's Crust; Life Upon the Earth.

Keeping At It

"IT is all very well," said Charles J. Fox, "to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial."

Dr. Marden tells that Cobden broke down completely the first time he appeared on a platform in Manchester, and the chairman apologized for him. But he did not give up speaking till every poor man in England had a larger, better, and cheaper loaf.

"Were I called upon," says the same writer, "to express in a word the secret of so many failures among those who started out in life with high hopes, I should say unhesitatingly, they lacked will-power. They could not half will. Why is a man without a will? He is like an engine without steam, a mere sport of chance, to be tossed about hither and thither, always at the mercy of those who have wills.

I should call the strength of will the test of a young man's possibilities. Can he will strong enough, and hold whatever he undertakes with an iron grip?

A distinguished investigator in science said that when he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he usually found himself upon the brink of some discovery.

Poverty and obscurity are not insurmountable obstacles, but they often act as stimulus to the naturally indolent, and develop a firmer fibre of mind, a stronger muscle and stamina of body."

Thoughts on Duty

DUTY is the demand of the hour.—Goethe.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—George Eliot.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—Ruskin.

England expects every man to do his duty.—Horatio Nelson.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it, and it smiles upon you.—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, so the soul to follow duty.—Ramayana.

You will always find those who think they know your duty better than you know it.—Emerson.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker

SUPERTWIST

Answers the Mileage Question

BY inventing a new material, Goodyear settled the question of *mileage* in Goodyear Balloon Tires. This material is the new, Goodyear, cord fabric, SUPERTWIST.

Its special feature is its extreme elasticity. It far outstretches the breaking point of other cord fabric. Consequently it has a far greater capacity to withstand road shocks, stone bruises, other injuries and the effect of wear.

SUPERTWIST is a Goodyear discovery, a Goodyear product, and only Goodyear Tires are made of SUPERTWIST. In other words, Goodyear has made the Balloon Tire which stretches rather than breaks under road shocks.

So extraordinary was the increased life of Goodyear Balloon Tires made possible by SUPERTWIST that it is now used in *all* Goodyear Cord Tires. Your Goodyear Selected Dealer has in stock Goodyear Tires of SUPERTWIST at prices no higher than you have been paying.



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Leading Features of This Issue

In Fiction:

2nd Installment of Martha Ostenso's thrilling novel, "Wild Geese."

Katherine Kane with an intensely interesting contribution entitled "Native Blood."

In Special Articles:

Alex McLeod, K.C., with a treatise on the much discussed subject of Evolution.

D. B. MacRae, one of our best-known Western journalists, with a racy but subconsciously serious description of the last session of our Federal Parliament.

Janey-Canuck with a lively article on "Married Women and School Teachers."



When Marconi First "Listened In"

By Charles Frederick Jamieson

ONE cold boisterous evening in December, now slightly more than twenty-three years ago, I was sitting in the rotunda of the Sydney Hotel, in the city of Sydney, Cape Breton, enjoying the warmth of the commodious and blazing fireplace. It was snowing fiercely outside and the wind was cold and penetrating to those exposed to it. Presently the door opened and a small company of men projected themselves into the room. I saw that for the most part they were local politicians but observed that they were accompanied by a slight, boyish looking man, who at once detached himself from the group and went to the clerk's desk, apparently to inquire for mail.

"Know who that is?" asked the well posted and newsy commercial traveller who was sitting beside me.

"No," I replied.

"That is Marconi," said my neighbor. At that particular moment the young Italian inventor was being very much discussed. He had brought wireless telegraphy far beyond the experimental stage even then and was just commencing, with modest positiveness, to assert that he could bridge the oceans by means of it. A powerful station had been erected shortly before at Poldhu, Wales, and Marconi had journeyed to Newfoundland, which island he had selected as the western scene of his trans-Atlantic experiments.

Oddly enough, he had received assistance and support from the Anglo-American Cable Company, which had an elaborate station in the colony of Newfoundland, at Heart's Content, I think, for the receiving of the regular submarine messages. I have noted, during a considerable period of observation, that the real doers of the world are never too big to help the attempters and it can truthfully be said that Marconi was in the latter class at that time. The great cable company gave him space in which to conduct his operations and provided him with other assistance of a practical kind. Marconi therefore rigged up an elaborate system of aerials, some of them carried by kites, and set to work to make his dream come true.

Presently he announced to the world that the single letter "S," the Morse code for which is three dots, had been heard by him in Newfoundland as despatched from far-off Poldhu.

Many will remember that prodigious uproar which followed this announcement. The doubters were greatly in the majority. The average intelligence refused to accept it as a possibility that Europe could communicate with America by means of the spreading air waves caused by a series of explosions. The doubters persisted in pointing out that it was easy to be mistaken about hearing the three dots, and still for one honestly to think that he had in fact heard them. But, whoever doubted Marconi certainly did not, and on the night when I saw him in Sydney, he was about to locate, at a place called Table Head, one of the principal stations of his system.

As the evening advanced, and after the inventor had bathed and refreshed himself with food, I was taken to his room by one of the politicians. In those days I was a newspaper man and naturally on

the lookout for grist for the journalistic mill. Some of the details have escaped me, but I remember that Marconi spoke of the practical and widespread use of his combined invention and discovery as if it were even then an accomplished fact. He spoke without the slightest manner of superiority, but nevertheless with a confidence which was most impressive.

I remember that the subject of this sketch remarked during the interview that he was then twenty-six years of age and, with good luck, would have plenty of time to conduct further experiments, as he fully realized that there was much more to be done. I was younger than that myself at that time and naturally the youthfulness of Marconi did not impress me as much as it would now if I met him under the same circumstances. He looked, talked and acted just like a boy, albeit a rather grave and reserved one. The head waiter in the hotel was far more important than was the young guest.

The system of wireless telegraphy was, as everybody knows, developed with wonderful rapidity. It was scarcely a dozen years after that meeting in

Sydney, when I was on board a steamer which carried a Marconi set with a radius of about one hundred miles. I was invited into the wireless room by the operator who proceeded to send a message with much flashing of blue flame, and a sound like the tearing of coarse cloth multiplied a thousand fold. Thereafter, he placed the receiver to my ears and I was privileged to hear a very faint series of tappings meaningless to me, but apparently intelligible enough to the operator. But I wondered then how Marconi could have been so sure that he had heard the three faint taps from his primitive instrument in Newfoundland.

In later years, I talked with men who had been rescued from sinking ships by seamen who had been summoned from afar in response to the appealing yet confident tappings of the Marconi system.

Little did I dream then that my good neighbors would today have the opportunity, when I visit their home, to entertain me with a selected programme from Hastings, Nebraska, or the entertainment provided by the Canadian National Railways, at Calgary, or that sitting in a room in Chicago, as I did in June last, I would hear the rappings of the gavel at the Democratic National Convention and listen to a band playing "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," when a lady delegate from West Virginia seconded the nomination of John W. Davis.

And it only seems like yesterday that I saw that dreamy-eyed youth in the Sydney Hotel. One is tempted to quote Austin Dobson:

"Time goes, you say. Ah, no!
Alas, time stays. We go."

Better Aerials

THE antenna is the hand that reaches out into the sky and captures the signals. It should therefore be as high as possible and unshielded from surrounding objects. The feeble currents from long distance stations will never reach the receiving set if the aerial is strung



A flat top antenna of five wires on a spreader
See article "Better Aerials" below

too close to surrounding objects that tend to absorb the energy.

The illustration shows a flat top antenna consisting of five wires spaced four feet apart on a spreader. The spreader is held from swaying by a rope fastened at each end.

This is a "T" connected antenna. Note how the lead-in is taken from the middle instead of the end.

If a roof installation of this sort is desired for receiving, then but one wire is generally used for the antenna.

Winnipeg Mayor at WCCO

AFTER driving from Winnipeg to Minneapolis, a distance of approximately 500 miles, in ten hours and twenty minutes, Colonel Ralph H. Webb, mayor of the Manitoba capital, told from the Gold Medal Station just how it was done. While he talked, stations at Winnipeg and Toronto picked up the broadcast from WCCO and rebroadcast it.

Colonel Webb was one of the party of thirty Winnipeg business men and officials who made a dawn-to-dusk trip to the Twin Cities recently. In his talk over the radio he expressed the gratitude of himself and his party for the wonderful treatment which had been extended them not only in Minneapolis and St. Paul but in the entire route of the trip.

At the conclusion of the mayor's talk the Winnipeg party displayed their versatility and gathered about the piano with the microphone turned on, and sang "All Trails Lead to Winnipeg." This latter fact probably accounts for the numerous reports current in the Northwest Gold Medal Station broadcasting grand opera.

Piano Playing

The Piano Has the Greatest Appeal of All Instruments to the Amateur

RACHMANINOFF, the world famous composer and pianist recently granted an interview expressly for the Etude Musical Magazine. In the course of his observations, he paid a tribute to the piano—the instrument itself. "The piano," he said, "is the most obvious instrument, and for that reason will always be the one which has the greatest appeal to the amateur. It is the door to musical literature, because of its command of bass, treble and the other inner voices. It is simply indispensable in music because of this. It is not nearly so difficult as the violin, because the tones are already made at the keyboard and the player does not have to go through the experience of finding them as on a violin.

"It is true that the piano does not develop the sense of hearing as does an instrument on which the student is expected to make his own tones; but for the most part it is decidedly the best instrument for the beginner. Musical talents come into the world with marked inclinations toward certain instruments. If a great genius is discovered with inclinations toward the violin, this should be encouraged.

"The training of the ear may probably be best developed through singing. In Russia, in the Government schools, this is one of the compulsory studies. The pupil must go through his classes in solfeggio, and it is not regarded as a matter of secondary interest. He is not taught solfeggio with the idea of making him a singer, but with the thought that unless he learns to hear music, and understands the intervals, his playing and singing can never be more than merely mechanical. The singing improves the rhythm.

"The advantage of the Government school is that, unless the student manifests real talent, he is not permitted to continue. He may go to a private school if he chooses, but the State did not undertake to give him a musical training unless it was convinced that music was the career for which he was best fitted."

Liked Anniversary Broadcast

"I walked two miles through mud and slush to hear your anniversary concert, and then walked back early in the morning. And if you were broadcasting another programme tonight I would cover the same two miles quite cheerfully—and then gaze for five hours into a loud-speaker while I listened." This, from a radio fan at Lorette, Manitoba, is the sort of thing that makes the extra work necessary for an anniversary programme well worth while, so says CNRW.

Did You Know This?

It is estimated that the actual amount of energy picked up by a receiving antenna is extremely small. It has been estimated that the amount of energy picked up by an average receiving antenna coming from a broadcasting station 2,000 miles away, if made continuous day and night for thirty years, will about equal the energy expended by a common housefly in climbing up a wall a distance of one inch.

Longevity of Tubes

To prolong the life of tubes, turn them as dimly as possible. Excessive filament current and plate voltage have the property of destroying the coating of thorium on the filament.

Enemies of Efficiency

A few specks of dust between the variable condenser plates or on the coils, loose connections and rundown batteries lower the range of many sets. Generally, most of the trouble, squeals and howls in radio sets are caused by little things which go unnoticed and seem unimportant.

Am I Too Old to Take Up the Piano?

SOMETIMES the question has been asked, "Am I too old to commence studying the piano, violin or other musical instrument?"

This question, of course, depends upon the present age of the person asking the question. If he is 72 or 73, the answer would be emphatically, "Yes." But he may be much younger, in which case it is untrue that a person cannot become a musician except by starting to learn as a child.

The most convenient proof of this is the professional player, who can "double," that is, perform on more than one instrument.

Such a player started perhaps at an early age with the violin. At eighteen he began as an orchestral violinist. For the next three or four years he was "learning the business" and becoming a fully equipped professional. Then at about twenty-one or two, the drudgery of his own instrument past, he began to reflect on the advantages of being able to "double," with the result that he decided to take up the piano, and after a few years' determined work he developed into a capable pianist. There are many such musicians.

If it is so often done thus, how much more easily can it be achieved by the person who does not aspire to the professional standard, but merely desires to "play fairly decently."

It is often argued that by the time a person leaves the "teens," fingers and muscles have become set and intractable; while this is in some degree true, it is comparatively unimportant. The music that the average amateur plays does not need any extraordinary finger agility.

If any readers of this article are holding off buying a piano or violin, or some other instrument because they feel they are too old to start studying, let them remember that they are missing a golden opportunity of creating joy and happiness both for themselves and their associates in life. Should one yet feel that he is too old to study, there is still the player piano, phonograph or other instrument of the self-playing type worthy of the home. No one should be without music in the home in these days of enlightenment.

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COME LET US READ A WHILE

By W.H.M. Librarian.

IF anyone had told me two years ago that I would be dining at the same table as the King-Elf and Queen-Elf of Literaryland, I would have considered my prophet to be fey. But there I was, a couple of weeks ago, within touch and sight of Walter de la Mare and Rose Fyleman. The author of "Peacock's Pie," "The Memoirs of a Midget," to name but one example of the poetry and prose of Walter de la Mare. And Rose Fyleman, that creator of real fairies who used to disport themselves in the pages of Punch. She herself looks more like Lady Macbeth (before the murder!) than the Queen of Fairies.

It was at the Lyceum, where the Poetry Circle was holding its Annual Dinner. What a feast! In the chair was the president, Sybil Bristowe, whose volume of poems called "Provocations" has lately given me great delight. Her vignette of Queen Elizabeth nearing death is a precious bit of work. I do so want to read this poem to Florence Randal Livesay. It has that delicacy and out-of-the-way-ness that Mrs. Livesay herself delights in producing. There are two garden poems in this volume which insist upon being re-read again and again. But I am at a dinner. The dishes will cool if I linger too long over the first course. Well, as I said, it was the poet Sybil Bristowe who took the chair—and very ably and charmingly did she do it.

It was Walter de la Mare, who has pointed ears such as an elfin man should have, and slanting eyes and very sensitive nostrils, who then read a paper called "Monologues." Yes, I am sure about the nostrils, though I'm ready to admit, if pushed to it, that perhaps his ears looked pointed to me and not to the general assembly! Such a subtle, whimsical, artistic paper. Professor Boas, who in his lighter moments edits classics for Dent & Sons and who is officially the inspector of English Literature for the Board of Education, turned to me with the remark:

"That is a paper to be read several times, if justice is to be done to the author's brilliant exposition."

How the audience laughed when Walter de la Mare gave, as an example of a fine monologue, his little son's remark to himself on listening to his father's footsteps approaching the nursery:

"Oh! it's only him."

Walter de la Mare and Rose Fyleman, did I say? Yes, and others too. Think of it! There sat A. A. Milne, whose volume, "When We Were Very Young," contains that exquisite "Vespers," a little boy's prayers. This poem was honored with a place in the library of the Queen's Doll's House. A. A. Milne, who wrote that most adorable hymn of praise from a little boy thanking God for his new braces. Two of Mr. Milne's poems were most ably interpreted by Miss Dawbarn, a well known elocutionist and singer.

There sat John Ferguson, who has the distinction of having written a volume of sonnets now in its tenth edition! Two most beautiful ones were recited by another gifted interpreter, Miss Gwendolen Russell. There sat the American poetess, Angela Morgan. And she said one of her own poems, a magnificent conception of this age in which we live, couched in fiery language and recited dashing. There sat Sir Ronald Ross, who has the distinction of being able to speak with equal authority on pests and poetry! For Sir Donald Ross is not only the scientist who contributed the valuable researches on malaria, but he is a poet and critic of high renown. He let off some verbal fireworks which illuminated the proceedings. These were followed by the more steady glow of erudition from Professor Boas, who had much to tell us about poetry and drama. How I thrilled when this learned critic praised "Will Shakespeare" by Clemence Dane. You know how delightful it is to hear one's heroes praised by the great. For years and years I have been such an

ardent admirer of Clemence Dane who wrote "First the Blade," "The Regiment of Women," and "The Bill of Divorcement." Can you imagine my feelings when Clemence Dane herself rose to speak? Had Walter de la Mare's "Little Miss M" been at the dinner I wouldn't have been any more surprised. The great are always like legends to me—to be treasured as something quite apart from ordinary experiences. That is one of the compensations for having lived many years from the centre of things. One learns to find much joy in just dreaming of those who make the books the world acclaims great. But I am digressing. There stood a woman with dusky hair, actually not bobbed, knotted simply at her neck, about to speak. She had a long, pale face, beautifully arched eyebrows, an astonishingly pronounced chin, and a smile that made one fall down flat in devotion at once! She was Clemence Dane! Such a young woman to have written so much and so well. Then she began to speak. Oh, born artist! She talked to us as if we represented two or three of her dearest friends who had just dropped in unexpectedly to tea and found her reading. It was as if one of us had said indifferently:

"What are you reading?"

And Clemence Dane had replied casually:

"Oh, about Philistines."

And then, because she could not restrain her enthusiasm for the book she had been reading, she poured out to us her guests, her own views about Philistines and Poetry. That's how it seemed to me as I watched and listened. One would lose much if one couldn't see as well as hear Clemence Dane. She has a charm of personality unrivalled in my experience. Her radiant smile, her magnetic mannerisms, reminded me of Nellie McClung. Philistines were such nice and simple folk, said Clemence Dane, taking us into her confidence. Then, in short little sentences, punctuated by ingratiating smiles, she sketched the history of the Philistines in their relation to poetry, how they have always been persecuted by the highbrows who wouldn't allow them to like the poetry that appealed to them. Oh, it sounded such a spontaneous, unconsidered, intimate little chat. And yet I'm sure there wasn't one in that large audience who didn't realize we were listening to a brilliant sketch of the history of English literature in relation to the critics, and to a most powerful plea to leave the Philistine alone to enjoy that which he likes.

"Do let the Philistine," said Clemence Dane, "form his opinions through his heart; and enjoy whatever poetry appeals, although he knows not why."

There were other poets there, many, of course, whom I did not know among the audience. Wasn't I glad to see Professor A. E. Johnson, late of Manitoba Agricultural College, sitting there as large as life! He had arrived in time for this function from the University of Syracuse, and is as enthusiastic as ever about poetry and drama. Wish I could have read one of his latest poems to the audience. I would have chosen a sonnet "On a Kent Hill" which begins:

"I have brought Homer to this fragrant hill," and concludes with the very lovely sextette (hope to goodness I may quote this before its publication!)

"How soft the noon is soothing down the trees:

The very sky dips down as if in love
Of these long-reapen fields, the dear Kent loam—

Ah, how can I read of Ilium when the breeze

Is laden with the rose, and from above
The lark is lyrical of England, home."

Anne McDonald, whose volumes of poetry I mentioned a little while ago was also at this Poetry Dinner. She had motored from Stirling, four hundred and nineteen miles, for the occasion! I wonder if this energy was partly due to the

fact that her new book of verse, in a charming mauve garb, appeared that same day? A long motor ride would be in keeping with the exhilaration caused by the birth of a new book. "Echoes of Song" it is called, and a very poignant song is to be found on page 27, beginning "If in one crowded hour." Sad also is "This Spring" and yet it is one of my favorites:

"This Spring—I shall not care
For gold of Crocus or of Daffodil.
The birds may sing, the path may
wind at will,
For you will not be there."

If Miss Macdonald fails to catch the echoes from the bells that ring on high Parnassus, nevertheless she has her ear against the heart of humanity, and has captured many a passing mood: a sigh, a hope. And her delicately-worded songs will echo in the breast of many a reader who has experienced just such moods but is inarticulate. There is a note of sadness pervading this volume of verse which may mitigate against its popularity. On the other hand, I am sure the hope expressed in the "Envoi" will be realized. Sorrow, disappointment, melancholy—these are universal feelings, and therefore Anne Macdonald does not plead in vain when she writes:

"Songs which were given to me to sing.
Speed wheresoe'er ye welcom'd be:
Sweet tendrils round the spirit fling
Of friends unseen, whose greetings wing
Hither, across infinity."

This will give you a little insight into the Poetry Annual Dinner of the Lyceum Club. My first experience of this particular event—an unforgettable one. Dear me! I had forgotten to say I was one of the lucky hostesses.

Friends of the Empire

THIS is the name I wish to bestow upon Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Miles, who have already given this summer five "teas" for overseas journalists, poets, dramatists, musicians—and just Lonely Ones. At the last tea I renewed my acquaintance with Aylmer Maude who, like Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner with me, and pulled out a plum, not from one of those delicious cakes supplied by Mrs. Eustace Miles' hospitality, but from his breast pocket! Nor did he say "what a good boy am I," although the plum was a pamphlet written by himself. His remark was to the effect that this pamphlet, "Tolstoy on Art," would be published in a few days by the Oxford University Press, and that if I wasn't interested in what he had to say, I certainly would be in Bernard Shaw's pronouncement. Bernard Shaw, so Aylmer told me, had given him permission to reprint this paper which had lain buried in the files of the Daily Chronicle since 1898. It is now reprinted for the first time. It is Bernard Shaw's criticism of Aylmer Maude's translation of Tolstoy's book on art, together with answers to other criticisms which had appeared in various papers, and as such is a valuable addendum to the literature on Tolstoy, and will be welcomed by his admirers and students. Personally, I think that no better definition of "what is art?" could be given than that embodied in Tolstoy's work when he says it is "an activity by means of which one

man, having experienced a feeling, intentionally transmits it to others." William Morris' definition of art is "the expression of pleasure in work," but, as Mr. Maude points, this fails to define, "for a good workman may find pleasure in tarring a fence, or carting gravel, activities that are not art."

A Greek Tragedy

IT is rather difficult to conceive of a story of English farm life resembling a Greek tragedy, but nevertheless "Joanna Godden" arouses, in me, this comparison. That is because it is written by Sheila Kaye-Smith, whose genius, I always think, is of the type that produced the great Greek plays—restrained, intense, almost omniscient, if one may use this term in speaking of mortals.

I hear some of you say: "But 'Joanna Godden' is not her latest novel." I know it isn't. I told you of her latest, "The George and the Crown," shortly after it appeared. But I have only just read "Joanna Godden," and as I have said many times, all books worth reading are worth writing about, no matter if they were published years ago. This cult for the latest book is inevitable, is essential if authors are to live, but, carried to extremes, is both pernicious and absurd.

So much for my apology for talking now of "Joanna Godden." It is a mighty piece of work. Sheila Kaye-Smith has created in Joanna, the English farm owner, an unforgettable character. She is like a Rodin statue, is Joanna, in her physical strength, her huge proportions, her flamboyance, her lusty crudities. Yet her self-conceit, her assertiveness, her arrogance, are all washed away by the tide of love, as pure and simple as a child's for a mother, which rises within her. Herein lies the resemblance to a Greek tragedy. I can conceive of nothing more tragic than the downfall of this gigantic figure because of the simplicity and sincerity of her nature. It wrings the heart, but it is too deep a grief for tears. Joanna's world lies in ruins about her. She strides across these ruins and the last we see of her she is stepping forth into an unknown world, to fight again. This time not for Joanna Godden, wealthy, respected farmer and landowner, but for her unborn child. As she swished out of sight, I could swear that she was no longer dressed in the garish modes she loved, but in the simple flowing robes of a Merope. Also I am positive she succeeded in whatever she put her hand to. It is this feeling that softens the anguish "Joanna Godden" arouses.

Clever Man!

"Dearest," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Ermyntude."

Her husband, says the Weekly Telegraph, disapproved of the name, but, knowing if he said so, his wife would insist, he remained engrossed in thought a few seconds, then replied:

"That will do admirably, my dear. My first sweetheart's name was Ermyntude; so she will take it as a compliment."

The baby, it may be said, was called Jane.

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Our Most Popular Dessert

IF a vote were taken on the favorite dessert, ice cream would undoubtedly win. Old stories tell us that Alexander the Great was fond of it. Over two hundred years ago, the cooks of the wealthy people of Italy evolved the idea of giving variety to the elaborate feasts they prepared, by freezing some of the rich foods. Freezers were unknown. The prepared custards and other mixtures were buried in salt and ice, as we freeze mousses today.

A few years ago we considered ice cream as merely an "extra" for parties and very special occasions. Now we know that it is one of our valuable foods which should be served as often as may be. Ice creams not too rich are an excellent medium for giving milk and eggs to children who will not take them in a simpler form. The texture makes it a particularly delicious food to eat.

There are on the market many good freezers, which if used according to the directions which accompany them, will give good results. They are of two types, those which freeze the cream by means of cranking and those which require no cranking. Either type is quite satisfactory.

There are two classes of frozen mixtures, (1) those frozen with stirring (2) those which are molded and frozen without stirring.

To the first group belong all the ice creams, water ices, sherbets and frozen punches. In the second group are the fancy frozen desserts, mousses, parfaits, bombes, glaces, frozen puddings, etc.

French ice cream is made with a rich custard foundation.

Philadelphia ice cream is made of thin cream with neither eggs nor thickening.

American ice cream is a plainer custard than French, and usually has a little gelatine or flour or cornstarch added for thickening.

Water ices are a mixture of water, sugar and fruit juices, frozen.

Sherbets are water with the addition of gelatine or beaten egg white to give a fluffy texture. Milk is frequently used instead of water.

Parfaits are heavy sugar syrup with the addition of egg whites and whipped cream.

Mousses are whipped cream, thickened with gelatine, sweetened and flavored.

Frozen puddings are made with a custard foundation to which is added fruits, nuts, and sometimes whipped cream.

Bombes are made in melon or round molds, lined with an ice and filled with a mousse or lined with a rich French cream and filled with a contrasting colored or flavored cream.

There are a few important points to remember in freezing ices.

1. Have the ice crushed fine. A canvas ice bag prevents the small pieces from flying around, and being wasted. A mallet or the broadside of a hammer may be used for the crushing.

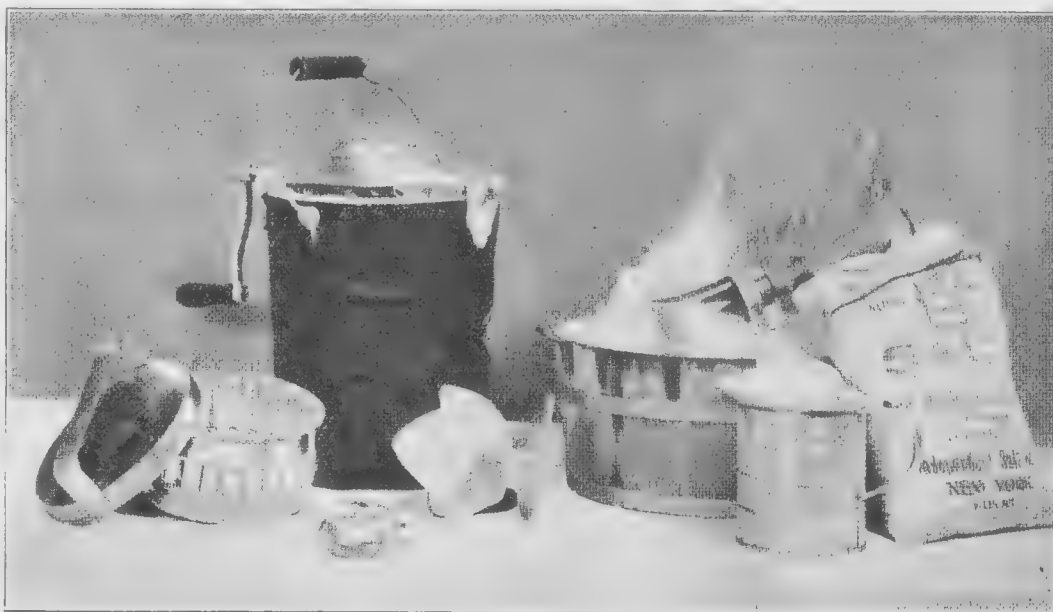
2. Use coarse salt. Table salt is not satisfactory. One part to three parts of ice.

3. Turn the crank very steadily. Begin by turning it very slowly. After the first five minutes the speed may be increased.

Adjust the can in the tub, then the dasher, cover and handle, pack ice and salt in alternate layers around it until the freezer is two-thirds full, then pour in the mixture to be frozen, never filling the can more than two-thirds full, as all liquids expand considerably when frozen. Fill the freezer to the top of the can with ice and salt, and turn the handle till it becomes very difficult to turn, which indicates that the freezing is completed. This will take about twelve minutes for ices and sherbets, fifteen minutes

in which the sugar is dissolved, has been cooled. Freeze. This makes almost three pints when frozen. Some sweetness is lost in freezing. Many variations of this basic recipe are possible. 2 c. of any fresh or canned fruits may be used in place of the vanilla. Extra sugar will be required with fresh fruits, such as berries, peaches or apricots.

Melted chocolate may be cooked for a few minutes with the scalded milk; 1 cup of strong coffee may replace 1 cup of the scalded milk.



A good freezer and the proper proportions of crushed ice and coarse salt are the essentials for successful home-made ice cream. Fancy molds make a more attractive service.

for creams, if the freezer has been well packed. Uneven, jerky turning of the crank will produce a coarse-grained texture in the cream.

Taking care that no particles of salt get into the can, remove the cover and dasher, and pack down the cream, replace the cover, plug the hole with a cork which fits, drain off the water, add more ice and salt. To cover the can, cover the top with a piece of old carpet, canvas, or several layers of newspaper, and leave for an hour or longer to "ripen" which develops the flavor and improves the texture.

If the ice is to be molded, it is packed as soon as frozen in the chilled mold, care being taken to pack it very solidly, the cover adjusted, and the opening covered with a long strip of cotton dipped in oil or melted butter, to prevent salty water seeping in. Bury in ice and salt, in the proportion of one part of salt to four parts of ice.

Frozen Custard

Evaporated milk 1 c., or cream	Cornstarch 2 tb.
Sugar 1 c.	Vanilla 1 c.
Lemon extract 1 t.	Salt ½ t.
Eggs 3	Milk 1 quart

Mix the cornstarch and sugar, add the beaten eggs, add the scalded milk and cook, stirring constantly till it thickens. Continue cooking over hot water a few minutes to prevent a raw starchy flavor. After removing from the fire add the flavoring and evaporated milk, and freeze. Raw or canned crushed fruit may be added when partly frozen.

Plain Ice Cream

Sugar 1½ c.	Thin cream 2 c.
Scalded milk 2 c.	Vanilla 1 tb.

Add the cream and vanilla when the scalded milk

Maple Parfait

Egg yolks 4 Cream 1 pint
Maple syrup 2 c. Egg whites 4

Cook the egg yolks and syrup till thick. Remove from the fire and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. When cold fold in the cream which has been whipped. Pack in a three pint mold and bury in ice and salt for four hours.

Coffee Parfait

In the above recipe instead of maple syrup, use a syrup made by boiling 1 c. sugar and 2 c. strong coffee for 5 minutes.

Peach Mousse

Crushed ripe peaches 2 c.
Sugar 1 c.
Gelatine 1 tb. in ¼ c. water.
Juice of ½ lemon
Cream 1½ c.
Boiling water ¼ cup.

Soak the gelatine in ¼ c. cold water, then dissolve in ¼ c. boiling water. Add to the peaches and sugar and lemon juice. When it begins to thicken fold in the cream which has been whipped, pack into a three pint mold and bury in ice and salt for three hours.

Sauces for Ice Cream

Plain ice cream may be "dressed up" with a variety of sauces, for special occasions.

Butterscotch Sauce

Brown sugar 1½ c.	Butter ¼ c.
Corn syrup 2/3 c.	Cream ¾ c.

Put in a sauce pan, the brown sugar, syrup and butter, and cook to the soft ball stage, then add the thin cream, stir well and put in the servings of ice cream.

Caramel Sauce

Sugar ¾ c.	Water or thin cream 1 c.
Corn syrup 1/3 c.	Vanilla 1 t.

A few grains salt

Boil together all but the vanilla till slightly thickened. Keep hot till ready to serve.

Maple Nut Sauce

Heat maple syrup. Before serving, add a few broken walnut or pecan meats. Pour hot over ice cream.

Marshmallow Sauce

Make a syrup of 1 c. sugar and ½ c. water, and boil 5 minutes. Add ½ lb. marshmallows cut in pieces, and pour slowly on the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Flavor and beat well. Serve on chocolate ice cream, or color a dainty pink or cream or violet and serve on white ice cream.

Ice Cream Sandwiches

Place a slice of ice cream between two similar shaped and sized slices of cake—plain light cake, chocolate, sponge or angel cake may be chosen. Any desired sauce, nuts, or fresh crushed fruit, such as peaches, strawberries or raspberries, may be used with the sandwiches.

Continued on page 35



How to wean baby

The critical time in baby's life is the change over from breast feeding. This is the time when great care is necessary in the selection of baby's diet.

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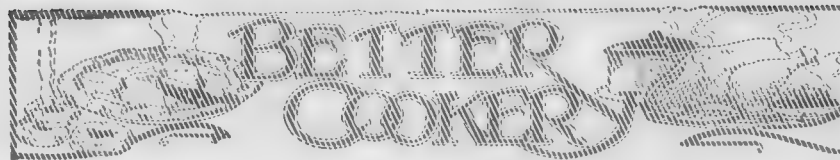
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Banana Split

In oval dishes put bananas cut in two lengthwise. On top put vanilla ice cream, and over that, fresh crushed or preserved strawberries.

Meringue Glacee

Between two meringues put a spoonful of rich ice cream, over the ice cream put rich butterscotch, chocolate, fudge, or caramel sauce. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Pickles and Relishes

Apple Catsup

Apple Sauce, 1 qt. Sugar, 2 c.
Ginger, 1 t. Cinnamon, 1 t.
Cloves, 1 t. Vinegar, 1 pt.
Onion grated, 1 small Salt, 2 t.

Pare and core the apples, cut in small pieces and cook till soft and easily mashed, preferably in a double boiler to prevent burning. Add the other ingredients and boil a few minutes, then bottle.

Cranberry Catsup

Cook 4 lbs. cranberries and 1½ c. vinegar till the berries burst. Rub through a coarse sieve. Add 4 c. brown sugar, 1 t. salt, 1 t. ground cloves, a little pepper, 2 t. cinnamon, and simmer till thick, then seal in sterilized bottles.

Tomato Catsup

Onions, 2 Salt, 1 t.
Sugar, 3 tb. or less Vinegar, ¾ c.
Whole Allspice, 1 t. Whole Cloves, 1 t.
Cinnamon, 1 t. Peppercorns, 1 t.
Ripe Tomatoes, 4 qts.
Chopped Sweet Red Pepper, 1 c.

Cut the tomatoes, unpeeled, and the onions in pieces, add the pepper, heat slowly, and cook till the tomatoes are done. Rub through a sieve. Measure and add the above quantity of seasonings to each quart of pulp, tying the whole spices in a bag, and cook till thick. Use more or less salt and sugar as desired.

Mushroom Catsup

Mushrooms, 5 lbs. Vinegar, ½ c.
Salt, ½ c.

Wash and chop the mushrooms, add the salt, and let stand overnight. Drain. To each pint of liquid add:

Ginger, 1 t. Nutmeg, ¼ t.
Horseradish, ½ t. Allspice, ½ t.
Pepper, ½ t. Onion, 1

Mix well and boil slowly about 1 hour. Drain into sterilized bottles.

Grape Catsup

Grapes, 4 lbs. Whole Cloves, 1 tb.
Sugar, 3 c. Whole Allspice, 1 tb.
Salt, 1 t. Vinegar, 1 c
Stick Cinnamon, 2 inches

Wash and stem the grapes, mash and scald them in a kettle. Rub through a sieve, add the other ingredients, the whole spices in a cheesecloth bag. Simmer till thick, seal in sterilized bottles.

Piccalilli

Green Tomatoes, 3 qts.
Small Ripe Tomatoes, 3 qts.
Red Peppers, Sweet, 3
White Mustard Seed, 4 tb.
Green Pepper, 1 White Onions, 3
Salt, ½ c. Vinegar, 2 qts.
Sugar, 4 c. Clove, ½ t.
Cinnamon, 1 t.

Peel and chop the ripe tomatoes, chop the green tomatoes, onions and peppers. Sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. Drain well. Add the vinegar and seasonings, and simmer half an hour or a little longer. Seal in sterilized jars.

Celery Pickle

Celery, 3 bunches Cauliflower, 1 head
Green Peppers, 2

Sundaes

A plain ice cream is covered with some kind of sauce, then frequently garnished. It may be chocolate, marshmallow, fudge, or fruit sauce. The fruit sauces are preserved fruits with a thick sweet syrup—cherry, raspberry, strawberry, maraschino cherry, pineapple, or preserved ginger. Candied cherries, whole or chopped nuts, bits of candied ginger, or candied pineapple, whipped cream, chocolate shot, which is tiny bits of sweet chocolate obtainable at confectioners, are favorite garnishes.

Wash the celery and cut with a sharp knife in very small pieces. Chop the cauliflower, and the green peppers after removing the membrane and seeds. Mix and cover with a cold brine made in the proportion of ½ c. salt to 1 gallon of water. Cover and let stand 24 hours. Drain, and add to the following dressing: Dry Mustard, ½ c. Turmeric, 2 tb. Cayenne, ¼ t. Light Brown Sugar, 2½ c.

Enough cold vinegar to make a paste, about ½ c. Pour into 3 c. boiling vinegar, stir well while boiling 5 minutes. Add 1 tb. celery seed. Mix well after adding the chopped vegetables, and pour into jars or small crocks.

Mixed Pickles

Small White Onions, 1 qt.
White Mustard Seed, 3 tb.
Large Red Peppers, 6
Small Cucumbers, 1 qt.
Sliced Green Tomatoes, 1 qt.
Cauliflower, 1 head Celery Salt, 1 t.
Whole Allspice, 1 t. Whole Cloves, 1 t.
Sugar, ½ c. Vinegar

Peel the onions, cut the red peppers in strips after removing the seeds, scrub the cucumbers, break the cauliflower in small pieces, slice the tomatoes in thin slices. Cover with a brine made of 1 c. salt to 1 gallon water, and let stand overnight. Drain, rinse with cold water and drain again. Pack neatly in glass jars. Scald the vinegar with the sugar and spices, and pour over the vegetables, boiling hot, filling each jar.

Mustard Pickle

Small Cucumber, 1 qt.
Sliced Cucumber, 1 qt.
Sweet Red Peppers, 4
Small Onions, 3 c. Green Peppers, 4
Cauliflower, 1 head String Beans, 3 c.

Chop the peppers, break the cauliflower in pieces, cut the string beans in 1 inch pieces. Soak overnight in a brine made of 1 c. salt to 4 quarts water. Drain, then let stand in cold water for a little while. Cover with weak vinegar after draining from the cold water, and bring to the boiling point. Drain and mix with the following, mustard dressing, then pack in sterilized jars:

Mustard Dressing

Vinegar, 1 qt. Flour, 4 tb
Brown Sugar, 1 c. Dry Mustard, 3 tb.
Turmeric, 2 t. Celery Seed, 1 t.

Mix the flour, sugar, mustard, turmeric and celery seed, and add the hot vinegar very slowly to prevent lumping. Cook till thick, stirring constantly.

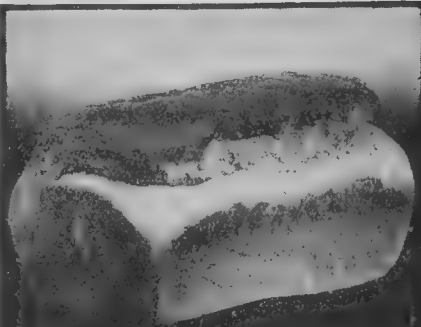
Pickled String Beans

Beans, 1 qt. Vinegar, 1 qt.
Brown Sugar, ¾ c. Celery Salt, ½ t.
White Mustard Seed, 1 t.

Cut the ends off young tender beans, and leave them whole. Cover with a brine made of 4 tb. salt and 1 qt. water, and let stand overnight. Drain, rinse in cold water, and dry with a cloth. Pack in sterilized jars, adding a few small red peppers if desired. Fill the jars with the vinegar and spices which have been brought to the scalding point.

Continued on page 36

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



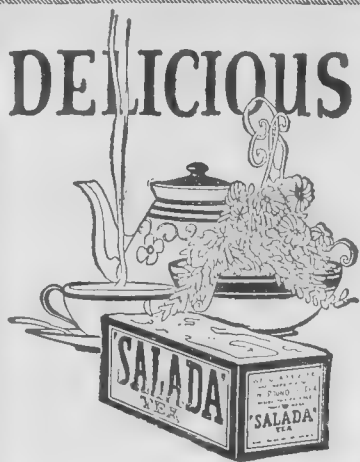
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Pickles and Relishes—Continued from page 35

Pickled Onions

Pour boiling water over very small white onions, drain and peel. Cover with a brine made of 1 c. salt to 4 qts. water, and let stand 24 hours. Drain and let stand another 24 hours in fresh brine. Drain, cover with cold water and heat to boiling point. Drain, pack in jars with a few pieces of red pepper, and fill with plain hot vinegar, or spiced vinegar. Spiced vinegar darkens the onions, but adds to the flavor. If the oils of spices are used, the darkening of the onions will be prevented.

Spiced Vinegar

To 2 qts. of vinegar, 1 c. of sugar, add ½ c. grated horseradish, 2 tb. celery seed, 2 tb. white mustard seed, 3 or 4 pieces of stick cinnamon, ½ t. whole cloves, tied in a bag.

Green Tomato Pickle

Sliced Green Tomatoes, 1 gal.
Sliced Onions, 6 Vinegar, 2 c.
Brown Sugar, 2 c. Salt, 3 t.
Pepper, 2 t. Ground Cloves, 2 t.
Ground Mustard, 1 tb.
Ground Allspice, 1 t.

Mix all together and simmer till the tomatoes and onions are tender.

Peel, chop and drain the tomatoes. Add the chopped peppers and onions and the celery cut in fine pieces with a sharp knife. Scald the vinegar, salt and sugar, cool and pour over the vegetables.

Pickled Carrots

Scrape and parboil tender young carrots, leaving them whole, or cut larger carrots in uniform pieces. Bring to the boiling point 3 c. vinegar, ¾ c. brown sugar, 1 bay leaf, 10 or 12 whole cloves, 1 inch piece of stick cinnamon. Drop the carrots into the syrup and simmer 20 minutes. Pack in sterilized jars. Cooked cauliflower, tender cooked string beans may be added to make a mixed pickle.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles

Use medium-sized pickles, wash, and soak in brine for 24 hours. Drain, rinse with cold water. Line a kettle with spinach. Lay the cucumbers in, cover with more spinach, and cover with boiling water. Let stand till cold, then drain. The spinach leaves make the pickles a more attractive green than when they are not used. To each 2 pounds of cucumber allow the following amount of syrup:

Vinegar, 3 c. Sugar, 3 c.
Water, 3 c. Whole Cloves, 1 tb.
Stick Cinnamon, 4 inches
Ginger Root, ½ oz.



In preserving and pickling it is better to do a small quantity at a time

Ripe Tomato Pickle

Ripe Tomatoes, 12 Green Peppers, 2
White Onions, 6 Vinegar 2 c.
Salt, 2 tb. Chopped Celery, 2 c.
Sweet Red Peppers, 2
Sugar, ¾ c. or a little less

Boil for 5 minutes, then pour over the cucumbers and let stand overnight. Next morning, drain, and bring the syrup to the boiling point. Cut the cucumbers in slices, pack in jars, and fill up with the boiling syrup.

Autumn Apples

By Barbara Brooks

If someone should ask you what foods you consider typically Canadian, apple pie would undoubtedly receive honorable mention. Pie is a favorite dessert and apple pie tastes especially good when made from the early apples. We have often wondered which apple pie is eaten for, the filling or the crust! Probably it is the delectable combination of the two which appeals to us—and you have only to watch dessert orders in any restaurant to know how strong is this appeal.

The flavor of early apples is good in sauce too. Wash the fruit and cut it in quarters, removing the cores. Add water and cook until the apples are soft. Rub through a coarse sieve, sweeten with brown sugar and flavor with cinnamon. Add a little salt if desired.

Have you ever prepared apple sauce shortcake? Make a dough from a rich baking powder mixture. Bake, split, butter and put hot spiced sauce between the layers and over the top. Serve with maple syrup thickened with one table-spoon of flour to each cup.

The following cake and pudding recipes include apple sauce. They are delicious especially at this season of the year.

Apple Sauce Cake

½ c. shortening 2 c. flour
1 c. brown sugar 1 t. soda
1 c. raisins 1 t. salt
½ c. currants ¼ t. cloves
1 c. all-bran ¼ t. cinnamon
1 c. apple sauce 1 t. ginger

Cream shortening and sugar. Add raisins, currants, all-bran and apple sauce. Then flour sifted with soda, salt and spices. Beat well. Bake in greased tin in moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Corn Flake Charlotte

2½ c. corn flakes Rind of ½ lemon
2 c. sweetened Juice from ½
apple sauce orange or lemon

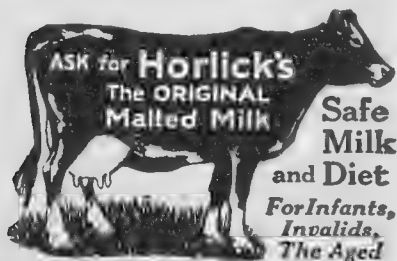
In a buttered baking dish spread a layer of rather finely broken corn flakes. Cover with a generous portion of apple sauce and add fruit juice and rind. Top with corn flakes dotted with butter. Bake for fifteen minutes in hot oven (400 degrees F.). Serve with whipped cream.



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Watch Your Tapioca Recipes

By Betty Barclay

IN an article published several months ago in Western Home Monthly, I explained what tapioca was, told of its food value, and showed that where once it was used entirely for desserts, it is now appearing in soups, rabbits, omelets and stews as well.

One hint, or perhaps I should say "warning", I failed to give. That is: "Watch your tapioca recipes carefully while following them." I could easily amplify this warning to include all recipes, but I shall deal here with tapioca alone.

Years ago everyone used pearl tapioca which had to be soaked overnight, or at least for several hours, before being mixed with the other constituents of the pudding. Today, most people use the quick-cooking or minute tapioca, with which a dish may be prepared in a few minutes without preliminary soaking. However, some still cling to the old-fashioned pearl, just as some insist upon wearing trailing skirts or driving a horse and buggy instead of a flivver.

Recipes for tapioca dishes that appear in magazines or newspapers, are submitted by the users of both kinds of tapioca. That is why it is necessary to read each one carefully before attempting to make your pie, pudding or omelet. If you have been using a quick-cooking tapioca for so many years that you have forgotten the pearl your grandmother used, and come across a recipe that insists upon all-night soaking of tapioca, you should realize immediately that your kind of tapioca is not meant.

On the other hand, if you still cling to pearl and read a recipe which assures you that a pudding may be made in fifteen or twenty minutes, you will have a hard nut to crack when you try to eat it—not a nut, perhaps, but dozens of little pellets of uncooked pearl tapioca that refuse to soften as quickly as their modern cousin, the quick-cooking tapioca.

Some recipes, of course, recognize the different kinds of tapioca and make their meaning clear. One before me as I write, says:

"One cup pearl tapioca or two-thirds cup granulated tapioca. If the pearl tapioca is used, cover with cold water and soak for several hours. The granulated tapioca requires no soaking."

Such a recipe is perfectly clear. No matter whether you belong to the new school or the old, you will follow it safely. Personally I doubt if you will get the flavor and the smoothness from your pearl tapioca that you could from the other, but you will at least have an edible dish.

One cannot follow a recipe too closely.

The slightest deviation may mean the difference between a delicious dish and one that does not appeal. The dietitian or housewife who furnished the recipe to the publication in which it appears, has probably made a reputation for herself in culinary lines and is so anxious that this reputation be maintained that she exercises the utmost care when composing the recipe. If her directions are followed absolutely, you will make the kind of a dish that she likes and has confidence in.

Occasionally some people with a sweet tooth may find that a trifle more sugar than is called for, may be used, but no change at all should be made until the recipe has been carefully followed at least once, so that the dietitian's idea of a toothsome dish may be ascertained.

Tapioca is usually used in small quantity—so small, that quite often the housewife who is inexperienced may feel that it is inadequate, and add more, before the tapioca has time to soften. Almost invariably this makes the pudding or whatever dish it may be, thicker than the dietitian wished it to be and sometimes so thick that the dish is actually spoiled.

Follow your recipes carefully, particularly those furnished by writers whom you come to know through seeing their work in print time after time. If those of you who have read my food stories for the past two or three years in the Western Home Monthly, feel that my recipes are satisfactory, try the following some day, doing absolutely as I say. Then let me know, if you wish, whether your tapioca cream is not more successful than it would be with quantities changed. I shall gladly welcome any recipe that will make this favorite dessert of mine more delicious, but so far, the following is the best that I have been able to secure.

Tapioca Cream Over Fruit

1 quart hot milk
1/3 cup quick-cooking tapioca
Pinch of salt
1 egg
1/2 cup sugar

Flavoring

Cook tapioca and salt fifteen minutes in hot milk in double boiler, stirring frequently.

Add one tablespoon of cold water to the egg yolk and beat well. At the end of fifteen minutes stir the egg yolk and sugar slowly into the milk and tapioca. Cook until it begins to thicken like custard.

Remove from heat and whip in the beaten egg white. Add vanilla, orange, or any flavoring desired. The white of egg may be used as meringue if preferred.

This is delicious poured cold over any fruit or berries, either fresh or canned. Raisins, prunes, figs, dates or nuts may be stirred into it while cooling.

Good Health and Good Sense

By Barbara Brooks

YEARS ago it was considered almost unladylike to be too healthy. A perusal of any of the Victorian novels will disclose the heroine to be a person of such fine sensibilities and delicate constitution that she would faint upon the least provocation.

Today poor health is considered something of which to be ashamed. The heroine of the modern novel swims, golfs, plays tennis, dances—and bears up under shocks which would have sent her Victorian contemporary into a permanent decline.

The current novel pictures the life of the times with more or less accuracy. It is true that women today are leading more active lives and paying more attention to health than ever before. In no way is this shown more clearly than in the attitude toward food. Desire to reduce, campaigns for a wider use of milk and cereals, nutrition classes for school children, food pages in newspapers and magazines have all helped to develop a positive attitude of mind toward health. The theory of prevention rather than cure is being widely adopted, and the

significance of proper food selection is everywhere recognized.

Wholesome well-balanced meals during the first six years will form habits of eating which will make for health all through life. The universal problem of constipation could be lessened or avoided altogether by a better choice of foods. Teach children to eat whole grain cereals, fruits and vegetables. When they are older, persuade them to keep on eating whole grains, fruits and vegetables, and to add bran to their diets. Develop a health conscience which will prick disagreeably when its owner eats candy except after meals, lets himself get overweight or underweight, or omits whole cereals, milk or vegetables from the day's meals.

Nerves and sickness are not exploited today—rather do they bar the victim from such companionship which is of a normal healthy outdoor type. There is a certain pride which comes from health which makes us hesitate to admit that we don't feel well and which makes us analyze the cause of our illness and make haste to correct it.

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MOTHER'S PAGE



Helping the Children to Make Life a Success

By Ruth Valerie

A GREAT deal of the discontent and unrest of the world is caused by what is sometimes called the "square peg in the round hole." Men and women drift into occupations for which they are entirely unfitted, and finding them distasteful seek respite from the monotony of existence in a false excitement.

The happiest people are those who find their work so interesting that it is no longer drudgery but a pleasure.

It is amazing how many boys and girls drift through Public and High School without any definite object in view, and many of their best years are lost before they find their right niche.

It is in the very impressionable years that the child should be taught that every life has a certain definite purpose, a special destiny to fulfil; that, like the thousands of tiny screws in a huge piece of complicated machinery, each one has his own special work to perform, and if any one of them fails to do its duty the whole machinery is thrown out of gear.

It should be impressed upon their minds that childhood is a preparation for their real life work; that everyone has

a special talent to be developed and used to the fullest extent; it may be but a tiny insignificant one in the eyes of the world, but it is necessary to the plan of Creation, and the Creator of all things big and small knows if we have done our best and He is our judge.

Children in whom the ideal of service is instilled in the years of babyhood will always respond and love to feel their lives are of such importance. Parents should watch carefully for any special talents or characteristics and guide their children to choose their life's work wisely, so that their God-given talents may be used to the best advantage.

Of course most children will change their minds many times before ultimately choosing their career, but they will at least always have some goal towards which their eyes are set and the desire to make the best of their lives. And if economic conditions force them to take other than the chosen work for a while, the constant encouragement and sympathy of their parents will help them to bend every effort to justify their faith in them. They will early realise that the happiness and satisfaction that results from successful achievement more than repays for the years of effort.

The Tone of Voice

By Emma Gary Wallace

THERE is an appliance which can be attached to a furnace or heating plant which regulates the temperature to the degree of warmth desired. This is called a "Governor." When scientists make experiments in their laboratories to find out accurate facts, they often use what they call a "Control." Thus, if you wish to find out what sort of food causes a certain disease, they will take an animal or a bird like a guinea pig or a pigeon, and feed it in the normal manner.

This creature is selected because it is healthy and in good condition. It is put in quarters by itself and taken excellent care of. It is called the "Control." The other guinea pigs and pigeons are put in compartments by themselves, or in groups according to the nature of the experimental tests. These animals or birds are fed or treated in different ways, and the results are carefully watched and records kept. Then the results are compared closely with those of the "Control"—to discover how far diet and environment are a factor in producing disease.

In recent experiments made with pigeons, it was found that diet, unsanitary conditions, and lack of sunshine could be made to produce goitre in the birds in a very high percentage of cases, almost at the will of the experimenter. The value of this work is evident, as it establishes the facts concerning those conditions which produce disease, and the proper procedure to maintain health, happiness and efficiency.

Again, expert accountants have found that a system of bookkeeping is most satisfactory and informative when a "Control" account is used. The control account serves in the nature of a governor for all other accounts, and prevents too much buying of stock, too many outstanding accounts, and too great a strain upon the firm's credit.

These three well-known examples show conclusively that a "Governor" of the right kind is of great value in keeping things from going wrong, in preventing extravagance, and in maintaining normal conditions generally.

THE human voice is a marvelous possession. It can be used in the softest and sweetest of tones to express love, tenderness, sympathy or interest. It can be used in a strong, vibrant, courage-inspiring manner to stimulate enthusiasm, ambition, faith, altruism, or persistent effort. The same voice can be used in tones of fault-finding, nagging, sarcasm or derision. Or again, anger or fear can call forth sounds which are strident, raucous, shrill, or those expressive of panic or pleading.

The human voice is like a great organ which may produce the sweetest music—reverberations which echo through the soul, or harsh, discordant combinations that jar upon ear and nerves.

A great deal has been said about the high-pitched and nasal qualities of the American voice—particularly among the women of the northern, western, and some of the eastern sections. Southern women and a part of those in the eastern territory are credited with having softer and less trying tones. Others claim that well-bred people everywhere control and cultivate their voices to make them flexible and of pleasing character.

Nature gives us a certain type of voice, even as we are endowed with a fixed color of eyes, hair and complexion. But it is entirely possible to develop, through training and care, a voice from which the harsh edges are gone and speech that is tolerant, kindly, and well-poised.

A great deal of character may be read from the voice, for it often unconsciously betrays the mental attitude or the soul timbre much more accurately than the facial expression which may have grown accustomed to something of a disguise.

NOT long ago, two rather striking cases of voice transformation were observed. In the first, a lady who had had superior advantages in study and travel was observed in the midst of her family. As she addressed her husband, her words were innocent enough, but her voice carried a complaining tone; when she spoke to the maid-of-all-work, her voice carried with it an urge of impatience. When she addressed her daughter, the same voice registered objection, but

as she spoke to her only son, there was an under tone of expectancy and pride and yielding.

In the midst of the family conversation, the telephone rang, and the lady went to answer the summons. Presto! Change! Her voice tones suddenly changed to the most affable and honeyed accents. The conversation continued some moments, and during that time the expression, as conveyed by the voice, was of culture, and good judgment, and self-restraint, and thoughtful consideration.

Finally she hung up the receiver, took her place in the family group, and proceeded to play the same voice tones with each member of her household, as she had before. The pity of it was great—that she could not realize the importance and value of a voice "Governor" or "Control" for everyday use and for home contacts. It would have saved much friction, much resistance, and would have won the confidence of both son and daughter which was plainly drifting away.

The second instance was that of a man whose heartiness and jovial character were acknowledged to be a great asset in his business career. But evidently he locked up that voice and manner when he closed the door of his office, for his home voice was of a different type altogether. Sometimes face and voice expressed plain grouchiness. Again he permitted himself to be short, snappy, or unduly demanding with his own people. Sometimes he consciously and evidently wilfully hurt those whom he was in duty bound to love best and to protect.

The slightest request for a favor or a service on the part of a stranger would be met with an almost eager response, while a timid or frank plea on the part of the home folks might be met with silence, flat refusal, or possibly a grudging and tardy consent.

This man is a success in business. He is considered an exemplary citizen. In the main, he is a good father. He provides well. His example in many ways is a thoroughly worthy one, and his moral integrity is unimpeachable. He loves his family, and if need be would lay down his life for them. But he has never learned how much it would save in heartache, and how much it would earn in dividends of happiness if he could only install somewhere in his mental make-up the voice "Governor" or "Control."

THE voice has been all too often regarded as the *last exit* of the feelings and emotions, and so there are some who would argue that the "Control" must be back of the voice and must have

to do with the emotions, with the ideals, and with those forces which go to make conduct. It is entirely true that conduct must be determined by the "Control" or principal—for a single "Control" or "Governor" is not enough for the complex human being. Yet it also is a fact, that physical conditions, the pressure of everyday affairs, and our own degrees of intelligence and spiritual fullness determine largely what our actions and reactions are from time to time and day to day.

Shall we then permit these varying conditions to manifest themselves in our exterior manner and voice tones? Shall we allow ourselves to be a mere bit of drift-wood cast upward on the tide of our emotions? Or shall we cultivate an evenness of excellence in these voices of ours which will make for happiness in those around us, and will, at the same time, help us inevitably to stabilize and control our own feelings and speech?

The voice is more than the exit of the feelings. It is part of the feelings themselves. It is the feelings made audible in sound, and so when we have learned to control the voice, we have learned to control the feelings. We have put behind us the unworthiness of impatience, intolerance, sharpness and bitterness, and we have enthroned love in the high place.

We have long been taught that faith, hope and charity are commendable virtues. Charity implies far more than mere generosity. Later translations of the word render it as "Love"—faith, hope and love—and the greatest of these is love. So let us learn to handle this complicated, wonderful, God-built machine of ours made up of the mortal and the immortal, so that our audible voices will give cheer and heart and hope to those about us, because the spirit of that voice is charity—the charity of love in perfect control.

We will always be the gainers—never the losers when we learn the joy of being able to call forth music in the lives of others in place of silencing it. This is what it means to place the "Control"—the "Governor"—the "Spirit of Love" in good working order in every life.

It is an effort which is well worth—a thousand times well worth all it costs. Let us be wise and earnest enough then to control the tone of voice we use, because of what it will mean to ourselves and others in the present, as well as in time to come. Tomorrow is determined by the acts and influences of today—and today is what we make it. This is why there is no time like the present—the precious NOW to make plans for a controlled voice—a controlled life!

A Bad Beginning

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

WE have often heard that we should bring up a child in the way she should go. While this is true in general, I think it applies more than ever to the bad habit of giving a child her breakfast in bed.

After all, why should a child have her breakfast in bed any more than her mother does?

The other day, I walked round to see a woman I know very well. It was nearly ten o'clock and the child of eight was still in bed. I asked if she was ill, and was told that she was not. "I often keep her in bed," said the mother, "because she stays up late with us!"

Certainly one bad habit leads to another. If we allow our children to stay up late, it is certain they must take back the sleep they have lost. We cannot rob our children of sleep if we want them to be strong.

A woman once remarked quaintly to me that she could not get up early because "she lived at the other end of the day!"

This does not seem to agree with nature. The birds sing in the early morning, the chickens clamor to be let out of the chicken house. All nature rejoices with the early, fresh dawn.

I think that when a child is kept up late, she should be allowed to have her sleep out the next morning, but there should be serious reasons before we let a child stay up late. We should not do so easily.

Even when we allow a child to sleep an extra hour or two, there is no excuse for taking her her breakfast in bed. This is encouraging a lazy habit. Of course, the child will like it; but it is not good for her. Breakfast should only be given in bed in case of sickness.

If a healthy child knows her mother will bring her her breakfast in bed, she will lie there for hours reading! This is a fact. I have known it to be done.

Is the mother fair to herself when she thus encourages laziness and selfishness in her child? Would the child ever think that she should take her mother her breakfast in bed? I do not believe it a good practice for either, but if anyone does need it occasionally I think it is the mother.

Doing every single thing for a child, and not encouraging her to do things for you, is a bad beginning. Do things in turn with your children. If there be only one sofa or comfortable chair in the house, do not let one child monopolize it.

The attitude of giving everything and expecting nothing is bad when a mother begins it with her child. All her life, the child will expect things of her. Let your child see that you too expect things, let her see that you take it for granted that it is sometimes your turn to be served instead of to serve. If you want an unselfish child, teach her the Golden Rule, even before she can quite understand it!

Thus she will grow into living by it, unconsciously.



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A new discovery on the habits of germs and what it teaches about family health

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2

THE AUTUMN FORECAST

AUTUMN styles are always important because they decide what shall be worn during the winter. The simplicity of the past seasons seems to have given place to much that is elaborate: curves and flares are to replace the straight lines. The waistline is to be raised and the front fulness is to be relegated to the back. Back fulness is the most noticeable change of the season. The fulness may come from the shoulders and flare to the hem, or it may begin below the waistline.

In tailored coats and dresses plaits are substituted for the circular fulness, but are in the back and at the sides while the front is plain and smooth.

For evening dresses this new style feature is especially attractive, because the circular movement imparts grace. On afternoon gowns, too, the flare is becoming. Skirts on afternoon dresses will be wider and the waists will be more fitted. Most all the new models indicate the waistline, either by fitting, by bolero effects or by a belt placed at normal waistline. To be sure, there are still some styles with the belt or waistline low but youthful styles show the normal waistline.

The new ensemble suits are made with hip length coats and the new flare movement.

Velvet and chiffon or crepe will be combined in ensemble suits.

Skirts continue to be short. Sleeves are almost always long.

Dresses of wool materials are trimmed with silk.

Navy blue will be a favorite color for tailored coats and coat dresses.

Beige and brown will be popular as will also be violet and purple.

Metal trimmings are much in evidence. Daytime dresses show embroideries with gold and silver thread. Fur and velvet are also used for trimming and decoration.

Sport clothes are as ever important. The most outstanding "sports" style is the two-piece model of fine jersey flannel or kasha. This style has largely replaced the sweater. Usually the skirt is in wrap around style or a two piece model made with the popular "kick" plait. The blouse is made with set in sleeves and a high or low collar, and is cut quite straight.

The one-piece dress is still a favorite. Simple, well made and with little trimming it may be worn at outdoor sports or at a luncheon. A very smart one piece dress has the front portions of a long waist cut with panel extensions in skirt length. At the side full flare portions complete the skirt. These are shirred at the top in several rows, forming a deep band. The neck is finished with a tie collar.

The new back fulness is cleverly portrayed in a crepe frock. Here a circular tunic is added at sides and back. Its front edges are cut to form pleasing cascades.

A dress of brown charmeen has a long waist portion in front joined to a flared skirt portion, that is finished with a wide band of crepe. The one piece back of the dress is flat.

Panels at the hip line are pleasing on a dress for a woman of mature figure. The sleeve is made with the new epaulette shoulders. The "V" neck has a small collar, finished with a lace jabot.

Tunics still hold their own and are worn over self slips or those of contrasting material.

A very nice style made up in flat crepe has a vestee of lace ruffles and wide sleeves finished with similar ruffles.

A smart utility coat dress is made of plaid suiting. The dress closes at the side. It has a stole collar of plain faille silk and wide sleeves with cuff facings of the silk. A coat with full front closing has the back made with a long waist to which a circular skirt section is joined. Wool rep would be good for such a model.

A school dress of wool crepe is cut with a circular front and a straight back. The neck is open and finished with a notched collar. A straight line frock for a little girl has a round neck with gathered fulness and inverted plait fulness at the underarm seams.

5187—This is a season of yokes and flounces. The style here portrayed shows both these features with youthful and becoming lines. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 1½ yard of 54-inch material for yoke and flounce portions and 1½ yard of contrasting material for the dress portions. Width of skirt at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5000—This pretty "frock" may serve as a party or dance frock if developed with short sleeves, or with long sleeves it will make a good school dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made as shown in the large view 2¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5201—Flannel, tub silk, crepe and printed fabrics may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material. If collar is made of contrasting material 1/16 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4841—Chintz in a pretty pattern, dotted percale, gingham or lawn would be good for this style. It is also nice for tub silk, linen and ratine. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material. For collar, pocket and sleeve facings of contrasting material ½ yard 40 inches wide is required. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

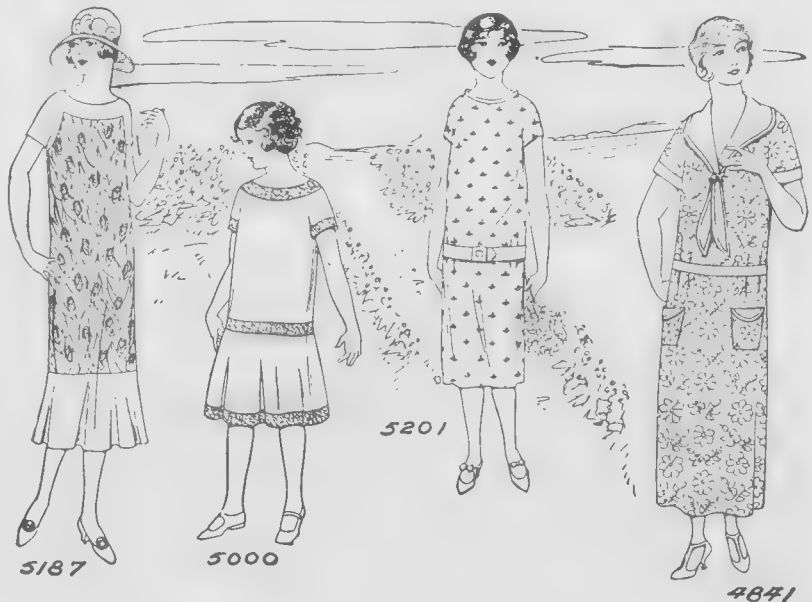
4714—This style may be finished with shaped shoulders or a camisole top, and straight or knicker leg portions. Muslin, cambric, crepe, sateen, flannelette or crepe de chine may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5209—Linen, kindergarten cloth, chambrey, jersey, flannel or pongee may be used for this model. The closing is at the left side under the tuck. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5007—This "up-to-date" model is provided with "apron tunic" portions that may be omitted. Gingham, challie, percale, poplin and pongee are excellent materials for garments of this kind. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size, if made with the "tunic" will require 2½ yards of 27-inch material. Without the tunic 1½ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5193—This model comprises a "smock" or "tunic" and a combination slip having bloomers and under body in one. Sateen, silk, jersey weaves, satin or washable broadcloth could be used for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. The smock alone requires 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5207—Voile and other lingerie fabrics as well as silk, rep and crepe de chine are attractive materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5184—This is a good style for gingham, drill, unbleached muslin or saten. The cap may be of the same material, or in contrast. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. The apron requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material and the cap $\frac{3}{8}$ yard. For facings of contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5192—Charmeen, kasha, taffeta, crepe or linen would be appropriate for this model. The closing is at the centre front, under the jabot which may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5196—This model will delight the little "house-keeper" or "cook." It is such a protective apron and very comfortable. It may be made of cretonne, chintz, gingham or unbleached muslin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 2 yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5206—This model in peasant style may be made up in lingerie materials, crepe, crepe de chine or chiffon. The collar may be omitted and the neck edge finished with a narrow binding. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5200—This pleasing model is especially attractive for slender little girls. It may be developed in printed voile or crepe or in rep or linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4717—Plaid suiting in tan and brown tones is here portrayed. The collar and the vest are of tan wool crepe. This style is good also for alpaca, pongee and linen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. For collar and vest of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54 inches wide is required. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4973—Batiste, cambric, satin, crepe, radium silk or crepe de chine may be used for this model. It may also be made of dress materials, such as faille, satin, velvet or flannel, and worn under a tunic. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5018—This style closes at the side of the vest portion. The lines are comfortable and pleasing. Percalé, gingham, linen and rep are attractive for dresses of this kind. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: bust measure 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches and waist measure 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47 and 49 inches. To make the dress for a 44-inch bust will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. The width at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4912—Striped seersucker or percale would be very good for this model. Drill, muslin and cretonne are also pleasing and serviceable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. This model is cut without underarm seams. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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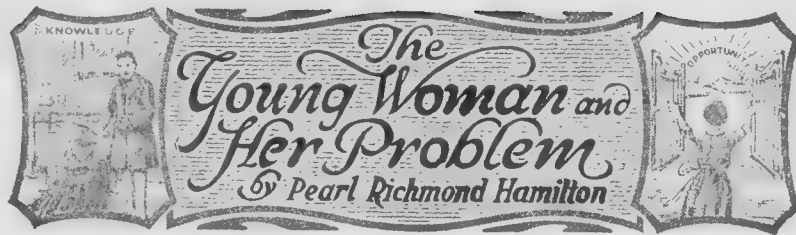
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The College Girl

THERE are five thousand summer students attending the university in the city where I am spending the summer, and naturally I am interested in the study of the college girl. I find she ranges in age from fifteen to eighty. During the school year I learn that the attendance is nearly twice the present enrollment. An old college friend entered two years ago after an experience of twenty-six years away from school life. Other mothers whose families are students also attend. One woman has taken work every year for ten years. There are many examples of busy mothers taking one study. I was very much interested to learn that this particular friend made good standings and that her work in English won high marks. The period of twenty-six years included a wage-earning experience, then marriage, motherhood and all the fine accomplishments of homemaking. Her English instructor told her it was a treat to read her themes. If one has the key of desire the door of learning is not closed.

I know there are scores of girls who read this page who long for a college education. I remember well the hunger I had for a straight four years of college life—but it was necessary for me to work awhile—then attend school, work again and so on. There are many girls who long to go to college but owing to circumstances cannot go. After all, is college one of the vital questions of girlhood?

Some of our best-educated young women and older women are forced to earn their living. Working hard from morning till night leaves little vitality for hard study evenings. Room rent and board and necessary clothing often force one to give up the dream of college. Or it may be the girl on the farm cannot possibly leave her home. We may have to give up going to college but we need not give up the idea of an education. The very essentials of college are in the world about us—learning, companionship, life. The School of Life, if genuinely understood, offers every girl an opportunity for education. The educated girl is courteous. For example I have in mind an educated woman who never attended school beyond the eighth grade—she longed for a college education but had been denied it because she had to work hard for her living. She said, "I had dreamed of life in one of our great girl's colleges and God had made, instead, another choice." Inspiring as that other college might have been, God's great college of life and of the world is more inspiring still. Perhaps you girls do not agree with me. I can only guess then that you have not known as many of its class-rooms as I have, nor walked knowingly in some of its wonderful aisles. I need not tell you that I have suffered there; that some of the lessons have been hard for me, bitterly hard, that many, many of the difficult lessons are still to learn.

But, oh, to use its great advantages; to learn well the lessons taught there: sorrow, joy, love, tolerance, work, beauty, duty. To be tutored by its great men, befriended by its great minds. Plato, Socrates, Michael Angelo, Raphael, St. Paul, Phidias, Emerson, Shakespeare, Byron, Keats and a thousand more, all ready to teach you for the mere asking. And—then—to stand well and honorably in one's class; to be given perhaps, at last, at God's own hand, some reward for good work done and lessons well learned. And this college is open to all of us. You girls who are so bitterly disappointed, just as I was, about college, here is a college for you, of higher standing than all.

Then there is a message to the girl who can go to college. The question for her is: "Will my experience in college lead into and beautify my future?" It is not college life so much as after college life that we must consider.

The day of the "book worm" is gone. Life concentrated entirely on book learning develops a "shut in" from life's interests and activities. The President of Vassar College says in a talk to girls who are going away to school: "Life is the scope of your study. The curriculum, to the one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, thrills with vitality. And you, if you are worthy, will respond to this new rhythm. Vigor and purpose and inspiration will be drum-beats to your feet. Days at college will be intense with the sense of life and its meaning.

"Therefore, a word of caution! Beware the reactions. Life concentrated thus may wear upon you. You need to relax. Otherwise, seeing life too steadily, some day you and your work will all seem futile in the light of the great world's course, and college life will seem abnormal, shut in, removed from reality. It is not, actually, but you have made it so. You have shut off the ordinary contacts with the world, and have put too great an overload on one wire—the mind. Overloaded fuses have a way of burning out. Fit into life. Happiness lies in the immediate. The girl you meet is the test of your theory of life. College, then, if you are worthy, will make you see and love life more truly and wisely. You will know and love better your home and town for having gone to college."

Yes—usefulness and wide sympathies should be the result of college training. Girls often tell me that men do not like educated women. They wonder why men pass them by for the less learned girls. I'll tell you the reason.

If girls of education find themselves out of touch with men—it is because they have lost the womanly and sympathetic understanding that men like—the gentle, tactful, understanding that men desire. Woman's highest mission and fate are linked with the mission and fate of men and if a girl so directs her education that it alienates her from the interests and service of men, then it is deplorable. This is why more than book study is necessary for a girl's education. The girl with fine warm-hearted intellectual gifts takes to college high ideals of womanhood and comes away with still higher ones.

I fancy I see her like the woman whose husband complimented her so highly when he said: "We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

Psychology in a Dentist's Office

ONE day a toothache led me to a different dentist in Winnipeg. Our old one had moved away. I remembered that a young woman who had at one time belonged to one of my classes, worked for a dentist, so I looked up the number of his office. The moment I entered the waiting room I sensed an atmosphere that removed the common dread of the period of waiting one's turn.

The walls were decorated in a quiet restful shade and framed gems of literary quotations were hung about in appropriate places. Easy comfortable chairs and a library table designed in harmony with the other furniture contributed importantly to the hospitality of the room.

On the table were the best magazines in bindings like one sees in well-appointed club rooms. They were the current numbers—not dirty, torn year-old issues one often sees in dentists' waiting-rooms. These magazines were carefully selected to suit the minds of cosmopolitan patients. While waiting I picked up a copy of The Geographical Magazine and was intensely interested in a trip through the Canadian Rockies when my turn came for attention to the tooth that had lost its ache in a canyon of the Rockies.

Continued on page 90

There was the same artistic scheme of furnishing in the office—a masterpiece of an author or an everyday bit of homely philosophy to interest one while the dentist was at work.

It was there I discovered that the young lady, whom I had known several years, had become more than office help. The dentist told me that she did all of his bridge work and the other work in the laboratory. She took me into her laboratory—a light, clean, interesting room where she works with marked efficiency and success.

I asked her if she were responsible for the choice of pictures and literary gems and furnishings of the place. She denied the credit of it—but knowing her as I do, I feel sure she encouraged it not a little.

Of this I am convinced—the whole atmosphere created a psychological effect that helps patients, and it is not surprising that this man is one of the leading dentists in Winnipeg—with a practice that must be the envy of many.

When I expressed my interest and delight with some of the quotations he repeated a long poem so fitting to everyday life that I regarded the morning well spent—a profitable and pleasant experience—so different from the average dreaded visit to a dentist's office. All this contributed to the success and efficiency of one of Winnipeg's best-known dentists.

While waiting for him to finish some work I copied a few bits of philosophy from the little frames near me. They may help our readers as they did me. Here they are:

"Keeping the Balance"

If the winter is too chill,
Summer's heat is coming still;
If the summer is too hot,
Winter's coming, when it's not.
And between them spring and fall,
Not too cold or hot at all."

"Build on, and make thy castles high
and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

"A word of cheer, a smile, a song,
Will always drive dull care along;
No thought of sorrow nor of fear,
Can dim the face of smiling cheer."

"Some people are so busy trying to get
what they want,
That they don't want what they get."

One from Fra Albertus:—"Don't sit
down in the meadow and wait for the
cow to back up and be milked—
Go after the cow."

Here is another:
"Ain't it funny that some folks you
can't miss,
And some folks you jus' miss a pile.
An' the folks that you can't miss you see
lots,
An' the other folks once in a while."

Then in the place in most offices where
one sees: "Cash Payment Required," was
the following which must stir up an
honest challenge in any patient:

"Man is made of Dust.
Dust settles.
Be a Man."

Incidents by the Way

THE following is my experience in ordering groceries within a month from two different grocery stores in different countries. In each case a young woman answered at the other end of the phone. I am making no comments—am simply giving my experience:

June 23rd:—

"Is this—grocery store?"
"Yes, this is—grocery store."
"I would like the following sent to—
Ave."
"Yes, madam."
"One dozen eggs."
"Yes."
"One pound of butter."
"Yes."
"One pound of cheese."
"Yes."
"Have you any berries?"
"Yes, madam, we have some very nice berries."
"I would like two quarts."
"Very well."
"That will be all."
"Thank you."

July 7th:—

"Is this—grocery store?"
"Uh huh!"
"I would like the following sent to—
Ave."
"All right."
"One dozen eggs."
"All right."
"One pound of butter."
"All right."
"One pound of cheese."
"All right."
"Have you any berries?"
"Uh huh!" (I do not know how to spell it).
"I would like two quarts."
"All right."
"That will be all."
"All right."

The Girl Who Can

DO you know a manager takes advantage of fear? A girl who could not testify on the witness stand told me that she could not help breaking down when questions were asked her.

I replied: "I would break down, too, if I were in your place."

She looked so surprised that I explained.
"There is my electric iron. It is of no use—but if it is attached to the electric current it has power.

So it is true of you and me. We cannot accomplish of ourselves—only when we feel the assistance of a Helping Higher Power can we have the courage of accomplishment.

Jack Miner has the following printed in the corner of his stationery:

"Man plows and plants, and digs and weeds,

He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a garden's made.
He must be proud who tills the soil,
And turns the heavy sod.
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God."

Two thoughts impress one as she reads this—"God cannot make the garden alone. He needs the help of man—but man cannot make the garden alone—God sends the sun, rain and air. The farmer works with God in partnership. The farmer's work is faith and obedience to law."



"Did you notice how gray she is getting?"

IDLE gossip and thoughtlessness of the "younger set," whispered yet audible, has hurt many a woman whose premature graying belies her age. How easily such unfairness may be overcome, such malicious whispering hushed.

Brownatone, first aid to youthfulness, quickly tints away tattle-tale gray, faded or bleached hair.

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is now ready for mailing to our many readers who are awaiting this announcement. The new Catalogue contains five hundred designs for ladies', misses' and children's apparel; also a helpful article on dress-making, and an illustrated description of various, simple embroidery stitches. Those who have in the past sent for our fashion catalogues will not require a second invitation to order this popular and attractive book, and we advise those who have not before used it, to take immediate advantage of this offer to assure securing a copy while the supply lasts.



Send twenty cents to cover postage and packing.

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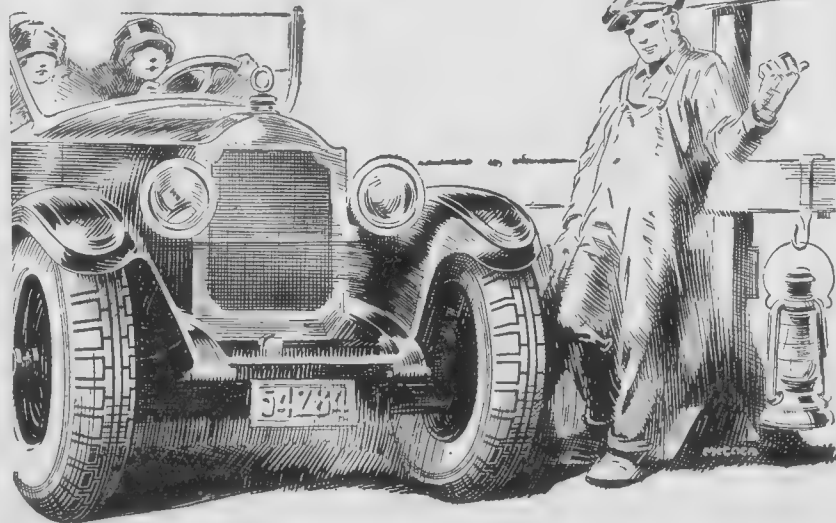
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Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Office and Factories, TORONTO



If your local dealer cannot supply you, write us giving us his name, the size you require, and we will see that you are immediately supplied through him.



Drought—Continued from page 12

She felt his eyes upon her as she went on with her work. He was probably thinking how funny it was to find her like this. Ned had always been possessed of a queer sense of humor.

He walked around the kitchen, making himself perfectly at home, looking at everything with a critical glance that infuriated her. Then he dragged out a chair and sat down, tilting it backwards. She heard the scratch of a match as he lit a cigarette.

"You get so that you forget how to talk, living here, I suppose," he said between puffs of his cigarette.

"We talk when we have anything to say."

Did he think it was very pleasant to her to have him see her like this, hot and tired, toiling over these greasy dishes? When she had last seen Ned she had looked very different. He had tried to tease her into marrying him, even after she had promised to marry Dave. But she had laughed at him. Now he had come to laugh at her.

He gave a low whistle.

"What a life," he exclaimed, as though he were reading her thoughts. "Not quite what you expected. You were always a bit high flown in your ideas in the old days."

Her face burned. She knew that he was seeing that worn hole in the linoleum beside the stove; the stain on the ceiling where the water had leaked through in the spring; the woodwork where the paint was peeling off and leaving bare patches. It made her angry with Dave. Hadn't he promised that all those things would be repaired long ago? The shame of it pricked her.

She crossed the floor to search in a drawer of the old dresser for a clean dish towel. She picked up a plate and polished it without responding.

"Cheap," was what he had said. Well, wasn't that exactly what she had been thinking herself? Why should she blame him for seeing what her surroundings were? Her resentment against Ned began to die down. It became directed instead against Dave. She almost began to feel as though she wanted to show Ned what a bare bleak thing her life had become.

"Guess you're not too fond of housework," he said with a laugh. "Looks to me as though you're pretty well sick of everything."

"That's just what I am."

"Any kids?"

"No."

"Then why do you stick it? Why don't you get out?"

She felt his eyes stripping her body of the blue gingham she wore. She colored beneath his burning gaze. She felt that he was satisfied with his appraisal of her.

"It wouldn't be hard for you to strike out on your own."

Her laugh sounded mirthless and strange. It was as though someone else had laughed. She felt embarrassed at the way in which he looked at her.

"You're a fool to stay on here, my dear," and he flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette, "what's there in it for you?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing but work and worry. There have been droughts like this for the past three years. It means we're always behind. We're never able to catch up. We're just able to keep ourselves alive. That's all there's in it for me."

She couldn't keep it in any longer. It was seething inside her. All her anger flamed in her voice. Ned Larkins nodded, watching her with an admiring gaze.

"You should have married me, Christine. It's always been easy come and easy go with me. When I heard you were living on a farm I sort of expected something like this. You weren't made for a farm, my dear."

Didn't she know that? He didn't have to tell her so.

He had thrown down his cigarette. He got up and moved towards her, his eyes on her face.

"I've always been hankering after you,

Christine. I'm hankering after you still."

He slipped his hand into his pocket and brought out a diamond ring. As he held it up the stone caught the light and seemed to hold the rays concentrated, like a tiny shining sun.

"Come here and I'll wish it on your finger. You know the wish I mean."

If she didn't know his eyes would have told her. She moved towards him with a hesitating reluctance. He seized one of her hands and slipped the ring on her finger.

"There. It looks as though it were made for you. Now I've wished it on and the wish is bound to come true."

He stared into her face, a slow smile on his lips.

She drew back and lifted her hand to look at the sparkling stone. Oh, it wasn't the diamond that she was thinking about. It was what the diamond meant on her hand. Then she made an effort to pull the ring off, but it stuck fast to her wet finger.

"Keep it." His voice was filled with meaning. "It's yours. And there'll be plenty more where that came from."

"What would I keep it for?"

She was wilfully trying to misunderstand, but her voice sounded stammering and silly.

He caught hold of her hand again, pressing it, drawing her towards him.

"My dear, you're a fool if you stay on here," he said in a low husky voice. "What's to keep you? If a man can't make good on his promise a woman should clear out. You've got to hold what you win. That's all there is to it."

She twisted the ring on her finger, watching it flash in the light, while she listened to what he was saying. Oh, wasn't it true? Dave hadn't done what he had promised to do. Weren't things worse than they had ever been? What was there ahead of her? She knew. Hardship, and broken promises, that was all.

"Come on, my dear. Don't be a fool. I'll show you that life is just a chance to have a good time. I expect that you could manage to enjoy yourself for a change. There'll always be money and there will always be good times. You should have married me, Christine. I've always been mad about you. I've never been able to get you out of my head, no, not even in six years. Christine, don't be a fool this time."

She stood motionless, her eyes on the floor, so terribly aware of his nearness to her.

"Life hasn't treated you so well," he urged, "you've got a right to some happiness, haven't you?"

No, life hadn't treated her well. She looked out of the window at the stunted growth of corn just beyond the glittering wire fences. Another poor harvest. Would there ever be anything else? While she shrivelled and grew more brittle, and everything that was soft and tender died in her, and she was like one of those yellow leaves hanging beside the window.

Her eyes came back to his face and for an instant she recoiled from the passion that was there. Could he give her happiness? Easy come and easy go was what he had said. Ease and comfort and luxury. Wasn't that all that she wanted? Love had failed to bring her happiness; love had just wilted and died.

She plucked nervously at the stone on her finger. Only a few more years before indifference would descend upon her like a cloud; only a few more years before her hot blood cooled and she came to accept life dully, dumbly, like those beasts out there in the field. Wasn't this a chance to live? Wasn't this a chance to find life rich and soft and warm again, like an eastern shawl?

A short laugh broke from her. Again it sounded to her as though someone else had laughed.

"You've made up your mind, Christine. I see that you've made up your mind."

He caught her up against him. His lips were hard and almost cruel upon her mouth. She wasn't herself at all;

she was someone else; someone who was so determined to capture happiness before it escaped from her forever.

He released her and she swung back against the table, looking at him while thoughts raced through her head. The look he turned upon her was like soft words of flattery.

"It won't be a mistake, this time, Christine."

There was a fierce eagerness in his voice, an odd greedy passion. It wasn't love that he felt for her. She knew that. Well, hadn't she had enough of love? What had love ever brought to her?

"I'll be here for you tonight on to eleven. I guess you can slip out then, and none be the wiser. I'll whistle from the road."

"You'd better take the ring," she said in an unfamiliar tone as she tugged at it with the dry dish towel. Her finger had swollen from the tight band around it. The ring remained fast on her hand.

"Leave it where it is," he laughed, "it's a promise."

He caught her to him again and forced her face up to his. She stood looking after him as he ran down the steps. The kitchen seemed to have become incredibly empty as she turned back to the dishes. The smell of cigarette smoke hung in the air. She stooped to pick up the end of a cigarette that he had flung on the floor. She placed the chair back against the wall, thinking—thinking—with a queer dazed feeling, a sensation of unreality.

MECHANICALLY she went on with her work of cleaning up the kitchen. Every little while she would stop and put up her hand to her mouth where his had pressed. Her lips felt seared. Oh, could she? She caught the glint of the diamond on her hand and watched the fire burn in the stove. Ned Larkins was offering her life instead of drought and starvation. What was love but a will o' the wisp? That was all it was. He was offering her something more substantial than love.

She would be a fool if she didn't go with him. Ned was rich, prosperous, successful. He knew how to live. He wouldn't ask her to slave out her heart on a farm. She had been a fool not to have married him. Dave—oh, Dave had trapped her with his quiet strength, his tenderness, his love. What had they done for her? Brought her to this. Ned was quick, keen, alert. He was able to master life—while life had mastered Dave. That was the difference between them.

The ring burned on her finger. She felt as though that burning had fired her flesh.

Dave came up the steps and looked narrowly at her as he came into the kitchen.

"There's an east wind coming up. I believe it will blow up some rain."

His usual cheerful tones. What would he say when he knew?

"You're always believing something."

"Don't worry any more, Christine. We've weathered worse than this. I know how hard it is for you. Don't think I don't know that, my girl."

"It isn't going to be hard for me any longer."

She gathered up some plates and crossed with them to the dresser. She saw that Dave's attention was caught by the ring that flashed on her finger. He hadn't noticed what she had said.

"Where did you get the ring? It looks pretty."

"That's my affair."

Yes, just like a shrew. That was what she was turning into. She couldn't seem to help being nasty. And just because Dave wouldn't take it up, pretended that he didn't even hear that tone in her voice, it made her want to be nastier, made her want to force him to see how she felt.

"It shines so that you'd think it was real. Some day I'll give you real ones like that."

"That's likely."

"Was there a peddler 'round?"

"Not that I saw."

He laughed good naturedly.

"Well, you want to keep your little secret, I see. It's pretty, anyway. I wish you had everything pretty around

you. No one deserves it more than you do."

"And there's no one with less chance of getting it as long as I stay on here."

Hard and bitter and cold. That was what her voice was like. Didn't Dave see that she was just shrivelling up inside?

"I don't know about that. One or two good years and things will begin to be easy. We'll have the best farm in the country. I know it. It's not always going to be like this. Things have got to take a turn. They always do. It's always darkest before the dawn."

More sloppy sentiment. Oh, she was sick of it. Nothing but promises and hopes of good times that never came. She wasn't going to live on promises any longer.

"They're not going to be any worse for me. I may as well tell you Dave that I'm going away."

He looked at her half startled, half bewildered.

"You're not serious, my girl. You're only joking?"

"No, I'm not joking this time."

"You mean—well, what do you mean?"

"I mean I've a chance to get away from it all. I mean that I'm not such a fool as to let this chance slip. I may never have another. I'm going, Dave. It's true."

"Christine. What do you mean?"

"I'm going away with Ned Larkins. I was a fool not to marry him. He's given me a second chance, and I'm going to take it."

Dave's face grew white.

"You can't be serious. Don't joke like that, Christine. It hurts."

"I'm not joking. He was here just now. It's his ring that you've been talking about. I'm going away with him tonight."

"My God, you're not. You'll do nothing of the sort."

"How are you to stop me? That's what I'd like to know."

"Stop you? I'll kill him if he comes here."

"Don't be a fool. I'm not your property. I belong to myself. I suppose it won't be easy to get someone to work for you like I've done."

"Stop, Christine. It isn't you talking like that."

"You can't keep me if I want to go."

His hands unclenched slowly at his sides. His eyes widened and a dull look came into his face.

"No, I can't keep you—if you want to go."

SHE was pulling open the drawers in the bureau mechanically, taking out her clothes, folding them and slipping them into a suit case that was standing open. Eleven o'clock, he had said. She still had some hours before Ned would be whistling to her from the road. She hadn't eaten anything since midday. She had come up to her room and locked the door after her talk with Dave. Dave—she didn't know what he was doing. She hadn't heard a sound from downstairs.

She couldn't have gone without telling Dave. She was sorry now that she had said what she had. Some of the things she had said were like a nasty smear across her mind. She felt sorry for Dave. But then, hadn't he almost ruined her life with all his bad luck, his constant failures during the last three years?

She had finished her packing and was sitting on the side of the bed when she heard voices downstairs. She listened, wondering. Then she heard Dave come to the foot of the stairs and call to her to come down. She responded unwillingly. She didn't want to go down. She wasn't in any mood for visitors. Dave called again, and she went slowly out to the top of the stairs.

Dave was lighting the lamp on the table. As the wick flared up a group of men flashed out of the dusk of the room. Near the door stood Ned Larkins. But was it Ned? It wasn't the same Ned whom she had talked to that afternoon. Why, this was a different person altogether. He looked as though someone had plucked the soul out of his body,

Continued on page 48



Prevent tooth decay below the gum-line

As the soil nourishes the tree roots, the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the roots, so do the teeth decay when gum shrinkage starts in.

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More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

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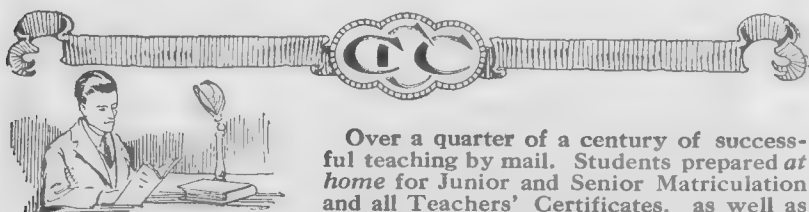
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Drought—Continued from page 47

and this was the empty shell. She didn't want to look at him.

The man standing beside Ned was Budd Soames, the man who kept the livery stable at Wentworth. The other man she had never seen before. What were they all doing here? She went very slowly down the last few steps.

"What is it, Dave?" she asked, looking inquiringly at him.

Dave didn't answer. Instead, the strange man stepped forward as though he owned the place.

"I'm a detective from headquarters," he said in a voice that seemed to snap like a pistol in the quiet room. "We've arrested Ned Larkins. He's wanted for the Elmore jewel robbery. We've got our man and we've got the jewels, but not quite all. He was having a sleep in your barn when we found him. From something he said I gathered he has been here in the house. I want to have a look around for the rest of the jewels."

The lamp seemed to float up from the table and dance in the air before her. All their faces were pale smudges without any features. Ned—a common thief. Easy come and easy go. Oh, what a fool—what a fool she had been.

"You thief," she said in a low passionate tone, turning upon Ned, contempt and hatred in her tone. "You common thief."

It was her pride crying out. She felt as though she would die of shame. What was Dave thinking of her now? This was a fine end to all her fine talk.

"All right for you," Ned Larkins said with a sneer, "perhaps you won't talk like that when they take you for receiving stolen goods." With a short laugh he pointed to the ring on her hand.

She had forgotten the ring. Now it flashed before her like a blinding flash of light, just what it would mean to her.

"Let's see the ring please," the detective said brusquely, lifting her hand as though it were a piece of wood. "Yes, that's one of them. I think you'd better come along with us too. There seems to be something going on between you two."

She stared at him. What did he mean? Why didn't Dave say something? Her thoughts were so slow, they were like great weights which she could hardly move at all. She must go too, the man had said—go with Ned Larkins. Oh, no, she couldn't do that now. She couldn't go with a thief. And that was all he was. She had promised to go with him this afternoon, but it was to have been something very different to this.

She looked anxiously at Dave. His face was so white and his forehead was drawn into knots. She had never in her life seen him look like this before. He wasn't looking at her; he was staring at the man who had dropped her hand. He was trying to speak, struggling for the words that seemed to choke in his throat.

"Why, look here," he stammered, stepping in front of her, as though he wanted to protect her from their rude glances, "this is all nonsense, you know. Budd, you know it's nonsense. Can't you speak? You know Christine. Is it likely that she'd be mixed up in a thing of this sort?"

No one answered. Oh, Dave, Dave, her whole soul seemed to cry out. Dave would make it right. She knew that he would. Dave could do anything.

"Budd, look here. You've known Christine for years. Tell this man you've known her. You know that she isn't in with this dirty kind of work. Tell him, Budd."

"She's got one of the rings," the detective put in briskly, "and that's all we want to know," he added with a cool indifference.

"Well, what if she has?" Dave said quickly. "She and Larkins were friends years ago. He came here today and gave her the ring. Christine has had so few jewels she doesn't know the difference between diamonds and glass. Neither do I. When I first saw it on her hand I thought the peddler had been round. Then she told me that Ned

Larkins had been in." A dull color mottled his face. "Ned gave it to her for the sake of old times," he added in a low tone.

The lamp sputtered, then burned steadily again. Dave stared steadily into the lamp.

"I sometimes think of those old times," he went on reflectively, "silly young things we were too, thinking that life was all gaiety and fun. I guess if it had turned out that way we would have lost the taste for it. You have to have a little of the bitter or the sweet would sicken you in time. You remember, Budd, how all of us in Wentworth were in love with Christine. But she was too good for any of us. Sometimes I used to think that Ned Larkins would be the one to win her. Ned was always so bright and quick. I was jealous of Ned Larkins. He made me feel dumb and kind of stupid. But Ned had a good heart too. Remember how he stuck to his old father until the old man died, when he was just crazy to get away from Wentworth."

He paused for a moment. A heavy silence lay over the room. Ned Larkins shuffled his feet uneasily.

"I've never seen Ned since he left Wentworth," Dave went on, "he went away soon after Christine and I were engaged. He felt sore, I guess. He cared about Christine quite a good bit I expect. He wouldn't have dragged her into a mess like this in those days. Life's been too bitter for Ned. It's turned him bitter inside. I can understand that too in a way. When you're down yourself you want to drag others down—at least you think you do. When it comes to it, you don't."

The men around the door stirred and the detective looked impatiently towards the door. Ned Larkins looked across the room at Dave. Slow words came from him, falling like lead in the still room.

"I guess that's right, Dave. It was all a joke," he said, turning to the detective. "I gave her the ring and she never knew it was stolen. She just thought it was something pretty to wear on her hand. You're on the wrong track, this time. Christine isn't in this mess."

Dave had slowly worked the ring off Christine's finger and now dropped it up on the table. The detective picked it up and slipped it into his pocket.

"We'll be getting along," he said briskly.

The door closed behind the three men. Their steps could be heard on the ground outside, growing fainter and fainter. Christine lifted her eyes.

"Dave—you're too good—you're too good," she cried with a sob in her voice. "Oh, I would have died of shame if you had told them why I was wearing the ring."

She was in his arms, and he was holding her while long sobs tore through her body. He held her without speaking, while the sobs grew quieter, and her body relaxed. Those tears were like torrents washing over her parched soul, driving away bitterness, and hate, and all the stored irritation of the past weeks of worry.

She put up her arm gently around Dave's neck. She felt as though little white flowers of love were springing again in the secret places of her heart.

Against the window pane there splashed the first few drops of the rain.

A Profitable Investment

There was once a college man, says Harvey's Weekly, who was noted for the profusion with which he spent, wasted and lost money in everything he did, and who kept up the practice for some years in business after he left his Alma Mater. He disappeared for a few years, and when found again he was working a farm. A friend asked how he was getting on, and he replied with enthusiasm:

"Splendidly! Top wave of prosperity!" "But, man you don't mean that you're making money on this farm?"

"Oh, no! I never expect to make any money. But I'm losing it slower than I ever did before!"

Married Women and School Teachers

Continued from page 25

decides that in her own interests, and those of her family, she should be deprived of her salary. In some way or other, this has become particularly true of school trustees so that we find a deal of sympathetic and even tearful talk about "neglected homes," the inference being that the home and children mean more to the trustees when actually, in all ages, women have been the prime guardians of both—that is it; once a woman was refused an education in the interests of "home and children"—now, she is refused the right to use it in their interests.

It is markedly noticeable that this tearful talk about home and children is never heard when the married woman holds an honorary position in any corporation or association. In such positions, she can work as hard and as long as she likes, so that she allows the salary to be drawn by a member of the other sex. "Let her husband provide for her," they say, "that's his business."

It was in reply to this remark that a woman said recently: "Well, sir, and if my husband doesn't provide for me, I'd like to know who does. Sure an' it was himself as provided the last three places I got to wash for."

Neither is such an objection made in the case of clergymen's wives who are away from home for social or philanthropic reasons, with no monetary gain to the family, but, contrariwise, the absence of the married teacher is actually an advantage to her household. Besides this, the sense of her own value that comes from a pay-check which she, herself, has earned, should not be any very great detriment to a mother. We agree with Sidney Smith that the career of a teacher is not incompatible with that of a wife and need not of necessity, be alternative.

Besides, to our thinking, no decent women is ever "kept." As a rearer of children, she contributes an equal share to the work and maintenance of the home. Even then, personally, we know no distinctly unhappy homes caused by the wife going out to work. As an actuality, the women who learn system, punctuality, economy and the other acquirements that go with teaching or business, are much more competent to run their homes than the woman who has always stayed in the portals. At any rate, it is the family's business, and any school trustee is distinctly officious who presumes to enquire therein. Chairman Berlis of the Board of Education, Toronto, had this idea of justice in his mind when he said to the other members of the Board: "If Mrs. F. M. Hicks is a qualified teacher, she has a perfect right to come here and tell us to mind our own business."

If the married woman is to be debarred from work, why not also a man with private means?

There isn't any reason, only that the man would not tolerate such a thing for a moment. He would say that his financial or social condition was his own affair. Of course he would, otherwise, the man who had ten children to his credit should be paid less than the man with two, or the man whose wife had inherited money would have to acknowledge he was "kept" also. In refusing to permit an offensive enquiry into his affairs, he would be quite right in that the matter is ultimately one of efficiency. So soon as we begin to consider domestic circumstances in the matter of appointments, then are we turning our schools into charitable institutions.

Primarily, a man is a human being of the father-sex, just as a woman is a human being of the mother-sex, with all the duties of human beings, applying these to the special duties of parenthood as the occasion may warrant. Marriage is an incident in a woman's life as it is in a man's. She should not be forced to adopt it as a profession and follow it through life. No other worker is subject to such a restriction.

In this connection Ida Tarbell declared that the trustees, in restricting women to any one sphere of action, are usurping the prerogative of Jehovah. The preroga-

tive, she said, belongs to ourselves and God. There was another writer who said that all this talk about woman's sphere (not to be slurred into "woman's fear," you understand) was pure guess-work, for when God made Adam, he caused a profound sleep to fall upon him so that he had no first hand evidence whatever on this matter.

The idea that a married woman is "kept," and that it is wrong for her to earn money, tends to damage the belief that she has not an equal position with her husband in the home. It imbues her mind with what we have referred to above as "the inferiority complex."

In some instances, marriage is a state of protection financially: in others it is not. The best protection a woman can have—whether wedded or single—is the opportunity to protect herself.

Besides, when you come to think it over, the married woman is required to pay her way the same as the spinster. If she can only pay it as she extracts the money from an unwilling man, or even a willing one who has not the price, or the absentee man, how can she possibly do it?

There are ways, of course, the particulars of which can be obtained from the Credit Men's Association or from the Board of Public Welfare.

Be this as it may, a wife has no legal claim on her husband's earnings. He is only bound to supply her with "the necessities of life" under certain circumstances, one of these being that his domicile is also hers. In this connection it may be noted that his understanding of "the necessities of life" may be very limited indeed—as limited as that of the young father who acknowledged in court recently that he had only supplied his wife with one meal since they were married, and that he borrowed the money from her to pay for that.

A married man can actually bequeath all his money, insurance, mortgages, bonds, and even the household effects to any person or corporation, so that the wife may find herself wholly penniless at his death. In certain provinces, if he has land, she has a one-third dower therein. In other provinces, she has a dower right in the home only—presuming, of course, that he has a home. Trustees might properly review these facts when they refuse to engage a married woman, or when they dismiss her from their employ, simply because she has a husband.

Besides, many professional women have relatives to support—an aged father and mother, an invalid sister, or an orphaned niece—and should not be obliged to make these persons chargeable upon her husband. Indeed, if the trustees only knew it, many of these women, instead of being "kept," are supporting the whole family and paying the life insurance and taxes as well.

The policy of compulsory retirement upon marriage is also economically unsound in that the state has contributed a great deal to the training of the woman for a teacher. Is her life's training to be non-effective? Is it to be only in the nature of an ornament? We trow not. Such a policy would be suicidal, not only to the trained workers but to schools as well.

What father and mother are going to lay out large sums of money in fitting a girl for a teacher, or for any profession, which she may only exercise so long as she remains a spinster?

Must a woman teacher who falls in love—and they do sometimes—sacrifice the prospect of a husband and children because of her profession?

Once, there was a woman teacher dismissed because the school board discovered that she had concealed her marriage for a year. Then she made it known that she really wasn't married—that she had been afraid to be married for fear she would be dismissed.

Was she taken on again? No, sir, she wasn't. This was a school board that wouldn't stand for immorality. Indeed, it wouldn't.

Continued on page 50



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Married Women and Teachers

Continued from page 49

With the penalizing of matrimony, there is nothing in the world to prevent a woman teacher, like Bernard Shaw's Ana, from having twelve husbands and no children, instead of one husband and twelve children. There can be little doubt of it, when we cause wedlock to be an offence and punishable—there being no legal or physical disability—we are assuredly making for prostitution and all the disasters that follow in its wake.

Besides, from the social point of view it is also vicious in that it prevents or discourages wedlock among the intelligent and capable women who—other things being equal—are likely to make the best mothers. We should not leave the rearing of children to the less intelligent or less instructed women of the nation. One has wisely said, "Great men are not born of slave mothers."

It is urged that married women should not teach because there is not enough work to go around. Such a theory would necessitate, as stated above, an enquiry into everyone's income. Besides, as a remedy for unemployment, the dismissal of married women is negligible. The work of the married teacher does not touch the problem of unemployment which has vastly wider causes, resting on matters of commerce, agriculture, finance, transportation, the throwing down of tools, and seasonal slackness. They are only the thoughtless, or the wilfully obtuse, who urge such a course of action as a solution for unemployment.

And then, when you come to think of it, the woman who teaches has inevitably to employ another, but lesser skilled woman, to perform her household tasks so that actually she is helping to solve the problem of unemployment.

Realizing that this was the case, the British Parliament in the year 1919, put into effect a law called "The Sex Disqualification Act"—one which refers to the removal of these disqualifications. Clause 1. reads as follows:—"A person shall not be disqualified by sex or marriage from the exercise of any public function or from being appointed to or holding any civil judicial office or post, or from entering or assuming or carrying on any civil profession or vocation."

The Near Truth About How Canada is Governed

Continued from page 13

are natives of Ontario. Some of them aren't so bad because they were caught young. Every province in Canada is represented among the Western M.P.'s. Quebec by one, New Brunswick by one, Nova Scotia by one, Prince Edward Island by one. There are two native-born Manitobians and one native-born member from British Columbia. Nine western members were born in England, seven in Scotland and four in Ireland. Some of those listed from England are in reality from Wales. Three of the prairie members were born in the United States; one of these is from Saskatchewan and the other two from Alberta. The western members, as regards nativity, are perhaps fairly representative of the western population. We have a little bit of everything out here and it is not surprising that the western viewpoint is a little fresher and more variegated and not quite so standardized and cut to order as the outlook of the men from the older provinces. The foreign-born peoples of the west have as yet made no impact on Ottawa. That, however, is not a condition that is likely to continue. The Polish, Ukrainian and Ruthenian elements must some day be heard from, interpreting to the Dominion the outlook of the newer Canada.

More ideas come out of the western members than out of the eastern members—some good, some harmless, some not so good. When an idea that isn't so good comes out of the west, the eastern members and eastern newspapers jump on it and twist it and worry it and hold it up as a horrible example of what you are likely to get out of the west. Still if you are going to make any progress it is necessary to have ideas and if you have ideas you are bound to have some bad ones. Which is better, of course, than having no ideas at all.

Keeping Physically Fit

By Lester G. Herbert

SOME people are naturally disinclined to make any exertion which they can get out of, and as people grow older, the inclination creeps upon everyone to take life a little easier, and to exercise less.

A very clever professional man recently remarked that an individual was as old as his knee-joints—no younger, and no older. This seemed a rather amazing statement, and he was questioned as to whether the arteries of the brain and the memory did not tell the story. But smilingly he insisted that the knee-joints were virtually the keys to the situation. The more we think the matter over, the more we agree with him.

Youth is marked by activity, by play, and by an adventuring contesting spirit. The little child begins to creep before he can walk, and he explores every corner he can reach. If he finds a curious object, he puts it into his mouth, for this was the manner by which early aboriginal man decided whether his "finds" were good or bad.

Then when the child gets on foot, he becomes a still more energetic explorer. He climbs, he runs away, he is ceaselessly active, and tires out the mother who follows him all day. At this age, the child delights in individual pursuits, or what he can do alone.

This part of his life parallels the early age of man when he wrested his living from the forest, the stream, and the earth, without aid from anyone else.

A little later, the child, still active and growing in curiosity and desire to achieve, looks over the fence at the little chap next door, and remarks loftily:

"I can run faster'n you can," or
"I can climb this fence quicker'n than you can," or

"My daddy has travelled more miles than yours has."

The child has entered another stage. He is tired of being by himself, and is reaching for a competitor with whom to test his strength and skill.

Here the boy's life follows the development of racial history, and in a few years, he crowds into a miniature replica, of the time and age when his ancestors began to vie with each other for the choicest hunting grounds, the most beautiful maiden, or some special trophy of the chase. In this cave-man age, it was everyone for himself, and the strongest against the strongest. This led the primitive man to develop caution and skill in the handling of such crude weapons as he possessed. It induced him to be fleet of foot, keen of eye, steady of hand, and strong of nerve, that he might triumph over his enemies. It was a wonderful training, and the small boy of today gets it boiled down in a short space of time, when he competes with his playmates out of doors, and with his schoolmates in the class-room.

But to hark back to those days of long, long ago, when the early man found himself unable to cope with enemies—for such his competitors often proved to be—who crept stealthily upon him from different points of the compass. There was only one thing to do, and that was for several of the savages to group themselves together for purposes of defence. And so village life was born. The greatest possible activity was necessary, for the families of the group must be supported, antagonists must be repelled, stockades must be built to protect the women and children during the absence of their braves, and long journeys must be made to revenge wrongs, and in the interests of the community welfare.

Our little lad who has been a competitor of playmates and schoolmates now begins to look for a chum—two or three chums. Activity is redoubled, if that is possible. The youngsters build snow forts, they take hikes, they plan enterprises of a most portentous character, and put no end of pep into beginning these—even if they do not finish them. The community spirit is expressing itself in the developing lad. It is inevitable, for racial history goes on repeating itself.

OUR aborigines, living in their little village, soon begin to work out the destiny of the group. Some are natural promoters; others seem to be caretakers and burden-bearers. In fact, in those far-off times, even as now, the political boss appeared, and in order to insure justice for all, a chief was appointed or chosen—and so government was born. As soon as government became an accomplished fact, in tribal groups, the next step upward was taken. That is, this tribe strove to hold its own under suitable leadership against the next tribe. And so national spirit was developed, which later expressed itself in organized democracy. Activity became even more absolutely necessary. Armies must be trained, individuals must be developed to their highest and best, industries must thrive, and inventions keep pace with the needs of man.

Meantime, our boy, who has been hiking and building snow forts, is showing distinct signs of developing what is called the "gang spirit." This is a well-recognized age into which normal youth is bound to enter. The gang spirit is a demonstration of loyalty to the group. Here the skill of the younger child, the competitive spirit of the one a little older, and the longing for a chum, are tied up in a club or an organization of some kind which presents a *united front* to the world. It is the age which parallels the time when our ancestors lived in a village and chose a chief. The gang always has a leader, and his word is very likely to be law. Here we have activity raised to the nth degree, and the boy scouts, the ball clubs, the big leagues, the football teams, the basketball clubs, the 'varsity crews and all similar arraying of club against club, calls for *trained activity* in order to achieve something worth while. Youth is now doing what his forefathers did, so long, long ago—they are preparing for the co-operation and community spirit of business, society, and national integrity.

All down through the ages, Nature has been preparing man for leadership and service, and for the exercise of splendid freedom. Nature is wise, and so in place of giving each child who comes into the world a single cross-section of the tree of experience, it gives each child an intensive course in the whole process. This makes it obvious that the youth of today has to hustle some to make his schedule during his years of training, for law says that he is legally mature at twenty-one years of age, but the law says that he is legally mature nature says that he keeps on developing and growing and maturing physically for six or seven years longer than this, and that he must always remain a student of vital matters.

BUT what do we go in training for?

What is the use of it? Surely not to take up time, or to afford some people a job of training us. That is not logical or sensible. An army trains to go into battle. An engineer trains that he may think constructively and soundly. A musician trains to develop facility, the power of interpretation, and the ability to give pleasure to others. The sailor trains that he may handle his craft safely in storm, as well as in calm. Had Nature a purpose, then, in training the race, as we look at the grand sweep of history and see that it has been trained? Has it a purpose in the intensive course of development which it gives each individual through a definitely marked series of interests and activities?

Yes, Nature has a tremendously important purpose, for Nature never wastes effort or loses an atom of material. Effort and material may change form, but they are eternal in their character. So Nature is a wise old dame, after all, and in stimulating a love of play, a joy in sport, a desire to conquer in contest, a fondness for swimming and polo and tennis and rowing and curling and fishing and fencing and skiing and ball playing and motoring and clean sports generally

Continued on page 66



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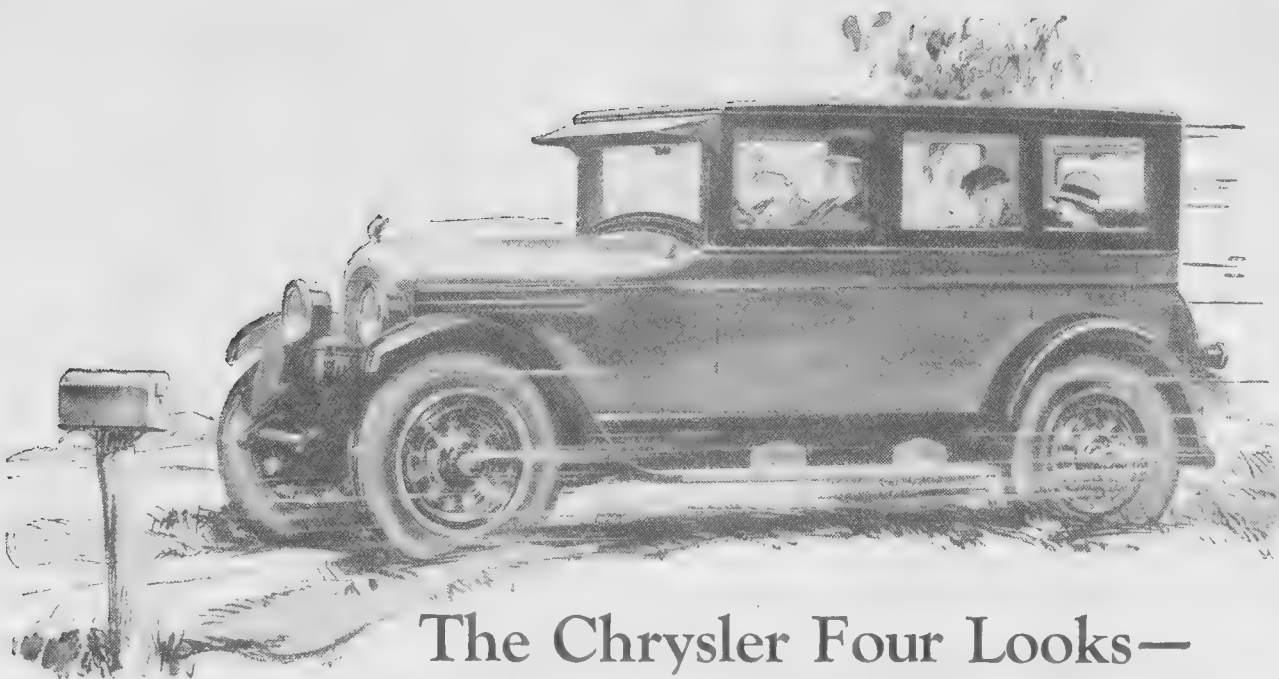
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The enthusiasm created by the Chrysler Four continues to gather force. Every day the demand increases.

The reasons, briefly, are these: The Chrysler Four looks twice its price, and it represents a better and finer combination of power, speed, fuel mileage and charm of appearance than any four in the world today.

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The motor is so quiet, the power flow even at low speeds is so continuous and dependable, and the pick-up is so powerful and rapid, that—it is difficult to realize it is a four.

This is the first car of its price with the option, at slight extra cost, of hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Like the highest priced cars, it has positive force-feed lubrication, giving far more efficient lubrication with no increase in oil consumption.

All sense of vibration is gone because the engine is completely isolated from the chassis with floating platform spring in front, and rubber bushings and pads in rear.

These are but a few of the details which place the Chrysler Four above its price class and virtually above competition.

It is the most interesting car you have ever seen—a car that will richly repay a trip to your nearest Chrysler dealer's showroom. You'll find him willing and eager to submit it to any kind of a riding and driving test you may suggest.

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CHRYSLER FOUR

Western Home Monthly Purchasers' Bureau

FORM

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Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the scalp and hair: free on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Address
Dept. 12, H. CLAY GLOVER CO. Inc.
119-121 Fifth Ave., New York



*You can't comb
out dandruff*

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Trail Riders Form at Jasper

Continued from page 21

Jasper as well as guests at the Lodge who had qualified for one or another of the badges.

The bronze badge, issued to those with authenticated records of fifty miles on horseback over mountain trails, was naturally in greatest demand, but numbers of the silver 100-mile badges; gold 500-mile and gold and enamel for the higher ratings were issued during the day, when some seventy-five persons signed the roll, some of them yet to qualify for their badges.

An organization meeting and pow-wow was held in the Recreation Hall at Jasper Park Lodge in the evening, when officers of the local squadron were elected as follows: President, Major Fred Brewster, M.C.; Secretary, Dick Langford; Trail Committee, T. W. McDonough and Digby Harris. The Trails Committee, together with the other officers of the local squadron, will set the mileages of the various trails in the territory, and will also pass on the qualifications of applicants for the different badges. An annual meeting of the Trail Riders is held at some point in the Rockies each year, in addition to which annual meetings of the local squadrons, with organized rides, are held in the various National Parks.

Harding Memorial Vancouver, B. C.

By J. A. Radford

THE Harding Memorial by Charles Marega, the Vancouver sculptor, will be unveiled by Mr. Herbert Hoover, on the afternoon of September 16, at Stanley Park, Vancouver, B. C., under the auspices of the Kiwanis Clubs of America. Expert Vancouver artisans are now building the foundations, from native materials, west of the bandstand upon a gentle slope north of the Cottage Inn.

It was in this bandstand that the late president gave his last public address, to forty thousand people. It was full of homely truths and expressions of sincere and friendly feelings for Canadians, and extended to them the fraternal greetings of the United States of America. A few days later the world was stunned by the news of his untimely death, and all civilized nations extended their sympathies to the States as they mourned the loss of a truly good and great man.

The unveiling of this Memorial is a sincere tribute to one beloved of a great people and will be of international importance. It is being erected due east and west in the form of the long axis of a true oval and is approached from the south by a series of long steps leading to an open court; at the end of the steps are powerfully modelled eagles in bronze, emblematic of the United States of America. Upon the outer curve of the oval are seats of polished granite. They about the central pedestal, upon which is inscribed the following inscription in intaglio:

"What an object lesson of PEACE is shown today by our two countries to the world. No grim-faced fortifications mark our frontiers, no huge battleships patrol our dividing waters, no stealthy spies lurk in our tranquil border hamlets. Only a scrap of paper, recording hardly more than a single understanding, safeguards lives and properties on the Great Lakes and only humble mile-posts mark the inviolable boundary line for thousands of miles through farm and forest.

"Our protection is our fraternity, our armour is our faith: the tie that binds more firmly year by year is ever increasing acquaintance and comradeship through interchange of citizens; and the compact is not of perishable parchment, but of fair dealing, which, God grant, shall continue for all time."

This Memorial is an Altar of PEACE in granite and bronze. At the top and in

Continued on page 53



Play your game on Monday



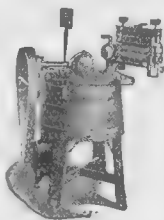
Have you the time?
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Washing done, you can now enjoy Monday afternoon on the links or where you will. This is possible with the

LAUREL ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

It does the work in a quarter of the time with a tenth the effort.

Let your dealer show you the many convenient features of this Laurel Electric, or write us.



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PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Bump vanishes as though by magic. **THEN YOU WILL HAVE BEAUTIFUL FEET.**

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I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address: **KAY LABORATORIES**, Dept. C-627, 166 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

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Practical Courses for young men and young women, open October 27th.

Science Courses leading to a University Degree, open October 13th.

Splendid accommodation in Residence for 400.

Write the Registrar for the Calendar giving full particulars of cost, etc., of above courses and for the circular outlining short courses.

W. C. McKILLICAN, Dean

The Buffalo Migration to the Far North

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused this summer in the shipment of 1,600 buffalo from Wainwright Park to the Barren Lands of northern Alberta, where they were to join the last unconfined herd of buffalo in the world. The reason for the removal of the animals lay in the fact that the herd at Wainwright has increased to such an extent that the park is unable to accommodate the surplus bison, and it was decided that the ten thousand square miles of range country set aside as a preserve, would be an ideal home for them.

The animals were conveyed by rail from Wainwright to Edmonton, and from Edmonton to Waterways, where they were placed on immense, specially constructed barges and towed by river steamers to the rocky beach of La Butte. It was thought they would here disappear into the woods and live happily ever afterwards. However, the buffalo apparently had their own ideas on the matter, and it now appears that hundreds of them are on their way back home.

Fur traders just arrived in Edmonton have seen the animals swimming the

the Peace River by men at present in Edmonton. These say that the buffalo were travelling fast, and were determined not to be balked in the desire to reach their former home.

One party of fur traders in a gasoline boat from Fort Fitzgerald, endeavored to turn them, but speedily gave up the task, when the humor of the migrating buffalo was made plain.

Others of the bands have reached the rock islands near the Demi-Charge Rapids, in the Slave River and remained there.

In all, over 1,600 bison were shipped north, and as yet there is no means of determining how many have headed homewards. Judging from the number seen, the northern traders hazard the opinion that the whole band is on the way back. This is conjecture, however.

Those which are now swimming the streams and crashing through the northern jungles will have but a slim chance of reaching their objective, according to the opinion of the men of the north. They point out the difficult nature of the country to be travelled by animals which have always been accustomed to the



In the Buffalo National Park, Wainwright, Alta.

northern rivers en route to the prairies, this, no doubt accounting for the sudden orders from Ottawa authorities ordering further shipments to cease.

Approximately fifty head of buffalo swam the broad Slave river and, making their way through the northern jungles, have arrived in the vicinity of Fort Chipewyan, on the western end of Lake Athabasca. There they are hemmed in by the broad waters of the lake and the maze of channels and swamps which lie to the west of the post. North men think they will never be able to travel further south from this point. The larger number of the Wainwright buffalo crossed the Peace river near its mouth and headed due south for their former home, 700 miles away. They were seen swimming

prairies, and doubt that they can live off the country once the freeze-up comes.

The rangers at the Wood Bison Park did everything possible to round up the homeward bound buffalo and check their migration, but found the task impossible. According to the northerners, the buffalo "were as wild as sin, and going like sixty."

Several of the wood bison were killed last winter in the Wood Bison Park by unknown hunters, and northerners generally vent the opinion that the Wainwright animals on their way home will be the targets for rifle bullets. Many of the natives and others who hunt in the vast terrain between the Athabasca and the Peace—through which the buffalo will pass—know nothing or little of the laws framed for their protection.

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Good looks instantly in all utensils, glassware, aluminum, tin, brass, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. Send for sample box, 15c; large box, all sizes, 30c postpaid. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept B, Collingwood, Ont.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN to earn \$5 to \$15 weekly in spare time at home. No canvassing. Regular pay cheques. Write Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Toronto. Dept. 41C. 7-26

Harding Memorial, Vancouver, B. C.

Continued from page 52

the centre of the pedestal is a very fine profile of the late president in low relief, with the simple inscription "HARDING" underneath, to the right and left stand Columbia and Canada—classical figures of heroic size, in bronze, with flowing robes and sandaled feet symbolizing the United States and Canada. Each figure holds a pointed elongated shield with modelling in low relief of the American Jack and the Canadian Ensigns. The figures face each other and hold between them a particularly plastic olive branch, emblematic of one hundred years of peace. In the centre of the court, and at a lower level at the back, are semi-circular pools of glacial water from the historic Capilano Canyon, which will reflect, at certain hours of the day, the principal figures, broken here and there by dwarf pads and water lilies. The

back pool is supplied from the mouth of "the king of beasts," emblematic of Greater Britain and her overseas Dominions. Flower beds follow the curve of the foundation and the retaining wall will be covered with Boston ivy. The pools are symbolic of Everlasting Life.

At the unveiling every State is expected to be represented. Short trips to picturesque spots in the neighborhood of Vancouver will be arranged for visiting members of the press.

The good-will of both countries will be enhanced by this memorial aiding the onward march of civilization and the International Brotherhood of Man.

Flower-like

Sympathetic Housewife to tramp: "My poor man, how do you live?"
Tramp: "Just like a orchid, mum, on the air and the dew."

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Kraft-MacLaren Cheese Co. Ltd., Montreal.
Send me free recipe book.

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Buy your
Apples
as they Come!

Only as shipment after shipment is actually on the cars and moving toward the Prairies can the growers guarantee O. K. Apples to you. The crop is short, but the quality was never better. Especially should you order a box—or several boxes—of O. K. Wealthy Apples, which are at their best in September and early October. Better ring up your merchant NOW and have him speak to his wholesaler for you.

O. K. Wealthy Apples are fine for all purposes that apples can be put to. Let the youngsters take them to school every day—it makes them healthy!

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There's a Variety for every need

Women's Institute Reports

A Message from the Honorary President Mrs. David Watt

The Federation of Women's Institutes of Canada stands for "Co-operation"—co-operation amongst the provinces from coast to coast.

Co-operation, comradeship and the spirit of helpfulness dominating every local Women's Institute in Canada is the ideal of every member alive to her duty of service to her community. Women's Institute ideals serve in the broadening of our vision, so that we more readily realize our duty to our organization, which is trying to carry out those things that further the advancement of our country's interests.

Members of the Women's Institute, keep on working for these ideals as set before you! Do not think that, because you are not achieving big things all at once, you are not of much use. The little things count in the end. The co-operation of active women will make our country, our community, better places to live in. Co-operation not only among our women but between men and women alike is needed today everywhere.

John Stewart well said that the depth of the civilization of any people is measured by its ability to co-operate.

JENNIE M. WATT

Alberta Institutes

ONE of the most important aims of the Alberta Women's Institutes at the present time is getting ready for an exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto—this exhibit to be known as the Alberta Pantry. In it will be home-grown products or food stuffs, inclusive of vegetables and fruit, dairy, meat, etc.—all grown or raised or made in Alberta. This exhibit will be assembled in Edmonton and transported, free of charge, to the exhibition by the Canadian National Railways. It will be accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Stewart, of Peace River, a member of the provincial executive, a very able and entertaining speaker. The provincial executive is appealing to W.I. branches for donations to support this work—which will mean wide publicity for Alberta. Two of the first branches to respond have been in the south—Langdon, which sent \$5.00 and United Prairie at Warner. As the exhibit has to be in Toronto by the end of August W.I.'s are urged to send in their help at once.

"Should Eastern and Western Canada have Separate Governments," was the subject of a debate held recently at a meeting of the Eagle Hill W.I. Mrs. Arneson was the leader of the affirmative and Mrs. Pearn the negative. No decision was reached by the judges and it was agreed to try this subject again.

Queenston W.I. discussed the improving of the municipal park at Lake McGregor, at the last meeting of this branch. The members were in favor of planting shade trees and erecting a pavilion and rest room.

Garden Prairie W.I. will raise money for prizes for the Barons' School Fair and will give a dance in Barons in August, when a quilt made by the W.I. will be raffled off. A girls' club has been discussed, but no definite move made yet in this direction. Mrs. Alcock of Champion was a speaker last month, her topic being "Education."

Aldersyde W.I. arranged a joint constituency picnic to be held at the Okotoks Picnic Grounds this month. The Dominion Home Bureau Department was discussed, but left until after the Dinton meeting, to which the members were invited this month.

Better Days W.I. (Grassy Lake) had a Better Baby Clinic under its auspices last month, when seven children were examined by Miss MacMillan and Miss Emerson. Other activities of this branch include talks on "Legislation" by Mrs. G. Johnson, "The School Curriculum" by the School Principal, who exhibited watercolor and other art work done by the pupils, while he also gave selections on the ukelele; and arrangements were made for a basketry course to be conducted by Mrs. Wood July 21st to 23rd.

Coleman W.I. is taking the responsibility of organizing the school fair and raising the money for prizes. The first money-making event was the selling of refreshments on the July 1st sports' day.

Last month the Champion W.I. entertained delightfully all the eleven branches in the Little Bow Constituency, there being about one hundred and twenty-five

present. A short programme consisting of musical numbers, addresses and a talk on "The Development of Teeth" by Dr. McIntyre was given. Mrs. J. N. Beaubier and Mrs. F. C. Alcock spoke on W.I. work. A later meeting was held during the month to complete arrangements for the short course in millinery, which is being held in July. It was voted to postpone the school clinic until early in the new year on account of examinations.

Sixteen children under school age were examined at a baby clinic held last month under the auspices of the Coaldale W.I.

Taber W.I. invited the members of the Barnwell and Kinniburgh W.I.'s to its last meeting to hear the convention report, as neither of these branches were able to send a delegate. Mrs. E. V. Rose gave a very interesting account and at the next meeting is going to demonstrate the making of the fireless cooker. This branch had a baby clinic last month and is planning a millinery course next month. Over two hundred trees were planted in the cemetery last year and these are all doing well and have made a great improvement.

United Prairie W.I. at Warner is planning a box social to raise funds for a piano. Other activities of this branch include: a school picnic the last day of school, the secretary purchasing five gallons of ice cream for this occasion; voting one dollar to help pay the expense of a speaker to accompany the exhibit of the Alberta Pantry at the Canadian Exhibition; two talks, one on "Growth of Small Fruits" by Mrs. Fred Warner, and "Marketing Eggs" by Mrs. Fred Dannett; and the report of the convention by Mrs. Dunk. Mrs. Harry Graham has invited the Institute to hold its July meeting at her home in Lethbridge, this being accepted.

Each first of July, the schools of the district are the guests of the Garrington W.I. This year the rally was held in the Garrington school and a good crowd of parents, children and friends was present. After games, a short patriotic programme was rendered, this including a talk by Mr. Gilmour on "The League of Nations." Another feature of the programme was the singing of our national songs, the words of these being written on the blackboard. Refreshments were then served, these including ice cream for all and a bag of candies and nuts for each child.

Lougheed W.I. is giving prizes of books for punctuality and efficiency to the school. At last month's meeting a committee was appointed to look after the matter of this branch doing its share in the "Alberta Pantry" exhibit, which will be put on at the Toronto National Exhibition this fall.

Oyen W.I. made the sum of \$30.00 by co-operating with the local music teacher in the way of advertising, patronage and serving refreshments. A special prize has been offered for the best collection of work done by any W.I. member and entered at the fall fair. Several members have offered to give canned wild fruit and vegetables for the "Alberta Pantry" exhibit.

Eighteen contestants entered an elocution contest put on by the *Independence W.I. (Busby)* last month. There were four classes, boys and girls from eleven to fifteen years, and girls and boys under eleven. Silver medals were awarded to the firsts in each class and bronze medals to the seconds.

Mahaska W.I. members are very pleased that a temporary resident nurse is being sent to the community in answer to an application made to the Government, by the Institute. Money was voted to arranging comfortable quarters for her.

Stoney Plain W.I. is encouraging a garden club within its ranks, the members to have entries in the horticultural show in August. An interesting programme was held recently, when each member gave a two minutes talk on a subject drawn from a box.

Institutes that perform real service work to their various communities are included in the following news notes:

Mirror Library W.I. members planted trees and flowers in the cemetery last month.

Leedale branch donated money to a needy mother to buy milk for her baby.

Kimiwan W.I. at McLennan is considering a scheme for placing drains in the village and if possible will finance this.

Horseshoe Canyon branch is paying the hospital bills of a boy who had to be sent to Edmonton for treatment.

Hillsdown Valley branch is placing honor rolls in the schools in the district.

Grande Prairie W.I. is planning a play and musical contest in order to help defray the expenses of the local Board of Trade delegates to Ottawa.



Miss Isobel Noble, Supervisor Alberta W. I. Girls' Clubs

Erskine has purchased linoleum and paint for the floor of the rest-room. This branch has also helped finance the improvement of the cemetery.

Conjuring Lake branch is purchasing three more dozen cups and saucers for community use.

Sibbald has purchased 26 second-hand books for the W.I. library.

Gadsby branch has had the town hall painted and new stage curtains set up.

A little over a year ago the *Langdon W.I.* decided to buy the building known as the old bank building for the sum of \$500.00. The members then got busy and by having a series of plays, card parties, etc., the building is now completely paid for.

Sunnynook W.I. presented a W.I. bride with a gift at the last meeting and also a spoon to a new baby.

Starline W.I. (Clareholm) which did not meet for several months in the spring has resumed activities. The members are busy sewing for a bazaar, which will be held this summer.

Shouldice, a new branch, has purchased a piano for the community hall, this costing \$475.00. One dance has been given and another planned to raise funds for this.

Standard W.I. has voted first and second prizes for the senior and junior

boys and girls at the school fair, the classifications decided later.

Southern Prairie W.I. has purchased curtains for three schools in the community.

Eastway W.I. came to the rescue recently in the case of a mother of twin babies. She was not prepared for two so the W.I. got busy and made her more clothes for the new Albertans.

Patricia W.I. has taken on a practical programme of community work, this including purchasing playground equipment for the C.G.I.T., arranging for beautifying the cemetery and furnishing a rest room in town. Mrs. C. D. Tuttle and Mrs. Campbell brought home interesting convention reports.

Champion W.I. is entertaining all the branches in the Little Bow Constituency in Campbell's hall this month and at the last meeting appointed committees to carry out arrangements. Other plans of this active branch include voting \$10.00 as a relief fund to a fire-stricken family, arranging a school clinic in June, and a decision to hold a flower show for the children in September, the sum of \$10.00 to be expended in flowers. At last month's meeting, held at the home of Mrs. Barker, there was a dress competition, seventeen being turned in.

Alberta W. I. Girls' Clubs Hold Second Annual Camp Conference

EARLY in July eighty-two girls, officers and members of the Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Clubs, gathered at Banff to hold their Second Annual National Parks Camp Conference. The meeting place, chosen by the executive, was the attractive Y.W.C.A. bungalow camp, situated on the first rise of Tunnel Mountain. Here for three glorious days, that happy band of young delegates carried through the fine programme of their convention under the direction of their enthusiastic supervisor, Miss Isobel Noble, of Daysland, Alta., who was the originator of the camp conference idea, and whose untiring efforts have brought the yearly gatherings to such a successful issue.

One could not help admiring the businesslike way in which the meetings, presided over by the young president, Miss Minnie Page, of Huxley, were conducted. Among many helpful things the girls learned how to gather suitable subjects and material for their club meetings from Miss Jessie McMillan, head of the Home Bureau of the Alberta Department of Agriculture, had their eyes opened to the wonders of the mountains, their formation and flora, by Mr. Wilfred McAllister, of the Alberta University, and took their "daily dozen" each morning before breakfast with their instructress, Miss Ramsay, of the Calgary public school staff.

That was not all they did by any means, for they hiked, climbed mountains, swam in the sulphur pools and saw all the interesting sights of that beautiful Rocky Mountain resort, including the Park Museum, the bears and the buffalo, the government Fish Hatchery and the Banff Springs Hotel where the management arranged for the girls to see everything from the suite occupied by the Prince of Wales when he visits Canada, to the electrified laundry. Besides all this they motored to Lake Louise and climbed more mountains, engaging in a snow ball battle on the shores of Lake Agnes above the clouds. Tired? Of course they were—that happy tired that makes a camp cot feel like a bed of roses, and sends one off to sleep with pleasant anticipation of what the next day will bring.

Primarily the girls journeyed from all parts of the province to present and hear reports of the year's progress in club work. From as far north as the town of McLennan in the Peace River country, came six delegates who represented a W.I. Girls' club only organized last October. Such splendid spirit, such zeal for all that the club means to the rural girl, marked every session as the programme progressed. Each delegate seemed to have appreciated the responsibility she had assumed on her initiation, in subscribing to the A.W.I. Girls' Club code. This is what every member promises to live up to:

Continued on page 56

From this Unique Tree comes the World's Finest and Hardest Floor Wax

In the tropical, sun-baked forests of Brazil grows a giant, palm-like tree, called by the natives the "Carnauba Tree."

On its huge leaves, measuring two to three feet in width, comes a substance which the blazing sun bakes to a hard brittle wax.

For years this valuable material passed unnoticed until science discovered in it all the long desired qualities of an ideal floor polishing wax. It was found to give floors a lustrous, durable, practically waterproof finish obtainable with no other wax.

This Brazilian Carnauba Wax now forms the base of the wonderful new floor wax known as CHAN. It is scientifically blended with a small amount of bees wax and other softer waxes to make its application easy, rapid and economical.

A one-pound tin of Chan will cover over 1000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than ordinary floor waxes. It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors real protection.

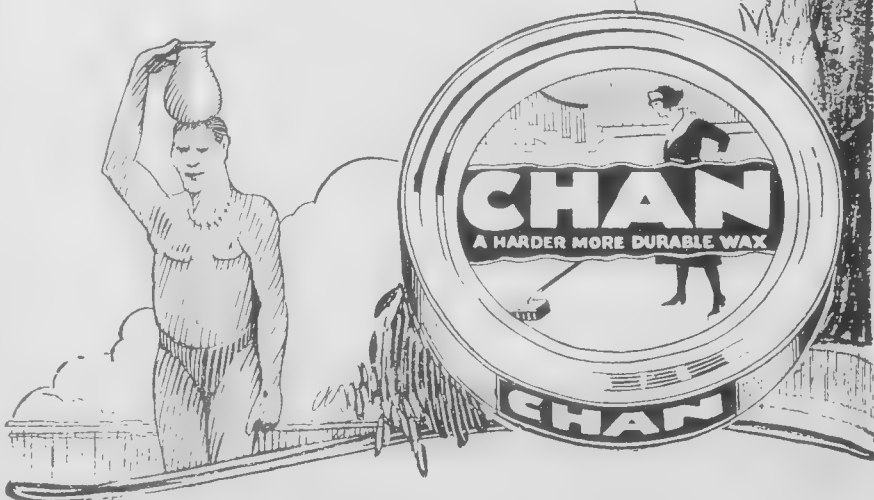
Your hardware man can supply Chan in tins of ½ lb. 40c, 1 lb. 75c, 3 lb. \$2.00, 5 lb. \$3.25.

SEND 10c FOR TRIAL TIN

Upon receipt of 10c to cover postage and mailing we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, sufficient to polish a medium-sized room.

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PUTS BEEF INTO YOU



17-25

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried many ways to get rid of it—all kinds of dipilatories, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought my case was hopeless until I found a simple but effective method which has brought such great relief and joy to me and to other women that they really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only free from superfluous hair, but smooth and soft, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid; not a razor, not electricity. It will remove the superfluous hair and make the skin soft, smooth and attractive.

With this method, used according to directions I will give you, your trouble and embarrassment with superfluous hair will be over. You will never again appear with that ugly growth to disfigure your face.

So overjoyed was I with the results this method brought to me that I gave it my own name—Lanzette.

Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 93 Church Street, Dept. C-36 Toronto, Canada.



THE UNUSUAL

So universal is the reputation of *Dominion College Students* for accomplishing the unusual in *Shorthand and Bookkeeping* competitions and examinations, that the unusual no longer excites surprise. That's why it pays to attend the

Dominion Business College

301-2-3 New Enderton Bldg. (Next to Eaton's)

WINNIPEG

Individual Instruction

Write for Free Prospectus

Alberta W. I. Girls Clubs Hold Second Annual Conference

Continued from page 55

A. W. I. Guild Club Code

I pledge my best effort and thought to home and country, that a happy future for Canada and her people may be assured.

I promise to continually bear in mind my duty as a member of the home circle and a responsible citizen.

I promise to take my full part in the work of the Alberta Women's Institute Girls' Club that the ideals of wholesome helpful womanhood for which it stands may be upheld.

I promise to be tolerant of others' efforts and not criticize, that I may in no way hurt or cause unhappiness to my fellow club members or neighbors.

I promise to be on time at all our meetings, and to willingly do what I am asked to do as an example to other members.

I promise to keep the peace both in and out of our meetings. As far as in my power lies, I will do nothing that will mar the harmony of our club life.

One of the big features of the conference was the display of bread, hand-made house dresses, and darning, all made and brought to Banff by the members to enter in the various contests. Winners in these classes were: Bread, Miss Bennett, Lundbreck; Hand-made House Dress, Evelyn Gathercole, Eagle Hill; Darning, Ada Harrow, Eagle Hill. There was also an essay contest won by Helen Bromley,

of McLennan. Langdon won the prize for the club bringing in the best report of its year's work.

It was decided to have a home furnishing contest for the next conference, the entries to be scrap-books illustrated with colored pictures of interiors cut from magazines, and samples of wall-paper and curtain materials to carry out the color scheme of each room. The type of house is to be a five-room bungalow, and the cost of furnishing is limited to \$500. Topics selected for the essay were, "The Founding of Calgary" and "Careers for Girls."

On the closing day elections were held and the following girls chosen as officers: President, Miss Minnie Page, of Huxley; vice-president, Miss Nellie Campbell, of Olds; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Clara Johnson, of Alliance. Directors, Annette Benoit, McLennan; Selma Ekstrom, Leduc; Minnie Tyler, Alliance; Margaret Ross, Granum. Publicity Convener Gladys Ricker, Alliance.

As a grand finale to the club conference, the girls attended the opening of the Calgary 50th Jubilee celebration on July 6th, when they were the guests of the Calgary Women's Institute and The Hudson's Bay Co. Next year the conference will be held at Jasper Park, and already the various clubs are planning to send their membership 100 per cent strong.

Reports of Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs

Ryerson Club which is only a year old, has spent the year in working up social activities and amusements. They have also looked after the sick.

Simpson has been working for beautification of their cemetery. They have a good library.

Stewart Club has had a Baby Clinic—also a course in Dressmaking and Millinery.

Stony Brook Club is planning for a Nursing course. They have had good papers on First Aid, Gardening, Cookery, etc.

Stewart Valley Club has built additions to two school-houses represented in their Club district. The school trustees paid half the expenses of the building. The Club has furnished dishes, etc., for community uses, and they hold their meetings in these built-on parts, at one school or at the other.

Kelso is purchasing a piano.

Wolseley held a Flower Show. Have sent contributions of cash, clothing, etc., to Sanatorium, Home for the Infirm, Institute for the Blind, and have also done a vast amount of Relief Work.

Nolin Club, North Battleford, has been busy with relief work during the whole winter.

Plenty has forty-one members. They support a village Library.

Progressive Club, Preeceville, helps Canora Hospital.

Quill Lake Club, although consisting of only sixteen members has had a busy year. The following represent some of their activities: Contributing fruit and flowers to the sick in the neighbourhood; a crate of 30 dozen eggs sent to Qu'Appelle Sanatorium; conducting a baby clinic at which 30 children were examined; supporting a nurse and small cottage hospital for three months to help the village doctor. Added to this they have purchased forty shares of stock in the new Nursing Home which Quill Lake is establishing at the stimulation of the Homemakers' Club.

Richard H.M.C. is co-operating with the Agricultural Society in sending two delegates to the Girls' Camp in May. They are soon having a course in Dressmaking and Millinery. They are doing considerable relief work. They directed a community vaccination. One of their members gave an excellent paper on Nutrition.

Springside Club has only fifteen members, but they are very active. The District Convention of this year was held there. They have a Library and have been doing a great deal of relief work this year.

Swanston H.M.C. (Govan) has twenty-nine members. They have been busy looking after sick and needy people and have sent contributions to the Children's Shelter and the Sanatorium.

Warrior Club, Eaton, patronizes the Open Shelf Library. They have done a great deal of relief work.

Results of Subscription Contest

DURING the month of July we staged a subscription contest exclusively for secretaries of the various branches of the Women's Institutes and Homemakers' Clubs located in the four Western provinces. Three cash prizes were offered, in addition to fifteen consolation gifts. Quite a number took part in what turned out to be a most successful contest from every point of view. The judges decided the winners as follows:

1st Prize, \$20.00

Mrs. A. F. White, Plato, Sask.

2nd Prize

As there was a tie for second place, the prize of \$15.00 has been divided between the two winners.

Mrs. Thos. C. Johns, Zelma, Sask.

Mrs. Anna Shotwell, Erskine, Alta.

15 Consolation Prizes, value \$1.00

Mrs. E. A. Hutchings, Elva, Man.
Mrs. Wm. Howe, Jasper, Alta.
Mrs. Minerva Andrews, Warspite, Alta.
Miss M. A. Chapman, Hesketh, Alta.
Mrs. J. M. Pellant, Ratner, Sask.
Mrs. Geo. G. Spence, Winnipegosis, Man.
Miss Mabel Newman, Delia, Alta.
Mrs. W. E. Gray, Nutana, Sask.
Mrs. Eva M. Ailsly, Blumenhof, Sask.
Mrs. C. H. McDougall, Edmonton, Alta.
Mrs. J. S. Stephens, Balcarres, Sask.
Mrs. G. Thibault, Mountain Park, Alta.
Mrs. W. S. Alexander, Girvin, Sask.
Miss Northcott, Trochu, Alta.
Mrs. A. Hall, Lestock, Sask.

To the winners, our congratulations.

To the losers, better luck next time.

Manitoba Reports

NOTE: The monthly reports which come to us contain interesting bits of news. These notes are just these bits gathered together. We think that those interested in the work of the Institutes will find them interesting and worth reading.

Esther Thompson

We include as many as possible and regret that we cannot always make room for them all.

Arrow River—The 1925 District Convention was held in Arrow River. The W.I. members were busy during May and June arranging a programme and preparing to receive and entertain the delegates. Their efforts were blessed; June 5th was a perfect day, enabling a large number of delegates and visitors to attend the convention.

Ashern—The people of Ashern gathered on May 12th to lay the corner stone for the hall which the W.I. is busy building. Before long we shall report the formal opening of the hall. We are watching with great interest what is being done by the Ashern W.I.

Atimoh Girls' Club sent a gift of money to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp.

Austin—The members held a lawn social and dance; the proceeds were given to the cemetery fund. We note that the members frequently play the role of the Good Samaritan.

Arizona—The members have been considering finishing and painting the W.I. Hall; perhaps the hall is wearing a new coat by now.

Avonlea W.I. has just held its annual picnic.

Belmont—"The Care and Storing of Clothing" and "Styles" were topics of papers read at recent meetings.

Balmoral W.I. has thought for some time of entertaining the pioneers of the district. A picnic will be held in July, and the pioneers will be guests of honor at this gathering.

Basswood—A demonstration on the making of rugs was a part of the programme of a recent meeting. We hope the members will become interested and make various kinds of rugs.

Beausejour W.I. has been busy. The members are interested in the cemetery and voted \$58.00 for upkeep and improvements. They have also built two tennis courts, which cost approximately \$125.00. We need more and better community play grounds, and we congratulate Beausejour on the building of the tennis courts. The W.I. is also entertaining the teachers before they leave.

Birtle—It is not easy to report in a brief note the work of the Birtle W.I. New dishes have been purchased for the rest room. The hospital committee has been busy making men's nightshirts. \$10.00 has been voted to the Agricultural Fair to be awarded to the W.I. members, who with the sum of 50 cents present the best display. We are interested in this idea and would like to hear more about it.

Beulah—We are interested in the resolution passed by the Beulah W.I. "Whereas, pioneers are passing every day, be it so resolved that we take immediate steps to collect authentic stories about the life of the early settlers." We are glad that the Beulah W.I. is doing this. We wish all the organizations would become interested in the collecting of these stories which have historic and literary value, which we have not at present.

Bowman W.I. is busy paying for a piano, but are not too busy to be interested in the Great War Veterans' Hospital which is being built at Swan River, or to remember those who are being married or leaving the community with gifts.

Carman W.I. presented a small sum of money to the local band which is to be used in buying music stands. The members visited one of the grandmothers who was celebrating her 88th birthday. We might add that they did not forget to bring something for grandma.

Clearwater—The District Convention was held at Clearwater, so the members have been very busy for a long time thinking of all the things we think of when expecting company.

Charleswood W.I. seems to be thinking of children just now. A gift has been sent to the "Save the Children Fund," and a sum is being raised for the Baby Clinic.

Crandall W.I. enjoyed an address on "Beautifying the Town." The members expressed their good wishes to one of the teachers who is leaving by presenting her with a small gift.

Coulter W.I. spent a day in the cemetery planting bulbs, shrubs and flowers.

Cromarty—"Les Miserables" was reviewed by a member. We think the review of the book is an excellent programme for a meeting.

Decker W. I. is another of those organizations which does a great deal along many lines making it difficult to report activities. Work done by the blind was sold. A concert was given; the proceeds were donated to the local Boys' and Girls' Club. A sum of money was also sent to the Gimli Fresh Air Camp.

Deloraine—"Home and Mothers" was the topic dealt with by three speakers at a recent meeting of the Deloraine W.I.

Dugald W.I. has been busy preparing to receive a British family.

Elkhorn—Two of the teachers of the Elkhorn School addressed the W.I. on "The relation of the school to the home."

Elphinstone W.I. held a tennis tournament in June; a play was given on the evening of the tournament. The W.I. is considering buying a piece of land for a recreation ground and are busy raising money for this.



Miss Esther Thompson Director, Women's Extension Service of Manitoba

Ellenville W.I. held a birthday party in June, and took this opportunity of selling work done by the blind. Donations were sent to the Hamiota Agricultural Fair and the Gimli Fresh Air Camp.

Ewart W.I. has purchased chairs for the hall.

Foxwarren W.I. has had the rest room decorated. This society has also published a Cook Book, which is a compilation of special recipes supplied by the members.

Gimli W.I. is busy preparing for a bazaar to be held in July.

Gypsumville W.I. has made two quilts which are to be sold.

Gladstone W.I. catered to a banquet given to the delegates attending the Rebekah Convention.

Harding W.I. members enjoyed three demonstrations given by three members on plain salads, fancy salads and cool drinks for summer.

Inwood W.I. reports doing what the right hand should not know, hence we cannot say anything about it.

Isabella—One of the members who was a nurse in Malta during the war gave an account of her trip from London to Malta.

Lenore W.I. members appreciate the value of papers and addresses; they have enjoyed a number this year.

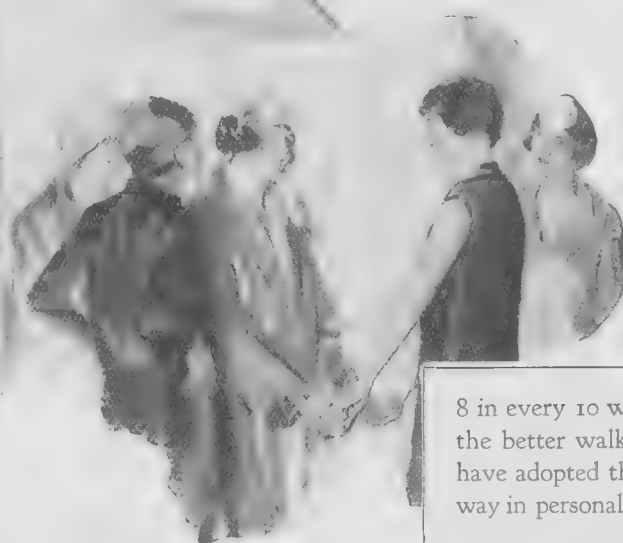
Mayfield W.I. held an Ice Cream Social and Pantry Sale.

Morris W.I. is planning to study for a period one theme; we shall be interested to know the subject chosen.

Continued on page 58

Have These Women Solved a Hygienic Problem

that still remains a serious one to you?



8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted this NEW way in personal hygiene

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

IN the grand foyer of the Metropolitan Opera, at Chateau Lake Louise, the Chateau Frontenac . . . pick ten women at random anywhere, and if you could ask them . . . eight would tell you that they employ this new way in personal hygiene.

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Obtain Kotex today at any department or drug store, in sanitary packages of 12, in two sizes: the Regular, and Kotex Super (extra thick). You ask for them without hesitancy simply by saying "Kotex."

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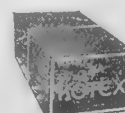


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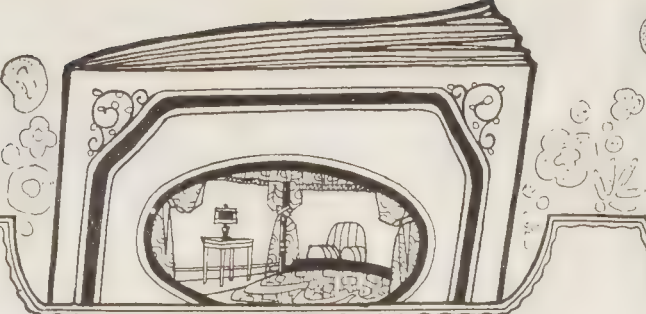
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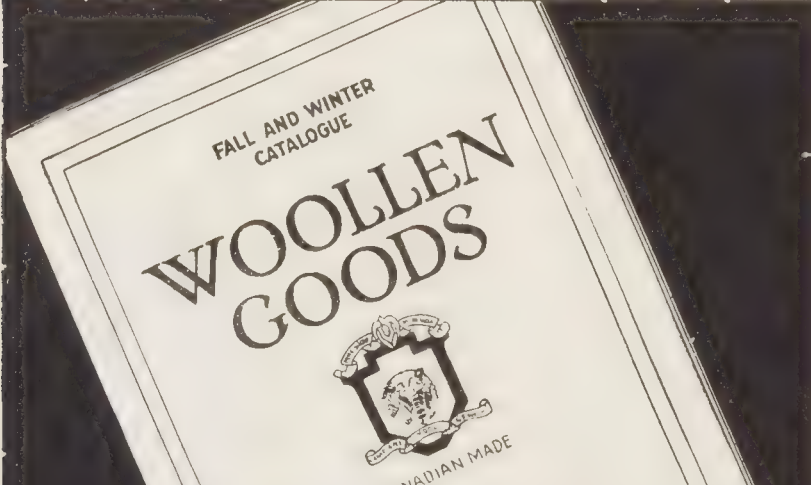
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Manitoba Reports

Continued from page 57

Elwa W.I. is cherishing a dream—a Memorial Hall, and now and then they have a social function to raise money for the hall fund.

Emerson W.I. has purchased a lantern and day-time screen for the Emerson school that the children may have slides to assist them in their work.

Elm Creek W.I. has had the swings at the school repaired for the little tots. Something has also been done to improve the park.

Endcliffe W.I. has purchased a sanitary foundation for the school. The members are busy getting ready for a bazaar.

Hamiota W.I. enjoyed a paper on Australia prepared by a Winnipeg teacher who taught for a year in Melbourne, Australia.

Kenton W.I. welcomed a British family. The members enjoyed a trip abroad; two speakers told them about their recollections of Ireland and England.

Lake Francis W.I. has been busy for months building a community hall which was opened on May 25th.

Langruth—Papers prepared by members are an important feature of the Langruth W.I. The members are visiting strangers and other women in the community, who are not members, inviting them to join the society. We think this is a splendid idea.

La Riviere W.I. had a course in Home Nursing. The members served a luncheon on Fair Day. They have also canvassed their community and have raised a good sum for the Temperance Alliance.

Makaroff W.I. is busy preparing a Home Crafts Exhibition, which will be held this fall. We shall all be interested to know more about this exhibit.

Manitou—“So Big” was reviewed by one of the members of the Manitou W.I. Books, when well reviewed, are most helpful and we are glad to know that the members enjoyed “So Big.”

Medora W.I. is endeavoring to arrange to have the school children examined; we hope the members manage to have this done.

Melita W.I. is very interested in Child Welfare, and organized a Child Conference which was held at the Melita Fair.

Minitonas—The District Convention was held at Minitonas and the members were busy for a long time preparing the programme and all the good things which the delegates and visitors enjoyed.

Minnedosa W.I. had a debate; the subject was: Resolved that parents are justified in taking children over 14 years of age out of school when needed at home. It appears that this was not considered justifiable for the negative won.

Napinka has had a busy time; we think the members have earned a holiday. The District Convention was held in Napinka, and all who attended called it a very good convention. After that they had Home Nursing Course. This is just a part of the programme of the Napinka W.I.

Oak River W.I. enjoyed a paper on the “Life of Lincoln.” As yet there is not a memorial in Oak River. The W.I. is considering what form it shall take; we are interested to know what they decide to do.

Pilot Mound—The Home Economics Committee provided the programme for the meeting; the making of braided rugs, cushions and table covers was demonstrated. A sum of money was set aside to buy tickets to the Chatauqua for the children who could not otherwise attend. The rest room is being re-decorated. Pilot Mound is a very busy W.I.

Pipestone W.I. is a busy organization and works along a number of lines. A Sports Day was held in June and the W.I. served dinner.

Portage—The District Convention was held at Portage. The convention proved to be a red letter day; we all had a most happy time and carried away many helpful ideas.

Ranchvale W.I. is holding a bazaar in August. Each member has been given \$1.00 which she is to develop into something for the bazaar. “The Women of Red River” is to be reviewed—an article at each meeting. The W.I. has bought an old church which is being remodeled and will be used as a community hall.

Reston W.I. has been doing so much during the past weeks that we do not know how to tell you about it. The District Convention was held at Reston. Those who had the good fortune to attend felt glad they had come. The W.I. served lunch at the Chatauqua and made \$160.00.

Roblin W.I. appointed a committee to prepare recommendations and present these to the Reviewing Committee when it met in Roblin. The members are studying the lives of great women. Pauline Johnson's Life and Poems were the topic of the last programme. A Health Conference will be held at the Roblin Fair under the auspices of the W.I.

Rosburn—The District Convention was held at Rosburn. The plans made by many to attend were abandoned when it began to rain. Those who were able to come enjoyed the hospitality of the Rosburn W.I.

Rosser—The Public Health Nurse has consented to give a series of talks to the W.I., the first two have already been given.

Souris—Temperance and the need of teaching children the effect of alcohol was discussed by the Souris W.I.

Sprague—A gift of money was sent to the Gimli Fresh Air Camp; a second sum may follow at a later date.

Strathclair—Dr. Stewart addressed the members of the W.I. and friends on infectious diseases. Dr. Stewart explained the nature of certain diseases and the care of patients having these.

Swan Lake—A play “Safety First” was put on by the W.I. The W.I. is also hoping to arrange a Baby Clinic to be held this summer.

Whitewater—The members are interested in the experiences of the early settlers, and enjoyed a paper on “Pioneer Days.”

Winnipeg W.I. held a sale of work done by the blind and served a luncheon and afternoon tea. \$204.00 was received by the Treasurer; this sum was handed to the Institute for the Blind.

Winnipegosis—Resolved, that the dress of sixty years ago was better than the dress of today was the subject debated by members of the Winnipegosis W.I. We are told it was very funny, and that those who do not come to regular meetings came to hear this. The District Convention was held at Winnipegosis. The members must have been very busy, for they seemed to have thought of everything which would add to the comfort and entertainment of the delegates and the visitors.

Jack Miner to Visit Manitoba

Jack Miner, famous naturalist, author and lecturer, is coming to Manitoba under the auspices of the Manitoba Boys' Work Board. He is the one who is known throughout the world as the man who made the wild goose tame. He is a remarkable personality, a splendid lecturer and he carries with him films indicating his wonderful work in attracting wild geese and white swans to his bird sanctuary by the thousand. The work that he has instituted for the benefit of our migrating birds is unique in the history of the world. Below is a schedule of the dates on which he is expected to lecture in the various districts.

SCHEDULE OF DATES JACK MINER'S LECTURES

Dist. 15	Emerson	Friday	Sept. 25
Dist. 13	Stonewall	Saturday	Sept. 26
Dist. 14	Winnipeg	Mon., Tues.	Sept. 28, 29
Dist. 8	Brandon	Wednesday	Sept. 30
Dist. 9	Portage	Thursday	Oct. 1
Dist. 2	Dauphin	Friday	Oct. 2
Dist. 1	Swan River	Monday	Oct. 5
Dist. 7	Neebawa	Tuesday	Oct. 6
Dist. 3	Birtle	Wednesday	Oct. 7
Dist. 3	Hamiota	Thursday	Oct. 8
Dist. 5	Virden	Friday	Oct. 9
Dist. 6	Deloraine	Monday	Oct. 12
Dist. 11	Killarney	Tuesday	Oct. 13
Dist. 11	Pilot Mound	Wednesday	Oct. 14
Dist. 22	Carman	Thursday	Oct. 15
Dist. 10	Glenboro	Friday	Oct. 16

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the settlers. Lind sketched them to him in brief, sharp outlines. He was amused by her observations.

"The Sandbogs are your nearest neighbors," she informed him, "Mrs. Sandbo thinks she is happy in the death of her husband, but in reality he is more alive now than he ever was."

She told him of the Gares and the leaden spell that seemed to hang over them all.

"Judith is a beautiful creature. She's like a—wild horse, more than anything I know of. But Caleb doesn't give her a moment to herself even to think in. I seldom get near her, much as I should like to know her better."

"Hm—you could do a lot for the girl I should think, if you got the chance," said Mark. He told her a little of himself, of his upbringing among the priests in whose care he had been left upon the death of his father, whom he did not remember; the little he knew of his mother, an English gentlewoman who had died while he was still an infant; of his profession, and his hope of returning to the city at the end of six months with renewed impetus to work. And Lind in turn told him of how she had happened to come here, and of her resolve to stay in spite of the rancor of Caleb Gare and the terrible oppression in his household.

Lind finally whisked the dishes off the table and washed them, while Mark dried and set them in a neat row in the cupboard. Then Lind looked out the window and observed that the rain had nearly stopped.

"Mrs. Gare will think I am at Sandbogs, and will not worry. But I must be getting home," she said. Mark took his cap and coat off the wall and they went out together. There was still a thin rain and the trees were great watery blots against the darkening sky.

Mark fed and watered Lind's pony, then saddled a horse for himself. Lind stood in the dark stable while he got ready. There was a snug intimacy about the low-ceilinged log barn with the drip of the rain faintly audible on the roof, that made Lind doubly aware of Mark's nearness.

He did not bother to light a lantern for the saddling of his horse. He worked hastily in the darkness lest the feeling he had toward this unaccountable girl should sweep him off his feet completely. When he was ready he walked the horse out, brushing against Lind who did not at once see him. The brief contact made his heart beat unreasonably.

With the sensitive rain on their faces, they rode down the wood trail, the horses side by side.

Although he had intended turning back long before, Mark rode with Lind over the miles that led to the Gare farm. The rain stopped and finally overhead a great billow of hurrying cloud broke and revealed a misty star. From the northern swamps came a solitary hollow call, as if it was blown by a wind. It was the honking of a belated wild goose, the last to fly over the land to the half-frozen marshes of the remoter north. Lind and Mark listened, standing still, then looked at each other. Suddenly, it seemed, the air had cleared, and the night stood over them, wide, infinite, transparent as a strange dream.

AMELIA was getting a pail of water from the well when Lind returned.

"Have you had supper, Miss Archer?" she asked as Lind came up to her. There was an almost anxious note in Amelia's voice.

"Yes, thanks, I have," Lind replied rather breathlessly. She was flushed and preoccupied after taking leave of Mark Jordan.

Amelia looked after her keenly. Lind turned suddenly and came back to give the woman a hand with the pail.

"I've had an adventure tonight, Mrs. Gare," Lind confided. "I've been riding with a most interesting man, and a handsome one, too."

Amelia smiled. She thought Lind was joking. "Who is he? He must have dropped down with the rain."

"He is Klovacz's hired man—just for a while. Out here for his health, or his nerves, rather. He's not a farm hand by nature, of course," Lind told her, and then could have bitten her tongue through for her thoughtless words. Intuitively she felt Amelia wince.

"What is his name?"

"Oh, what is it, anyway? Jordan—Mark Jordan," Lind said.

Wild Geese

Continued from page 10

"Wh-what?"

"Mark Jordan," Lind repeated, pulling at the pail which seemed suddenly to have thrown all its weight into her hand. Amelia paused for a moment as if she were staring at something in the dark pasture beyond the fence.

"What is it?" Lind asked, looking in the same direction.

For a moment Amelia stood dumb. Her hand on the pail was limp.

"Do you see anything, Mrs. Gare?" Lind urged, glancing at her.

The woman's face in the indefinite light was expressionless, stony. When Lind spoke the second time, she started, and jerked at the handle of the pail.

"No—no. . . I thought I saw something. Bears around," she murmured. "Martin must tend to those sheep pens."

They went indoors and Lind released the pail.

Caleb was reading his weekly agriculture journal in the light of the lamp in the sitting room. After she had removed her outer clothing Lind came and sat at the table also, laying out her work for the morrow. Caleb did not glance up or speak to her. Lind had the feeling that he disapproved of her being absent from meals. She smiled to herself.

Amelia entered the room and changed the chimney of the lamp, polishing the one she had taken off with a woolen cloth. During the momentary flickering of the light Caleb hitched his shoulders impatiently.

Amelia spoke to Caleb lightly about the good amount of rain that had fallen, and casually mentioned the fact that she would soon have to be sending to the mail order for garden seed. Caleb made no response but shifted his position finally so that his back was almost directly toward her. Amelia smiled at the teacher, almost mischievously. Lind had never before seen her in this lively, self-possessed mood. She wondered what had caused it.

The others, after an unusually heavy day, had gone to bed early. In a little while Lind also went up to the loft. Caleb and Amelia were left alone.

"You didn't tell me he had come here," Amelia darted out. Her eyes shone above her white cheeks. She stood at the side of the table and began with both hands to roll up the edge of the table cloth into a tight little furl.

Caleb turned slowly. "Heh!" he sneered. "You found out, didn't you?"

"Yes, I found out," Amelia repeated, holding each word as if she were trying to memorize it. "The teacher has talked to him."

Caleb raised his eyebrows, and drew his left hand across his mustache. So the teacher had done her little part, had she? He might have known that soft-eyed little chit would not keep her place.

"Well? Are you going to fall on his neck? He'll thank ye for it," he said. He turned the pages of the journal, and Amelia heard his short chuckling laugh. Her hands tightened on the rolled cloth.

"No. . . I won't do anything," she said.

Caleb got up, looked into the stove, spat into it, and started to take off his shoes.

Without another remark he went to bed.

For the first time in his life, it was uncertainty that kept him silent, not the confidence that his will was understood without the utterance of his word.

ANTON KLOVACZ had left a five-acre plot of scrub brush for Mark Jordan to clear. On the day after Lind's visit he began "slashing," going down into the bush with his axe after he had tended to the animals. The air was cool and clear, admirable for strenuous labor. He swung the axe with rapid, clean sweeps, enjoying the feel of the smooth wood of the handle on his palms.

He thought of Lind Archer. Late the night before he had lain awake thinking of her. She had made him feel for the first time in his life that he was not hopelessly locked within himself. Her physical radiance alone carried him beyond himself, but that might have been simply explained away since she was the only woman he had seen or was likely to see during his sojourn here. Unreasonable and out of keeping with his conceptions as it seemed, the deepest pulse of his

being had leaped in recognition of her as he had looked across the table into her eyes the night before. The whole circumstance made him feel very humble and diffident now as he reviewed it. He must see her again, at once, and yet he feared to meet her lest he should disclose his feelings and find them unwelcome to her. And yet, he could not persuade himself that she had not responded to him in part, at least. He knew his own impetuous, strong desires so well, and he realized that to see much of Lind here would be a torment to him, especially if he should learn, for instance, that there was some one else in her life. He would have to see her again in a day or two, call at the school perhaps, and ask her permission to see her at the Gares. That would be the proper procedure. The modest country swain courting. . . he grinned as he thought of himself in the new role. And yet how different life seemed today. He rested one hand on the end of the axe and loosened his shirt about the throat. His eyes drifted down the stretch of Klovacz's land where the homesteader's elder sons had planted fodder grains before their departure. The landscape seemed to have a gentler look than it had yesterday.

Lind. . . Lind Archer—what a pretty name it was! There had never been anyone so suddenly complete, so gratifying to the complex and dubious thing that was himself—the self that had come out of nowhere and had always seemed to belong nowhere in spite of his advantages of education and natural endowment. Mark found himself wanting her again beside him, wanting her terribly as someone from whom he had never in his life been separated.

He struggled to reason with himself. He had no right to dream about her this way. The next time he saw her he would keep himself well in check. He began again energetically slashing the ranks of choked birch trees right and left.

FUSI ARONSON, on foot, came to deal with Caleb Gare in regard to a bit of timber land. He came with great strides across the country, like some giant defender of a forgotten race.

To fortify himself against killing Caleb Gare outright, he stopped to talk with the teacher in her school.

"I would do it now, but you say it would be no good. That is true; somehow his time will come," Fusi agreed.

He shook hands with Lind soberly and she admonished him once more against using violence on Caleb. Fusi, the Great Iceland, proceeded across the road to make a sale of a certain piece of wood land.

Days flow on, even after the coming of an event of great purport. Even after great sorrow and great gladness, days flow on, and all things become the shining woof and the shadowed warp of the tapestry of the past. So went the day of Lind's finding Mark Jordan, and Amelia's learning of it.

The teacher came into the house after school on the day following the rain, to find Amelia bending over a half-completed piece-quilt which she had stretched out on the floor. She kept her eyes lowered to the bright squares and triangles of the quilt. A bar of sunlight, falling from the window across her sandy hair, cut the quilt diagonally.

"What a gay comforter that's going to be!" Lind exclaimed, stooping to touch a bit of yellow satin. "How long did it take you to collect enough pieces?"

Amelia did not answer at once, and when she did it was without raising her eyes. Lind divined that she had been crying. Her impulse was to kneel beside Amelia and ask her what the trouble was, but she had come in a short time to know that sympathy would only embarrass the woman. Whatever her grief, she jealously kept it to herself as if it was too intimate for unbending. The gaudy pieces of the quilt shimmered and blazed.

"These are odds and ends I've been saving since the twins were born," Amelia said at last. "We don't have much use for silks here you know. I thought I'd save up until the girls grew old enough to appreciate a nice cover."

Lind knelt and fingered one of the larger pieces of silk. "That's pretty—a kind of brocade, isn't it? Was it a dress?"

"Yes—one that I had a long time before I was married."

"It must have been beautiful."

Amelia made no reply, and Lind, with a dozen fancies about the dress and where

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Continued on page 62



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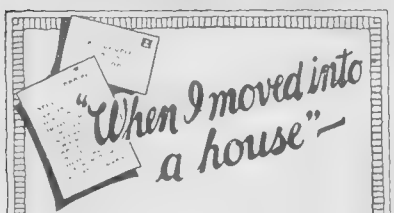


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and how it had been worn, got to her feet and went out of doors. Before what was called the front of the log house, Ellen was planting sweet peas under a window.

"There must be something—something over-ruling—greater than life, even," Lind thought about Amelia.

Ellen looked up, blinking.

"Oh, I thought you were mother," she laughed as Lind stopped beside her. "This light gets me all mixed up."

Lind knew it was not the light.

"Ellen, when are you going to get new glasses?"

Ellen glanced down at the flower bed.

"Oh, these will do till the doctor comes to the Siding again."

Lind knew that they had already done too long—perhaps forever too long.

"Ellen," began Lind, squatting on the ground beside the girl. "Would your father let me buy glasses for you?"

"Oh, dear, don't say anything like that to him!" Ellen cried. "He intends to get them for me—only he forgets. It isn't the money."

Ellen's discomfort was so apparent that Lind could say nothing more. Her defence of her father was a pitiful thing. There was nothing she could do—no help she could give that would be accepted. Even Judith was proud and distant when it came to gifts. She would not take Lind's amber beads, for instance—insisted that they did not become her at all.

"Ellen, are you going to stay here all your life?" Lind asked quietly.

Ellen tore a corner off a package of seed and poured some of the contents into her hand.

"What else is there for me to do?" she returned, a slightly hostile line appearing at either side of her mouth. "There's nothing the matter with this place is there? I've lived here long enough to like it if you don't." Lind had never before heard her speak with such emotion. Her head was thrown back defiantly, her flat cheeks faintly pink.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what I mean! You are bright, intelligent—with a little education you could make a great deal of yourself. You are wasted here. Have you never asked your father to let you go away for a while?"

"No," she answered indifferently, "I don't want to go." Along the little trench she had dug she sifted the seeds.

"Don't tell me that, Ellen," Lind persevered. "You do. I don't want to turn you against your own home, or anything like that, dear. But I see such fine things in you—your love of music, for instance. Your father could afford to do without you for a few months every year, I'm sure. Why don't you ask him?"

"It's no use for you to talk, Miss Archer," Ellen returned calmly. She sometimes called Lind "teacher," but never used her first name. "I know just how hard he has had to work to give us this home, and I know he can't do without any of us. It's not for you to say."

Lind got to her feet, hurt in spite of herself at Ellen's attitude. She knew very well that the girl did not really believe what she said. But the contorted sense of loyalty that had been inbred in Ellen had over-run every other instinct like a choking tangle of weeds. She reasoned only as Caleb had taught her to reason, in terms of advantage to the land and to him.

Lind went into the house and got a favorite book of verse which she took with her down the wood road past the school house to a little green mound overlooking a marsh full of marigolds. Here she seated herself and tried to see the words on the page before her. But somehow her eyes would lift and lose themselves in the clear distance, where the long reeds stood like etchings of green and gold in the sun. She found herself wondering about Mark Jordan, and, ridiculously enough connecting him with the auguring of the ancient grandmother of the Bjarnassons. She had not invited him to call on her at the Gares. It did not seem fitting somehow, although she knew he had wanted her to suggest it. So there seemed to be nothing for it but to make an errand to the Klovacz place.

With her long, smooth fingers she dug a half black, half white, stone loose from the earth at her side.

"If the other side is mostly white, old Grandma Bjarnasson's tale is true. If black, not true," she whimsied. The other side of the little stone was all white. Lind smiled to herself.

Wild Geese

Continued from page 61

EVERY evening that Jude went for the cattle her eye roved in the direction of the Sandbös. Any day now, Sven would come home. She knew that he would be looking for her, although he would not venture actually to the Gare farm. Caleb had, in the past, made it clear that young Sven Sandbo was not welcome on the place. His smile and the easy swagger of his shoulders were a little too impudent.

At sunset one evening in the middle of May, Judith rode the colt, Turk, north across the grazing land like some dark young goddess, her hair low against the horse's mane, her blood avid for speed. She was conscious of the picture she made, magnificently riding. And she was conscious of being watched. She reined in suddenly and threw up her head. Her cheeks, already crimson, grew hot with color, her eyelids dropped. Then, with a sweeping flourish of her whip, she rode forward to meet Sven Sandbo.

Sven was walking across the open stretch between his own home and the brush that belonged to Fusi Aronson on the north. From here one could not be seen by any one at the Gares. Sven came up to her and rested his arms across the damp neck of the horse.

"You look great, Jude," he said, looking at her deliberately from head to foot. His hand ran over her overalled thigh. She drew her foot back in the stirrup with a jerk. Sven laughed and thrust his hands into his pockets. He threw his weight on one foot and crossed the other lazily in front of it. "How's everything to home?" he asked.

Judith returned his searching glance with equal deliberateness; took in coolly the city cut of his clothes, his flaming tie, his long shining shoes that had no bumps on the toes such as Martin's yellow Sunday ones; and she made no comment upon his appearance. She knew that Sven expected her to.

Sven was no fool. He laughed, and when he laughed there was no woman could withstand him, he had found. He had the most engagingly male smile in the world.

"Aw, come on, Jude, you ain't sore on me," he coaxed, shaking her foot. "How are you, that's what I'd like to know."

"I'm all right," she replied coldly. "How are you?"

"Fine. Couldn't wait till I got back. Thought about you all the time, and I would o' written, too, if I thought the old man wouldn't get hold of it. Gosh, you're prettier 'n ever, Jude. Girls in town can't hold a candle to you. I've seen 'em all."

He whipped out a sterling silver cigarette case and held it so that it flashed in the sun. It seemed that he kept it out unnecessarily long to draw a cigarette from it. Judith looked away to the horizon, and her horse stamped an impatient hoof. Sven put a hand on the horse's bridle, snapped the case together and stuck it back in his pocket.

"Come riding with me some night? I'll rot here if I don't do something—or see somebody," said he indolently blowing the smoke upward into the air and flipping off the ash of his cigarette with his forefinger. He had not done that before he went away. Do something—see somebody, that was what he wanted to do was it? Not something or somebody in particular.

Judith sat silent, her eyes moodily on the horizon.

"Oh, that reminds me," he went on, "here's something I got you. All the girls are carryin' 'em." He drew a little package out of his pocket and unwrapped it. From the tissue paper he took out a gold-plated vanity case which he held up to Judith, looking at her face for the smile of surprise he fully expected to see there. Judith gave the thing a quick glance.

Then with a swift twist of her body she forced the horse to rear upright on his hind legs, his mouth wide, nostrils distended, eyes swimming. She dropped her head against his mane, wheeled him about and was off in an instant on an animal that had gone mad.

Sven, completely dazed, stared after her, saw the horse jerk from the road and take the fence that enclosed a hayfield at a fine long sweep, like a slender boat rising on a wave.

"Well—I'll be—" he marvelled. "By gosh, she's a live one. Worse'n ever. What did she get sore at, anyway?"

But Sven felt uneasily that he knew. She thought he had been showing off.

Galloping away on the horse, Judith gave way to tears.

THE days grew steadily warmer and longer, the distance over field and brush took on a deeper green. Caleb's herds on the prairie westward sought shelter from the noon day sun under the trees on the bluffs, and the milch cows in the north pasture gave up nibbling sweet grass for long moments to stand knee-deep in the tepid swamps already a-drone with insects that ricocheted like sparks across the surface of the water. The season of cold morning dews changed to that of fire-flies and evening mist. The yield of the earth passed from timorous seedling to rugged stalk and stem.

But in the life in the Gare household there was no apparent change, no growth or maturing of dreams or fears, no evidence of crises in personal struggle, no peak of achievement rapturously reached. There was no outward emotion or expressed thought save that which led as a great tributary to the flow of Caleb's ambition. He talked now day and night of nothing but the live stock, circled the fields by day in the cart or walked abroad with his lantern alone at night, and compared the strength of his hay and his flax with that of Skuli Erickson or Joel Brund, the husband of Mrs. Sandbo's daughter Dora. The early summer season was to him a terrific, prolonged hour of passion during which he was blind and deaf and dumb to everything save the impulse that bound him to the land.

His flax was growing in such a way that he scarcely dared look at it lest it should vanish like a vision. He would put off examining it for a week at a time for fear that in a twinkling something dire had happened to it.

But smoothly as affairs seemed to run on the surface of life at the Gares, there had been a subtle diverting of the undercurrent. Lind Archer perceived it and was troubled.

Sven Sandbo had come home. And Judith's behavior was incomprehensible. Lind tried to talk to her about him, but she had walked rudely away. And when Lind had offered Judith a book to read which had been sent her from the city Judith's manner had been much more like Ellen's than her own. She had no time for the book, she had said. Amelia was preoccupied these days, and her attitude toward Caleb had become almost one of indulgence. There had been a letting down of the familiar tension on Amelia's part, and a tightening of restraint on the part of Judith. Caleb for a time was too engrossed in the affairs of the farm to notice anyone. Unlike himself he went pattering about haphazard trifles constantly looking for something to do rather than as usual, for something that Martin or Judith might do. Lind felt that something momentous had happened, and then realized how impossible it was for anything at all to happen here save the monotonous round of duty.

It was Lind alone who noticed these nuances in the life at the Gares. She had much time to herself in the evenings when she sat at her desk after the children were gone, and fell often to thinking about the Gares. But since the evening of the rain she had thought more of Mark Jordan.

On the third day after her visit at the Klovacz place, Lind sat at her desk in the school house. The children had been dismissed. The room was heavy with the smell of chalk and chokecherry blossoms. Lind felt tired and rather depressed. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the palms of her hands. She went in detail again over the frightening and delicious night of the rain.

The door opened slowly. Mark Jordan stood framed against the light, smiling, bareheaded, his hat in his hand. Lind clasped her hands to her cheeks. Then she laughed.

"You look guilty," said Mark. He came slowly down the aisle in the centre of the room, looking at her happily.

"I confess I am," Lind said shyly. "I was thinking of inviting myself to dinner again at your house." She got up from her desk and stretched her hand out to him. He held it, looked at it, pointed to the chalk and ink stains.

"Salt of the earth: a school teacher. I was one myself for about a month. Got fired for encouraging the kids to play hookey," he laughed. He dropped her hand and strode around the room examining the drawings and nicknacks the children had made and hung on the walls. Taking a piece of chalk he drew on the blackboard a ridiculous figure with knock-knees and turned in eyes, and under it wrote in a childish scrawl, "Teacher." Then he stepped back ten paces and took aim with the chalk, succeeding in tossing it on the ledge of the blackboard. This he did several times.

Lind watched the game for a while half-amusedly. Then she was conscious of a faint irritation. He apparently had forgotten she was there. His restlessness shut her out. Irrelevantly she recalled the words of the ancient grandmother of the Bjarnassons; she would never know the secret of him. As he stood in profile to her, her eyes outlined the well-bred shape of his head and shoulders. He turned to her so suddenly that she started. "Let's walk," he said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered. She would have to try to understand him. "I really don't want to walk now that you have decided upon it for me so peremptorily. But I'll use you as a means to control my temper, and go with you. You are terribly used to having your own way, I can see that. As if you were the only person on earth."

"I always was—until you came Lind. I just have to get used to the idea of your presence," he said so seriously that she had to smile.

"Did any of the Gares see you come in here?" she asked uneasily.

"The Gares? Oh, those people? Don't know. I didn't see anybody except a robin in the road, and he didn't even turn a feather," he told her, going to the window while she cleared her desk. "Why? Are you afraid of them?"

"Oh, by no means," she said hastily. "It's just that I don't want them to—oh, I want to know you separately from them—in another world, so to speak. If you go there, or talk with them, I'll feel that the idea of you has mingled with them. See? I don't want you to see them or them to see you, except, perhaps, Judith—" She glanced at him thoughtfully, as if to make up her mind as to the good judgment that lay in the reservation.

"You walked?" she asked, after they had slipped out and had taken a little path that insinuated itself through the thick growth of fir trees behind the school house.

"No, I came on an elephant. It evaporated at your door," he said, and they both laughed.

"But curiosity impels me to see this Gare family," Mark declared a little later. "Especially Caleb Gare. They told me at Yellow Post that he's the devil himself."

"No, he's too cowardly to be the devil. He's too cowardly even for a man to want to kill him. That's why Fusi Aronson hasn't done it long ago."

She told him about Fusi.

"I'd like to meet him," Mark said. They talked of the strange unity between the nature of man and earth here in the north, and of the sparseness of both physical and spiritual life.

"There's no waste—that's it," Mark observed, "either in human relationships or in plant growth. There's no incontinency anywhere. I've made trips around Yellow Post since I've been here, and I haven't talked with a single farmer who wasn't looking forward to the time when he wouldn't have a grain of any kind in his bins if he didn't rake and scrape for all he's worth now. They seem to have no confidence in the soil except in regard to what grows out of their own slaving with it. Think of the difference there would be in the outward characters of these people if the land didn't sap up all their passion and sentiment."

Lind nodded. "That's what's wrong with the Gares. They all have a monstrously exaggerated conception of their duty to the land—or rather to Caleb, who is nothing but a symbol of the land."

They sat down upon a flat rock near the trail.

"I spent some time farther north—went up to a mission when I was only a kid with one of the priests, and later after I had grown up," Mark told her. "That's a country for you. If there's a God, I imagine that's where he sits and

Continued on page 64

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does his thinking. The silence is awful. You feel immense things going on, invisibly. There is that eternal sky—light and darkness—the endless plains of snow—a few fir-trees, maybe a hill or a frozen stream. And the human beings are like totems—figures of wood with mysterious legends upon them that you can never make out. The austerity of nature reduces the outward expression of life, simply, I think, because there is not such an abundance of natural objects for the spirit to react to. We are, after all, only the mirror of our environment. Life here at Oeland, even, may seem a negation but it's only a reflection from so few exterior natural objects that it has the semblance of negation. These people are thrown inward upon themselves, their passions stored up, they are intensified figures of life with no outward expression—no releasing gesture."

"Yes, I think perhaps human life, or at least human contact, is just as barren here as farther north," Lind remarked. "The struggle against conditions must have the same effect as passivity would have, ultimately. It seems to me that one would be as dulling as the other—one would extort as much from human capacity for expression as the other. There's no feeling left after the soil and the live stock have taken their share."

They talked about books and disagreed spiritedly here and there. Mark urged her to let him come to see her at the Gares and bring with him two or three of his treasured volumes, and she consented to speak to Mrs. Gare about it.

To Lind it was miraculous that she should have found him here. To Mark it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should have found her.

"I may come to the school house then any evening?" Mark asked most timidly. It was time for him to go, and it amazed him that he hated so to leave her. She put out her hand to him simply.

"Yes, do," she said warmly. They had come within sight of the gate at the Gares.

He looked at her oddly, then turned and walked rapidly down the road. He looked back once, and saw her standing where he had left her. Raising his slouch hat he waved his arm in a wide arc. Lind walked on into the barn yard of the Gares. Her heart was beating boisterously.

SHEARING time was at hand. Thirty odd sheep, so heavily coated that they looked clumsy in their own wool, were herded into the pen where Judith, Martin and Amelia and Ellen proceeded with the work of shearing. The smell of the wool always nauseated Ellen, so Amelia contrived to have her indoors with the housework a large part of the time. Judith moved among the sheep, singling out her own to see that justice was done in regard to disposing of the wool. It had been a pride with Caleb since the children were little to let them have a few animals of their own to bring up and sell and in this manner pay for their own clothing. He contended that it gave them an active interest in the business of the farm and instilled in them early a feeling of independence. Amelia had long since seen through this mock generosity.

Caleb, although he did not materially assist in the task, paused before the pen where the three were at work, after Ellen had gone indoors. Beside him stood Thorvald Thorvaldson, the Icelander, who prided himself upon being a Master. Caleb rested his elbows on the board fence and gave arbitrary instructions in regard to the shearing. It gave him a gratifying feeling of overseer.

"Here, Jude! That's no way to clip! Get the shears under it more—come along! Come along! Can't take all day with a sheep, you know. Little closer there! Fine wool, eh, Thorvald? How many pounds do you reckon I'll get off that sheep?"

Judith turned her back directly on the two men and kept at her work. The sheep was one of her pets, an ewe who always bore well. Judith hated the Icelander, who stood glowering above her. She had glanced sideways up at him and had found his piggy little eyes surveying her limbs and the backs of her thighs as she bent over, the overalls she wore tightening across her body. She dug down into the ewe's chest and clenched a fistful of the thick wool. There were limits to endurance, even for Amelia's sake.

Amelia did not glance up. Her serenity troubled Caleb. It was a change in her he could not fathom. It had come with her discovery that Mark Jordan was on

Wild Geese

Continued from page 63

the Klovacz homestead. You could never rely on how any woman would react to a thing, not even Amelia.

"Come, come, Amelia! Thorvald is thirsty. Plenty of time to finish that before dark," he said to her. His tone was like a sudden prod in the back. Amelia straightened quickly, brushed a wisp of dun-colored hair out of her eyes. The homely gesture gave her an uncouth look for an instant, a pitiful gaucheness.

"I thought you said Mr. Thorvaldson had no time for coffee?"

Caleb stared at her. "Mr. Thorvaldson will have coffee. He has changed his mind," he said finally, turning with the glum-faced inscrutable Icelander to the house. No mention of coffee had been made to Thorvaldson. He grinned flatteringly at Caleb. Here indeed was control that was at once subtle and sure! The trouble was that Thorvaldson's women folk had not the intelligence to understand and properly respect such ruling. More obvious tactics had to be used with them.

"How is your wife coming?" Amelia asked Thorvald when she had served him with coffee.

"She's coming long purty good," he responded, emptying the contents of his saucer down his throat. "Coming in soon, I t'ink, haa! Haa! Vun after another—such a woman!"

Amelia turned away from the man. He had grotesque, overhanging mustaches that trailed in the saucer he held to his mouth. Caleb was filling his pipe. He saw Amelia turn away. He saw the tightening about her lips.

Caleb smiled cunningly. "Sit down, my dear," he said, placing a chair for her directly in front of Thorvald. "The shearing can wait. Have a chat with Thorvald, heh, heh! My wife gets sick of seein' only her husband around, Thorvaldson. A woman should have a change, eh?" Both men laughed heartily, Caleb tilting back his head and letting his eyes rest casually on Amelia, who had without a word sat down into the chair he indicated.

Amelia's eyes wandered to the window. They were not timid, submissive, as they had been a week ago. They were nervous, alert. Caleb was disturbed.

Thorvald swallowed great fistfuls of bread and butter and cold meat that Amelia had set out for him, swallowed with an eager noise. Amelia sat before him, not uttering a word.

Yes, Caleb was disturbed. He made up his mind once more that Amelia must not set eyes on Mark Jordan.

After the departure of Thorvald Thorvaldson, Caleb approached his wife. His voice was smooth, easy.

"The teacher has talked with that son of yours again. If she asks to have him come here, remember it isn't best. For one thing, Amelia, it would only remind you of things you want to forget. For another, he's not the kind I want to have round my children." He lit his pipe again leisurely, as if he had spoken of the most commonplace of things, and went out the door scarcely lifting his feet off the ground, his head thrust forward, his hand clasped behind him. He had been satisfied with Amelia's pallor. Whatever her state of mind, he must assure himself that he could in a moment change it. That was control.

THE shearing complete, and the wool packed into flour sacks ready to be taken to the Siding of Nykerk, the round of more usual work began again.

While Ellen worked in the vegetable garden, weeding and hoeing, until her narrow back was numb from the strain, Judith made a number of trips to Yellow Post in the dog cart for provisions.

"Yes!" she burst out at Ellen who finally reproached her for her selfishness. "Why do you stick? I'm not sorry for you. I'm not sorry for any of us! We're all old enough to get out. Why do you stick, if you don't like it? I don't like it and I'm going to get out—soon. I'm not going through another winter up to my knees in manure—not much! I've handled enough calves for him! What do I get for it? What do you get for it? It was different when we were small and she couldn't help herself. I tell you—I'm quitting!" Her voice rose to an uncontrollable pitch, her full breasts shook. Ellen adjusted her glasses over her nose,

a thing she always did when under excitement of any kind.

"Judith," she said solemnly. "It isn't only that. There's something else. He has some kind of threat he always makes to her—you've heard him—I've heard him. I don't know what it is, but she's afraid—afraid of what he'll do. We can't let him do it. You know we can't. It would kill her. I have given up a lot more than you ever will to stay—"

"Oh. . . ." Judith gave vent to a word that made Ellen start.

"Judith, you're dreadful!"

"I'm worse than you think! A lot worse!" said Jude, driving off in her cart. Lind was expecting her at the school house.

"You look angry, Judie, what's the matter now?" Lind asked her when they were on their way.

"Nothing, but Ellen makes me sick with her whining. She loves to suffer. And loves to see everybody else doing it. Only because she isn't quite as strong as I am she gets it only half as bad."

"I don't think she loves it at all, Judie. I think she is giving up a great deal to stay on here, and she knows it. Has there ever been anybody that she cared for very much—who wanted to marry her?"

"I guess old Goat-eyes liked her all-right. But he's been gone a year, and she never talks about him. Anyway, he's a half-breed, or nearly."

"Of course, if Ellen loved him, that wouldn't have mattered, do you think?"

"No, I s'pose not. He was too good to her, anyway." Judith's eyes were full of intolerant contempt. She slapped the horses rump with the reins, and the rattle of the cart soon made conversation difficult. They did not stop at Sandbos, as Jude knew that Caleb would be spying from the slight rise on which the Gare farm was built to see that the horse emerged from around the bend in due time.

Yellow Post lay in a little valley shaped like the palm of a hand, a narrow creek curving across it like a life line. Jude drove briskly up to the store of Johan-neson, the Swede trader, and Lind went into the store to make a few purchases of her own while Judith tied up the horse. A few halfbreeds ventured into the store after her, to skulk about with furtive glances.

Leaning against the counter in the store and smoking his pipe, stood Mark Jordan. He came toward her with a quick stride, looking down at her almost querulously.

"You didn't come," he said in a low tone, glancing with annoyance at the open stares about them.

"Come—where—when?" Lind asked innocently.

"Let's go outside and talk," he said. He picked up his box of groceries and steered Lind out of the door before she had an opportunity to make her own purchases. Judith passed them in the doorway.

"Come on out after you've got your things, Judie," Lind called back to her. The girl went on into the store, showing none of the curiosity she felt about the stranger who was with Lind.

Mark placed his provisions in the bottom of the buggy in which he had driven to Yellow Post, and walked with Lind to the creek. They sat down on the grassy bank and watched the tiny minnows dart down with the gentle current in silver school, and turning, snub their way back up stream for no more reason, perhaps, than the shadow of a sailing leaf on the water.

"I've missed you. It rained last night, and I was sure you'd come," Mark told her. "I listened until midnight."

"Oh, how ridiculous! You did not!"

"I swear it!"

"But it would be a little bit irregular." Mark frowned at her. "It wasn't the night you did come. You do the thing you want to here, anyway. I need you, Lind, more than you know. I've been plugging away clearing Klovacz's land, or I would have been over at the school yesterday. Has Mrs. Gare given you permission to have me call on you?"

"I've not asked her yet. It's terribly hard. But I'll come over and cook you a dinner—" she said impulsively. "May I bring Judith? That's Jude back in the store."

Mark gave her a searching look. "Oh, just to make it jollier," she hastened to add.

"Bring her, by all means, and any one else you like."

They walked back to the store. As Jude did not come out, Lind decided that she felt shy about meeting Mark, and did not go in for her. She said good-bye to him, and Mark climbed into the buggy and drove off.

IT was the day on which mail arrived with John Tobacco, and when Lind returned alone to the store, Sven Sandbo was there talking with Judith. Sven had discarded his city clothes and most of his braggadocio air. His heavy shoulders stood out from his narrow hips, the calves of his legs were slightly bowed from the saddle. The nobility of his mouth and nostrils, the lazy droop of his eyes at the corners, the careless gesture of the hand that held his cigarette, his frank maleness, made him at once attractive and exasperating.

Judith, hostile-eyed and withdrawn, was trying hard not to smile at his advances.

"Tell me," he was saying, "do you like me better without my tenderfoot get up?"

"A little," she admitted. "But you think you're too smart."

Sven laughed teasingly. "Wouldn't notice my clothes the other day at all, would you? And me comin' all the way from town just to show you 'em. You hurt my feelin's Jude, terrible!" She looked sternly away and he moved closer to her. "Have you forgot all about the picnic last summer, Judie? Remember what you said? I h'ain't forgot." His voice was so low that the tone of it alone made Judith blush.

Lind, followed by the nudges and leering eyes of the half breeds who hung about, came up to Jude, who introduced her to Sven. Sven, quite at ease, talked with the teacher while Judith argued with Johanneson over the merits of a certain dried cod fish.

"What's the matter?" Johanneson demanded. "That's good fish, and worth double the money. Guess yer paw give ye only ten cents to buy for, ha?"

Judith tossed her head angrily. "You keep still, you flat-faced Swede! If there was another store here we'd not give our good money for your bum stuff. Give me a dollar's worth of the fish, and be quick about it!" She stamped her foot and all the men in the store looked toward her appreciatively. She had been told to get only fifty cents worth of the fish. She would have to explain to Amelia, who would understand well enough, but perhaps not approve.

Johanneson turned sheepishly about and wrapped up the package of cod. He could not afford, on second thought, to lose Gare as a customer. But this big girl's insolent quibbling over prices always annoyed him. No doubt she had been prompted by those at home.

Still somewhat ruffled, Judith went out with Sven and Lind, who had bought what she wanted. The two girls got into their own cart and Sven drove slowly away alone behind them.

"Lind," said Judith, when they were out of sight of Yellow Post, "Sven asked me to ride with him. Will you take the cart home? And I'll get out and wait for him."

"But your father—"

"I don't care. I get hell anyway."

Lind obligingly, though with some misgivings, took the cart home, and Judith rode with Sven.

"Judie," Sven began, putting an arm around her shoulders. "I want you to marry me."

Judith was silent. She thought of Amelia. Ellen would never forgive her.

"Don't you love me any more, Judie? You used to," said Sven, almost humbly.

Judith's head was high, her eyes half-closed. The buggy rumbled down the hollow over a little bridge that led through a dense growth of spruce and cedar. Sven drew her suddenly into his arms, letting the reins fall slack over his knees.

"Damn—you're beautiful, Judie!"

Judith smiled. Her body softened toward him. It rippled with strength. She was peculiarly aware of her strength

It seemed to flow upward from her spine in a powerful current and issue from her breast and her fingertips and all the sensitive surface of her body. A strange desire seized her. She could not free herself from the obsession, it had come upon her first the day she had seen Sven after his return.

"I wonder if I can throw you," she said suddenly.

Sven laughed loudly.

"I'll bet I can," she asserted. "Let me try."

"All right, some time," he agreed, laughing still.

"No, right now," Judith insisted, her eyes roving over the muscles that moved under his shirt sleeve. It was warm and neither wore a coat.

Sven glanced at her and saw that she was in earnest. They got down from the buggy, tying the horse to a tree at the side of the road. They then crawled through the fence into a little clearing among the cedars, where the sunlight lay in a warm pool on the ground.

"Kiss me first," said Sven.

"No—after," Judith said steadily.

So they wrestled. Judith was almost as tall as Sven. Her limbs were long, sinewy, her body quick and lithe as a wild-cat's. Sven, who started the tussle laughing, could get no lasting grip on her. She slid his arms and wound herself about his body, bringing them both to the earth. As their movements increased in swiftness and strength, Sven forgot to laugh and became serious with Judith. It did not occur to him that he might have to use his real energy in defending himself until he saw that the girl's face was set and hard, her eyes burning. He realized suddenly that she was trying to get a head lock on him that he himself had taught her. He caught both her hands, twisting her right arm backward. She threw herself upon him violently, almost summersaulting over his shoulder, freeing her arm with a terrific jerk. Sven turned quickly, caught her about the waist with one arm and pressed the other against her throat, so that she was bent almost double and unable to breathe. He looked at her, saw that her eyes were closed and her face almost scarlet and dripping with perspiration.

"Had enough?" he asked, slightly loosening his hold.

Judith took advantage of the moment, and with a twist of her head was out of his grip like an eel. Her eyes were blazing, her breath coming in short gasps. She lashed out with her arms, striking him full across the face. While Sven, half-stunned from the weight of the blow, was trying to understand the change in the issue, she hurled herself against him and he fell to the earth under her. Then something leaped in Sven. They were no longer unevenly matched, different in sex. They were two stark elements, striving for mastery over each other.

Sven crushed the girl's limbs between his own, bruised her throat, pulled her arms ruthlessly together behind her until the skin over the curve of her shoulders was white and taut, her clothing torn away. Her panting body heaved against his as they lay full length on the ground locked in furious embrace. Judith buried her nails in the flesh over his breast, beat her knees into his loins, set her teeth in the more tender skin over the veins at his wrists. She fought with insane abandon to any hurt he might inflict, or he would have mastered her at once. The faces, throats and chests of both were shining with sweat. Sven's breath fell in hot gusts on Judith's face. Suddenly her hand, that was fastened like steel on his throat, relaxed and fell away. Her eyelids quivered and a tear trickled down and mingled with the beads of perspiration on her temple. Sven released the arm that he had bent to breaking point, he was trembling.

"Judie," he muttered, "Judie—look at me."

Judith raised her eyelids slowly.

"Kiss me—now," she said in a breath.

Continued in October Number



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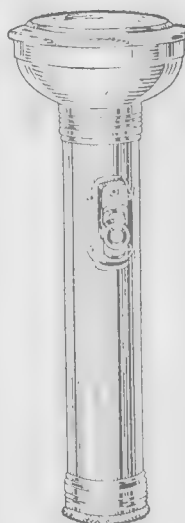
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Keeping Physically Fit

Continued from page 39

—it is making it easy for men and women to keep their knee-joints limber, their minds active, and nerves steady, and their eyes clear. More than that, Dame Nature is keeping each and every devotee of wholesome outdoor activity in prime condition to be a healthy, happy, normal individual, a good companion at home, a valued member of society, and a citizen of sterling merit.

We learned that when the small lad learned to play with a group, he was soon able to co-operate with that same group in a broader way for the benefit of all. It was even so with the aborigine. When he lived in the village, or about the circle fires of his immediate people, he listened to the stories and traditions of his tribe, and later he fought to the death, if need be, for his hearth stone.

AND this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. This is a consideration of what you and I and every good sport in the world must be if we acquit ourselves in a manner which proves us strong and very courageous. We must be unselfish. The early cave-man and the little child who knew naught but their own desires were weak arrows in the quiver of fate. But step by step onward and upward, the winding pathway led through the forests, by the river, over rugged hills, across battle fields, and still, ever onward. Step by step, upward and onward, the life of the little child led through the curious adventures of youth, by the side of the rivers of experience of others, over the hills of difficulty, and across the battle fields where the mastery of self was gained. Here, the great vision of service through forgetfulness of self was glimpsed, and the youth of yesterday, with his love of sport and fun and play and well-directed activity, becomes the trained, hard-muscled, God-like man of today and to-morrow.

But he must keep himself in trim, for there are mighty tasks to perform. If he sits endlessly in an office chair, if he gives his time wholly to professional life—even if he is an industrial worker or laborer—he must train more than one set of muscles, and he must insist that his mind co-ordinate with those muscles.

We sometimes wonder why presidents and men of large affairs shut down the tops of their office desks, leave momentous affairs behind them, and go out to play golf, or to navigate a sail or motor boat, or even take weeks or months off to hunt game. These men may be wiser than we know. They may be prolonging life and usefulness. They are relieving the tension which would

break them, if continued endlessly—in fact, they are training for further and larger efficiency. They are fitting themselves for service to a greater number. It has been proved that a man working eleven months a year, and playing one month, will accomplish more than a man who works twelve months a year; and that a working day of reasonable length, balanced with wholesome outdoor recreation will result in a much larger production, and a higher grade of production at that, than where the workers are literally chained to the galleys.

SO it becomes plainer and plainer that if we are to reach a fair percentage of our possibilities, that we must keep our bodies supple. We just come near to Nature, which is another way of saying "Near to God Himself." If we look too long upon ourselves and our own small affairs, and the little horizon which bounds our immediate life, we will lose our true perspective of things, and we will get into the bad habit of looking down, instead of looking up.

Many a man who has felt that he could not afford time for a game in the open, or a hunting trip, or so much as an afternoon off to witness a baseball game, has found that nerves have cried out, sooner or later, in agony, and in spite of himself, he has had to take time off. Someone has put it wisely who said:

"Not until some folks are flat on their back do they learn to keep looking up."

It is a lot more sensible to have some fun as we go along; to keep the red blood coursing through our veins; to keep the cobwebs out of our mental attics; and to see and feel the great pulsing stream of humanity about us; to take a healthy interest in wholesome sports; to deepen our sympathies; to improve our health; and to add immeasurably to our ability to do our serious tasks well; and to be a good neighbor and friend.

The ancients made much of luxurious baths. The big bath houses of polite society of an earlier day were, in reality, the club houses and community centres. It was not unusual for those of refinement to take five, seven, or eight baths a day. They did this that their bodies might sit lightly about their souls, but those people became soft and effeminate, and went down and out, as a world power.

To be enduring, we must be prepared. To be prepared, we must be strong and unselfish. That is, ready to consider the welfare of the group of which we are a part. This means an athletic frame of mind, and a disposition to carry on, and to keep physically fit.

Legal Information

Continued from page 27

Lately, there has been a growing tendency to turn over the administration of estates to trust companies. Why should you expect your friend to be your executor and devote time to your affairs when he has his own business to attend to? And especially does this seem unnecessary when one considers that the trust companies have experienced staffs ready to handle each division of your estate. Of course, with a small estate the actual expense of administration might be increased by taking your estate out of your wife's hands, but, on the other hand, if it is necessary to sell or manage property and investments, the trust company, with its trained staff, should be the more efficient executor, and realize more from your estate.

If you decide to make a complicated will with trusts for the benefit of certain people whom you consider unfit to manage their shares, then, in most cases, the lawyers and court and the executor will receive nearly as much benefit as the person you intended to receive it.

If you decide to have a will prepared (as you should) then our advice is to go to your lawyer. He will charge very little for a simple will. Remember, also,

that the simpler your will the better it will be for all concerned.

You can draw a new will any time you like, the latest one always being considered the proper document. You can change your will as often as the proverbial woman changes her mind. If you decide later that some beneficiary will receive too much, or too little, you can change your will again.

Castle Coombe, Sask.—I find the Western Home Monthly a very interesting paper and the reading clean, and builds up a person's mind. I came to this country as an immigrant laborer and my experience in general is far from what would lead me to talk good of it. I worked for one man and he found no fault with my work, but when the time came for settlement, he said "you cannot collect and, from my experience, I know I am right," and he landed his fist right in my face. In the fall of 1922 I hired out to another man who told several neighbors that he never employed a man taking care of things so well. When the work was done, the same man told me he is not going to pay me the promised wages, and it would do me no good to try and collect my wages. What should I do?—L.O.

Answer.—There is special legislation in Saskatchewan whereby if you take action within three months of the time when your wages were due, you can go to the nearest justice of the peace and he can dispose of the matter within a few days. You cannot recover a sum in excess of \$100 in this way. For larger sums, you must take action in the district court. Of course, even the court cannot help you to obtain payment from a man who has no money, but you have the assistance of the court to ascertain whether he can pay or not, and to force him to pay you if he has sufficient assets.

Peachland, B.C.—Will the issuance of an indefeasible title through tax sale proceedings automatically set aside the five year contract with the Associated Growers of British Columbia entered into by former owner of land, or must present purchaser proceed in accordance with terms of release provided for under said contract to clear land of this encumbrance after issuance to him at September 30th, 1925, of indefeasible title through Municipal Department.—Q.

Answer.—The contract you mention would not still attach to the land after completion of title through tax sale. Such a contract is a personal contract, and even if it was a charge upon the land, the charge would be foreclosed by tax sale proceedings and issue of new title; but you must have completed the tax sale proceedings and obtained your new title.

Sardis, B.C.—I took a cheque from a man on October 4th, 1923, for \$299.45 for team work done for him in September of the same year while he was president of a shingle company. When I presented it at the bank no funds were there. In May of the following year he told me that he had made an assignment to the government for royalty for timber, but he never notified me. I wrote to the government, but they will not reply to my letters.—G.E.B.

Answer.—Evidently your cheque is the cheque of a limited company. You were hired by the company to work with your team, so that your only means of being paid for this work would be out of the assets of the company. You state that these assets have all been taken over by the government to pay their accounts, so that we do not see how you can collect the amount of your cheque. If you had obtained the personal cheque of the president, it would be a different matter, because you would be able to take proceedings against him, even if his company failed. Also if the company had been a partnership, you could still recover from the partners personally.

Chamberlain, Sask.—A man and wife part because of brutal treatment from the husband. He goes away and wife knows nothing about him. If wife hires a detective to trace him and finds he has been intimate with other women, can she get a divorce? Or, if he is at present intimate with another woman, can she get a divorce?—Ikie.

Answer.—If you can prove adultery without condonation on your part, you can obtain a divorce. The Federal Government has lately abolished the necessity of a woman having to prove cruelty or desertion in addition to adultery.

Brandon, Man.—I had a doctor treat my wife when she was ill in May, 1919. He made a bad job of it and I had to get another doctor and she nearly died from his neglecting the case at a critical stage. He only came a few times and then I told him what I thought of him and got a good doctor. He never sent me a bill till last year and now he threatens to sue me. Can he collect, when he treated my wife so badly? I paid the second doctor everything he asked, but I don't consider I owe the first one anything, because of all the worry he gave me, and how sick it made my wife.—Impatient.

Answer.—Such an account is statute-barred and outlawed after six years, i.e. May, 1925, unless, in the meantime, you made a payment on the account, or gave the doctor some letter or writing which could be considered an acknowledgment of the debt, and an express or implied promise to pay it. If the doctor sues, his action must fail if you prove that the account is statute-barred.



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This simple shampoo is excellent for hair and scalp and costs very little as Baby's Own Soap is sold at 10c. a cake by most dealers.

"Best for you and Baby too"

The True Heart of Reddy "The Hunchback"

Continued from page 11

To a man the gathered woodsmen greeted Reddy's entrance with a roar of indignation, in the wake of which followed a dozen sarcastic questions, crude but cutting witticisms at which such men are so peculiarly apt, like the fire of snipers in the wake of heavy artillery.

Always slow of speech the bullcook now stood wordless, conscious these men acknowledged sickness only when it laid a man helpless on his back, and that for him to now voice such plea would only serve to further irritate already angry men. So, instead of offering any apology or excuse, he sprang toward the big square stove. "I'll have it going in a minute, boys. You fellows never mind," he said palliatively.

As he uttered the words there strode through the door Axel Swanson, foreman of the camp. Six feet tall was Swanson, an autocrat, short of temper.

"Hey, you little humpbacked rat; what do you mean by having no fires?" Down the half length of the room came Swanson to the bullcook, who, at the words, had turned to face him.

Through Reddy's mind flashed the thought of the long unbroken procession of days when these men had been greeted by bright fires, clean camps and shining lamps. Yet one day of failure made all those others forgotten. A fresh wave of bitterness flooded his soul already wizened by meeting countless other similar waves through twenty years of earning his own living. But Reddy remained his old dumb self, scornful to speak of duties faithfully done through many winters. Yet his little, deep sunken eyes could not be silenced. Reddy glowing they met Swanson's, blazing a resentment mingled with hatred and fury roused by the foreman's words of humpbacked rat.

A moment Swanson met the gaze, then by it was roused to a greater anger. His big hands reached out, caught Reddy by the shoulder, whirled him around till his back was squarely to him. Then Swanson, still holding the dwarf unmoving in his titan grip, raised his right foot quickly and with the flat of it struck squarely the point of Reddy's hump, a blow, half shove, half kick, that sent Reddy sprawling forward on his face on the rough plank floor.

A hush of expectancy fell upon the gathering. In the dead silence Reddy rose. Turning he faced Swanson. But there are abysses of human rage so depthless, words are futile to express. And now once more Reddy was dumb. He stood a long moment there in the centre of the floor of the long bunkhouse, his ape-like arms straight down at his side, the huge hands clenching and unclenching with slow, spasmodic motion. Then he turned and went out, reading heavily, a prey to returning sickness, momentarily banished by the excitement of the past few moments.

Next day Reddy felt better. Perhaps his very fighting the first attack of the gripe, his staying on his feet, helped to shake off the sickness. At any rate the headache and the pains in his body passed from him in the two following days. Yet though healed in body, his soul was doubly ailing. Always by nature a prey to bitterness, what of the emptiness of his past days, and his deformity which made him pitied of men, and scorned of women, the sex most cruel, Reddy now added fresh fuel to his misanthropy by brooding upon the wordy and bodily insult the foreman had laid upon him. In a long procession plans for revenge marched through his brain. Yet though he spent nearly every waking hour in their development, each plan in turn was rejected: nothing his mind formulated was sufficiently horrible to satisfy the cravings of his soul.

So the winter passed with Reddy still brooding, but inactive toward taking his revenge. Spring came early. Camp was broken two weeks sooner than usual, for the Mistatim timber limit was on muskeg, and only safe for horses when strongly frost bound. So the departure of Darrall's crews each year from camps Number One, Two and Three, was in the nature of a flight; logging operations conducted up to the last possible moment, then a hurried packing and rush for the main camp at the railroad line.

It was upon the passenger train that carried the men to Winnipeg—that great western city to which most Saskatchewan

loggers go to spend their earnings—that Reddy got the idea he sought, and this quite by accident. The coach was crowded with men from Darrall's crew. At the main camp at the railroad where they had taken train had also come aboard two strange men, surreptitious purveyors of whisky. And before the train had travelled twenty miles, the strangers' stock was consumed. Fights broke out spasmodically along the car. Many voices rose in song. Hilarity and animosity variously awoke in the breasts of the toilers under the influence of liquor, these many months denied.

QUITE by chance Reddy found himself in the seat directly behind Axel Swanson. The big foreman had a bottle, and soon was garrulously communicative to the cook who sat beside him. "Yes," Reddy presently heard Swanson say, "I got the finest kid you ever saw. Such limbs, and not a blemish on his whole body! He'll be a year old next week. I'll be home for his birthday!"

Overhearing this, Reddy's little eyes glowed brightly. Swanson was a new foreman to the Darrall outfit, and until now Reddy had learned nothing of Swanson's history. That he was married and had a child was news which set the dwarf's heart beating, for at last to him had come the great idea.

All through the twenty hours railway journey, made sleepless by maudlin men howling their drunken happiness, fighting, crying, or giving way to the awful sickness arising from cheap whisky, Reddy sat silent, sober and brooding.

When the train reached Winnipeg early in the evening and Axel Swanson fairly sober stepped upon the platform to greet his smiling wife and outheld baby, Reddy watched the meeting from a distance. In their wake, but unnoticed among the crowd, he followed them out from the station, till they came to a stop on the corner where the street cars passed along Main Street. Alert to the danger of losing his quarry, Reddy hurried back half a block to where a dozen taxicabs were standing, their drivers importuning the crowds departing from the depot. Into one of these he sprang, bidding the driver hurry to the first corner and there stop until further ordered.

Safe from observation in the taxi, Reddy peeped through from behind drawn blinds. His luck was good. The car Swanson and his family wanted had just arrived. As it got again into motion, Reddy bade his driver follow it.

Far out in the suburbs the Swanson's alighted, and walked to a little cottage standing upon a side street. All about the house were young poplar trees and willows, a second growth that had arisen since first the lots had been cleared. When the Swansons had disappeared within the house Reddy alighted, learned the street and number of the place and went away.

Nine o'clock the following evening found him again alighting near Swanson's street. He got off two blocks from it, along with several other people. He walked briskly till he found himself the only pedestrian at the corner of the lonely suburban block on which Swanson's house stood, solitary among the poplar and willow second growth.

Into the shelter of the trees he went, approaching carefully the house. A thin band of light shone out from a side window, pouring through several inches of glass unshaded by the blind only three quarters of its length drawn down.

It was black dark without. Gnome-like and unreal Reddy crawled to below the window. After crouching a minute here, he raised himself slowly, his head to one side, in this way bringing his eye level with the bottom of the glass without the bulk of his head showing to attract attention should someone within chance to be staring straight at the window, a not likely possibility greatly in his favor.

The scene that met his eye banished his fear of observation. He straightened his head. Seated at the other end of the dining room before a small, oblong iron stove was Axel Swanson in an easy high-backed chair, dandling a fat and smiling baby on his knee. His back was turned to Reddy.

Thrilled with an all-pervading sense of triumph at this promise of his revenge's perfect accomplishing, Reddy stooped down to draw from his side coat pocket a long-barrelled revolver. How finely everything was working out. Truly, to kill Swanson in the heart of his family was to inflict a blow sufficiently terrible in its ramifications of pain to satisfy even his greatly demanding craving.

As he raised himself again to adjust the revolver to the sill, his action was halted by the woman entering from a door on the same side of the room as that on which he stood, and so out of the range of his vision until she passed close to the window. She swept by him before he had time to duck, and then he saw it was unnecessary, for her eyes were upon the man and child. She was dressed for the street. Reaching Swanson she stooped and kissed him and the baby in turn; then went out.

Now did Reddy crouch down full length along the side of the house until her footsteps died in the distance. And not until he heard the rumble of the trolley car two blocks away as it stopped and started again did he feel safe to finish this deed he had so long desired.

He rested his left arm along the window sill, laying the barrel upon his coat sleeve, its muzzle within a quarter of an inch of the glass. But Swanson, once more returned to dandling his child, was a poor mark. He was seated in the high-backed chair in such sprawling fashion, only the tip of his crown was visible and even this kept shifting, shifting as his body moved in unison with his antics with the baby—and Reddy wanted the bullet to land squarely in the man's head. So he waited, cursing softly. Then, with two full minutes of waiting passed, there came suddenly an interruption: the jarring ringing of the bell of the telephone fastened on the wall at the other side of the room from Reddy and directly opposite him. Swanson rose and moved hurriedly across the floor, the baby still in his arms. He spent little time in the city. The telephone was to him an unaccustomed thing. So was the baby, whose holding at the moment occupied both his arms. Again the phone jangled, longer ringing this time, insistent, demanding immediate answer. Its urgent calling moved the man to hasty action he otherwise would not have given way to: he tucked the child under his left arm, its body thus thrown into horizontal position. But as his right hand lifted the receiver to his ear and he called hello, the child, furious at such treatment, opened its mouth and screamed protestingly. Swanson, most amateur of fathers, dropped the receiver to catch up the child in both his arms, yelling into the phone as he did so: "Just wait a moment!"

He turned about. The first thing that caught his eye was the bare round top of the dining room table a few feet to the right of the phone behind him. Flustered by the happenings of the moment, and thus robbed of that precautionary thoughtfulness even a recent and for the first time father ordinarily possesses, Swanson took the one step necessary to bring him to the table, and set the child squarely in the centre of it, then hurried back to the phone. In the instant his back was turned the baby moved. By the time he again took up the receiver the child had pulled itself a good three inches nearer to the table edge, though still remaining seated upright, moving itself slowly with that queer baby locomotion of semi-genueflection, and a twisting of the hips, a veritable muscular crawling. In the same moment Reddy again raised his gun, for Swanson standing at the phone directly opposite was a far better mark than Swanson seated in a high-backed chair; and Reddy's lust for revenge could only be sated by absolute assurance death was his victim's portion.

Reddy laid the barrel carefully on his left arm resting on the sill. Then just as his eyes turned to become centred on the work of taking careful bead, they caught another glimpse of the child. Still slowly moving, its eyes fixed upon its father's back, it was nearing the table edge.

The very young of mankind, unlike the very young of the dumb beasts, have not the sense to pause when reaching an abyss edge. Too well did Reddy know this fact. Again the child hunched its

body, a forward drawing motion that brought it within five inches of the table edge.

And seeing, Reddy suddenly went sick with the realization that two more moves would send the child hurtling to the floor. And still Swanson gabbled at the phone, his back squarely to the child, its position evidently quite forgotten.

Back upon Reddy came flooding momentarily, with that incalculable swiftness of certain returning memories, a scene of the long ago, and then the dreary diorama of his days since childhood, an unfolding arras of poverty, of painful struggle, handicapped by a malformed body.

And one more movement of that child in there would bring it to the table edge, its next send it toppling over and down—perhaps to suffer from the fall some such fate as his.

With lightning motion, Reddy raised his right arm, sent fist and the held revolver crashing through the window glass, and bellowed in at the opening: "Hey, grab that kid!" Then he turned swiftly away and went hurrying through the night in the direction of the car line.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Reddy entered the back door of a small square cottage in the north end of the city where lay the poorer quarters. An old woman, very bent and wrinkled, sat in a rocker before the kitchen stove. Her eyes lighted as he entered. "I was worried about you, leaving your poor old mother so long alone. You musta forgot this is Bob and Bessie's night out to the show. I thought perhaps you'd took to drinking!" She said this last jokingly, with that indulgent air of a mother sure of her son from knowledge of his actions through long years.

He came over and stroked her head for several moments with his great right hand so calloused, and for a moment his face was strangely soft, robbed of its expression of set bitterness. "Now, mother, you know I wouldn't do that."

She looked up at him with a light in her eyes that was near adoration. "Eh, yes, I know. You been a wonderful son to me: giving me all your earnings all these years to keep me and bring up and educate Bob and Bessie. But now they've both started work this spring, you'll be able to spend something on yourself. You're only thirty-two. It's just the time to marry. And lucky the woman that gets you."

Reddy turned his face away. But even his mood of softness was not sufficient to stem the words that rose protesting to his lips in answer to her optimism; and he said: "You forget, mother—no woman wants a man like me."

THE light went out of her eyes, her old woman's eyes that were growing dim. His words brought back to her lips once more a quarter century old lamentation. It was her one failing to like to voice this to the last person in the world who should have been forced to hear it. Giving way to this queer and so great failing, and, because it was a failing, unconscious of her cruelty, the old lady had countless times repeated, even in her younger days, this plaint of regret and anger, one more often uttered as the years grew greater upon her. "Eh, if your good-for-nothing father hadn't been drunk, and set you on that table, you'd be as good as any man. I hated him to the day he died for causing you that fall. I was glad when he died, even though he left me three small children and nothing a year to keep them on."

"Yes, mother; yes," Reddy interrupted, his tone that resigned and acceptant one of a man hearing often repeated words. And before she could go on again to the word-same conclusion, he added hastily: "I think I'll go to bed. I feel awfully tired. Good night, mother."

The Silver Lining

Pale, but nevertheless smiling contentedly, Mrs. Levinski entered her lawyer's office. Taking the chair beside the desk, she said, "I've had another accident, Mr. Berg. Last night I slipped on the sidewalk downtown and got hurt. The doctor says I ought to have damages."

"Why, Mrs. Levinski," exclaimed the lawyer, "isn't this the third accident within a month?"

"Yes," she replied proudly, "ain't I lucky?"



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SIMMONS

THIS FALL

YOU will give serious consideration to refurnishing some room in the house, redecorating some of the walls. It is said that "a change is as good as a rest."

Miss Katherine Caldwell, probably more familiarly known as "Sylvia Sims," and editor of our Home Decorating Department, is anxious to help you.

Address all inquiries to Home Decoration Department, *Western Home Monthly*, Winnipeg, Man.

That Centre of Joy, the Nursery

Continued from page 19

hangers. (These were all painted in pastel colors—another cunning touch).

STILL more pointedly for the mother's convenience, is the comfortable low chair which should find a place in every nursery. I saw such a splendid one the other day. It was of wicker, deeply cushioned, and a very long stool of exactly the same height as the chair seat, when placed in position in front of the chair, converted it into a chaise longue on which the mother enjoyed frequent rests—a most wise provision.

Since baby's training now begins very early the best type of chair for him is the tiny convertible commode chair, with lid seat, and a little imprisoning tray.

What about the nursery floor?

Chiefly—let it be sanitary. If it is of hard wood, a well-waxed surface will be very easy to keep dust-free. If the wood is soft, by all means cover it with linoleum or paint it. A soft grey would be pretty with a rosy room, or perhaps a dull grey-blue blends nicely into the color scheme. Washable rag rugs are ideal, and may be had in just the right light colors.

The baby's room is easily adapted to the needs of the growing child, if desired. Mother Goose, favourites from the world of birds, animals or flowers, will all remain the supreme decoration for several years. The child should be early taught to put away his or her own garments and toys, and to this end, must be given facilities for doing so. Many mothers like to add a small wicker clothes hamper, painted suitably, to the room's furnishing, and the child can be trained quite easily to drop soiled socks and rompers into it. A kindergarten table and chair will be worthwhile additions, doing double duty both in play hours and at meal time.

Native Blood

Continued from page 6

the girl followed him. He flung the door open. Eric was on the path not twenty feet from them, his moccasins making no sound in the snow. Claspng Celeste to his breast, her arms stealing about his neck, Mansell kissed her full on her willing lips. The lamp in the cabin was full on them—they stood there, silhouetted, body to body. Eric saw, as he was meant to see. He stopped. Mansell stepped back, and for the first time, Celeste saw the boy. Mansell noted her confusion and laughed; turning to Eric he shouted:

"Well, what of the future Mrs. Montgomery of Briercliffe Hall, Yorkshire? Seems she's more likely to be Mrs. Mansell of Little Moosehorn Cabin."

Without a word, Eric, his face grey, passed him, into the cabin, and to Celeste: "Celeste, sweetheart, what—" He could not go on.

Mansell taunted him. "Go ahead; ask her which she wants—the boy or the man?"

Eric turned: "Mansell, you damned breed; you refused to fight me last because you said you were 'too fond' of me. Fine way for you to show your regard. You've got to fight now." Blind with rage he rushed.

"Avec plaisir, mon brave; but look out for yourself, I'm a grand fighter."

Mansell stepped aside for the lad's mad rush, thrust out his foot and Eric sprawled clumsily over it. Dave roared with delighted laughter.

Recovering himself, Eric steadied and swung his right fist—anger robbed him of science. Mansell caught the swing on his guard, slipped in with almost incredible speed, caught his adversary round the waist; lifting him high, he dropped him with a thud on a pile of furs in the corner. Here he stood over him threateningly:

"The d. nn breed can fight some, what? Now, look here, kid. I told you I'd lick you easy. I don't want to hurt you, but I'll have to if you don't get your hat and clear out. I don't like fighting boys."

Celeste giggled. Eric, tears of humiliation in his eyes, got up and as Mansell stepped back, rushed him again. The Canadian let him come, stopped the rush, and drove a gnarled right fist full into the boy's jaw, knocking him, dazed and half-stunned, to the floor.

"Now, get up, boy, and go home; I'll follow you later. But get this—if you bother Celeste again with tales of your calf-love, I'll give you a real beating. What's more, if she listens to them, I'll beat her."

The girl looked adoringly at her master; Eric went out.

DAY followed day and the two men lived together in sullen silence. Dave's attempts at reconciliation met with no response. Friend and sweetheart had both "let him down," and, to Eric, the world was a very sorry place. His only wish was to leave the country, but, as the partners had no dogs, travel was not possible until spring when river and lakes were open for canoes.

Early in March there arrived at the shack, a Corporal of the Royal North West Police, accompanied by a trooper driving a magnificent train of huskies. The Corporal handed to Monty a telegram saying,

"This came to our Post ten days ago, relayed by wireless from Fort Resolution. Our orders are to provide transport for you to Fort Resolution, and from there you can easily get out to Athabasca Landing."

Monty, amazed, read the message:

"Imperative you be home by April fifteenth; developments affecting your future; do not delay; letter waits you at Edmonton. Love.

Sybil."

Mansell's plot was working well. He asked:

"No bad news, Monty?"

"Good news. I'm leaving this damn place. How soon can we start, Corporal?"

"Well," said the Mountie, "what do you say we rest the dogs tonight and start first thing tomorrow morning?"

"Fine! The sooner the better. I'll get packed tonight."

After supper the two policemen entertained their hosts with "news" two months old, and the four men smoked and yarned till late.

Once the trooper asked "How's old Mesurier?" Adding, "Fine girl he's got there—wonder you two haven't fought over her!" The very feeble laughter warned him. The Corporal, with that ready understanding of such situations that comes from long knowledge of men and solitude, quickly changed the subject.

Next morning, Monty rolled his blankets, ready to go. Outside, where the jangle of bells, yelps, and hearty curses proclaimed the harnessing of protesting huskies, the police were busy. The two men were alone, embarrassed.

"Good-bye, Monty."

"Good-bye, Dave."

"Say, Monty, I'm sorry. We were good pals. I'll send you your share when I sell out. Don't be sore, Monty."

"I'm not angry now, Dave. Celeste loves you—you won—hardly fairly, but you won."

"Some day you'll understand. I had to save you, boy, and to make you look silly was the best way. Good-bye—and shake!"

"Come on, old timer," shouted the Corporal. The partners shook—and Eric was away.

Dave was alone now and a prey to his thoughts. Once a week he dragged himself to Mesuriers, there to live a lie, making plans with the old man who frankly welcomed him as son-in-law. To kiss Celeste good-night was torture. Thank God, the Indian in her was stronger than the French. Stolidly she accepted Mansell as her "man" and expected no more than the lord cared to offer her. Already her mother's blood was conquering the small strain of French in her. Already Mansell could picture her as she would be in ten years. Still, he could not quiet the inner voice that whispered, "You're not playing the game."

He knew he would have to be away before Father Fallon arrived—and already it was the beginning of April. Soon, winter travel would be at an end and there would be an interregnum when neither winter nor summer ruled the land. The Northland knows no spring. For perhaps ten days there is a period of swift thaws which turns the winter trails to slush, icy nights with biting winds—a time of sudden blinding blizzards. Then, over night, the ice-locked rivers become roaring, rushing streams of death, with huge blocks of ice grinding and crushing one on another. Then the fierce heat of a brief summer, and once again silence—winter.

One day, when a warm wind presaged the first thaw, Mansell resolved to leave. He packed blankets and food in a kit-bag, slung it on his brawny shoulders, strapped on snowshoes and set forth on his 200 mile jaunt to Resolution, civilization's last outpost. At dark he started,

MANSSELL should have been happy.

His plan, successful beyond his hopes, had sent Monty completely disillusioned, back to his own people. He knew the copper-claim was good and he would sell out for a large sum. As he put mile after mile between him and the girl whose love he had stolen, on his mind beat this refrain: "Liar and cheat—you've broken her heart, poor little kid, you've broken her heart." He pictured her surprise when his weekly visit was missed; the visit to his cabin in case he was ill; anxiety. Then the news that he had been seen at Resolution, and had left the country. Lastly, the realization that her dream was shattered, her love betrayed. He tried to tell himself she would marry some worthy mate—trapper or mail-runner. What! Celeste marry some trapper? His Celeste, whose red lips had pressed his in the kiss that made her a woman? What of the world beyond? Here was his world—the world he knew and loved best. Angrily he shut his mind to such dangerous thoughts. The incident was closed—the world before him. Doggedly he tramped on. All that night he travelled and early morning saw him camped in the woods on the edge of the 15-mile stretch of open country, sparsely covered with dwarf firs, that stretched to the next belt of forest.

Again that afternoon he started. The sky was heavy with clouds, lowering and black. The wind blew fitfully. There was snow in the air; even now big flakes swirled in his face. But on he must go; ere the storm broke, he must be in the woods, where lay shelter and warmth. Another mile; the snow was blinding, and driven by the piercing wind, stung his face like needles. It was only five miles now to the woods. Mansell broke into a run.

Suddenly his snowshoes caught in the branches of a small fallen tree. He pitched heavily to the ground. The agony, shooting up his right leg, told him it was broken. Two miles to shelter and his right leg broken—the blizzard howling round him like wolves after their prey. "Mustn't get panicky now; take off the pack; can't carry it on my back, but I must drag it with me; I'll want my hand-axe and blankets."

Inch by inch, the man dragged his way over the plain. To stop was death, and he knew it. The pain was ghastly; now and again he almost lost consciousness. How pleasant to rest—here in the snow; so drowsy, so tired—only his indomitable will drove him on, though the rapidly drifting snow halted and cumbered him. Now, only a few hundred yards—could he make it? Crazy by the pain and fear of the all-devouring storm, the man got up, tried to crawl on his hands and knees, fell, and merciful darkness overcame him.

DAVE hadn't been to see her as usual yesterday and today the sky broke stormy. Celeste was uneasy. She would go over to his shack; perhaps he was ill and a woman's place is by her man's side. Hastily, the six huskies were harnessed and soon the girl was knocking on the door of the empty cabin. She looked in—no fire—desolation. By now it was snowing and the wind moaning with the peculiar undertone of the coming blizzard. From the door away to the southwest were tracks in the snow—the broad snowshoes that Mansell always wore. With methodical speed, the girl followed these across the river and into the woods. Her man was abroad—for what purpose she knew not; all she knew was that somewhere in the void of the wild storm was her man, on foot and alone. She must get to him with her dog-team; on foot, he could never reach safety. And she followed him.

The miles that Mansell had trudged wearily flew by under the racing pads of the straining dogs. By late afternoon, she was at his first camp. Here she stopped to breathe the dogs and to take stock of the situation. Ahead of her lay the plain—a nightmare of wind-driven snow.

She knew that beyond it lay another belt of forest, and that, if Mansell had left his camp he would have made straight for it. Her woodcraft taught her this.

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WINNIPEG VANCOUVER MONTREAL HALIFAX

The whimpering dogs did not want to plunge into the storm. Pitilessly she plied her whip; and into the vortex plunged the Indian woman, looking for the man who was running from her love.

WHEN Mansell regained consciousness he was almost enveloped in snow. It was dark; the storm still high. Slowly, and with infinite pain, he manged to take off his snowshoes. From his pack he took two heavy blankets. He stuck the snowshoes upright in the deep snow, lashed one blanket between them as a wind-break, wrapped himself in the other. He knew he would perish, but he could not go further; his will demanded that he do all possible to save his life. Weakly, he settled in the snow. He was tired; racked with pain and fear. He cried—as men always do—he cried for a woman.

"Celeste! Celeste! I'm cold, Christ! I'll freeze to death. Celeste! My woman. I do love you, Celeste. I'll come back to you. I didn't want to see you marry Monty! He's a good kid, but not for you. Celeste, where are you?"

The storm was dying down. Out of the night of horror, still far away it seemed, came a tinkle of bells. The man started. Did he hear a dog yelp? Wolves can't yelp like that. Then—there it was again. Sleigh-bells. In a frenzy, the man shook off the blanket, crawled out into the snow, and, bracing himself on the upright snowshoe, stood up. With new power, he shouted, "Celeste! Celeste!"

There she found him, his face towards the Northland, his mother's land. She crooned over him. With infinite tenderness, she lifted that battered body onto the toboggan, covering it with fur robes, and drove him towards the woods, warmth and life. Once he opened his eyes and looked at her. His lips moved, muttering something. She bent over him, and heard: "Native blood, woman, our blood. Celeste, kiss me dear."

And as the storm died out in forest and plain, so the storm died out of his heart. Before him lay his life, simple and straight, the life of the North to be lived out with Celeste, his mate, at his side. They set out for home. Pain and fear forgotten, Mansell was content.

Hunting in Canada

Continued from page 24

of about township 54 in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, bear, moose and elk are found within easy access of the settlements which are extending year by year into what was formerly thought a wilderness. A few miles north of Nipawin across the Saskatchewan River has been for years a favorite hunting spot for moose for the people of Saskatchewan and the West generally. East of Winnipeg on the way to Fort William is another section where hunters have found their hearts' desire. The sport in the Rockies on both Alberta and British Columbia sides has already been referred to. Western Canada is fortunate in providing for the resident and visitors sport easy of access controlled by regulations which should ensure its permanence so long as these laws are in force.

The Brook

A day I spent by the brook
And tuneful joyous song;
Watching it whirl and tumble
Its pebbled course along.

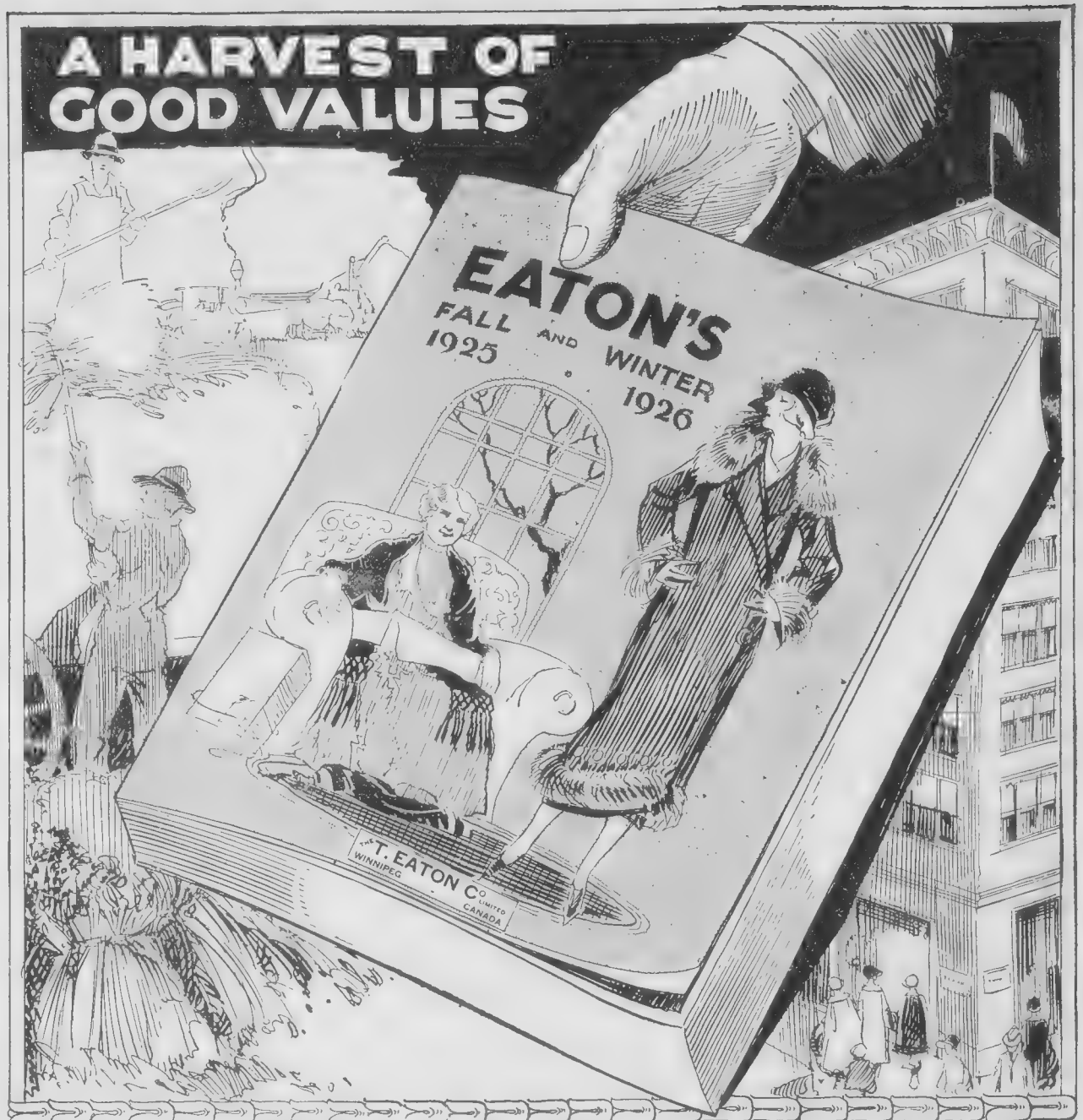
Rippling, rolling, ever flowing
Fearlessly the rapids dare;
Lingering now in yon eddy,
Flirting with the lilies there.

Gliding 'neath the honeysuckle
Rushing here the trestled span;
Babbling, laughing, sobbing, dancing,
O, fantastic pipes o' pan.

Onward, onward in the gloaming,
Toward the west aglow;
The day now with the numbered,
Soon, I, ah, even so.

But you, oh, little brook,
Will joy to mortal bring;
As on anon, down the age,
You merrily leap and sing.

—Patrick Devlin.



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netted him some real money, which he speedily re-invested.

"I'll be a millionaire," he boasted to Dorothea.

"Don't you think it might be wise to buy outright some good properties instead of spreading out over so much?"

But Jack in his arrogance laughed. "That's what kills a town," he said, "if you don't keep your money in circulation."

"I've got a customer for your house, Jack," was the greeting of a friend.

"Bill, you know I don't want to sell."

"Look here Jack, that doesn't go. I have a certain amount to offer, so that the 'not sell' gag doesn't work. What is your price?"

"Nothing doing, Bill."

"Offer you twelve thousand."

"No."

"Thirteen?"

"No."

"Fourteen?"

"No."

"Well I'm blessed," said the man looking at him in astonishment. "I always thought that money talked, but in your case—Well Jack, if you change your mind, I have fourteen thousand for you, but not a cent more. I think you would make a good thing at that price."

Jack knew it and groaned inwardly. The house with property only stood to cost him some eighty-five hundred dollars. Fourteen thousand! Why it might even rise to fifteen.

HE did not tell Dorothea about the offer. She was at the furniture stage, and insisted that he must go with her to Leslie's and select it. Jack was very busy. The real estate business was at its height and the streets were alive. In the restaurants which had sprung up like mushrooms, nothing was discussed but lots. The waiters stood, conscious of their dignity, and served with a haughty independence, buying a piece of property across the lunch counter as if it were a piece of the raisin pie they handed out. So Jack forgot his house, forgot almost everything else but the mad excitement of putting over deals. There came a day when Jack wanted more ready cash, and at this moment the C.P.R. official came to his office.

"Don't wish to bother you, Mr. Watson, but have you sold your house yet?"

"No," answered Jack, glumly, the feeling coming over him that he would have to get away quick.

"May I ask why?" queried the other.

"Well, I'll tell you, I am to be married soon. In fact when the rush is over, and my future wife has been kept moving so much that she insists on owning her own home."

"I see," laughed the other, "that is my position also, but you could easily build another house before the slack season comes on, for my wife is in love with your house. Frankly I will give you sixteen thousand dollars for it, and pay all cash."

Jack did his best to say "no" but his tongue refused its office. In those days of agreements and notes, actual cash looked good, and the other drew a cheque book out, and sitting down wrote.

"Here is a cheque for one thousand dollars as a deposit, and a memo of agreement of sale, the rest to be paid on title being given."

Jack was powerless. The old lure of the game was in him, firing his blood, and he saw the signed agreement disappear in the other's pocket, while he mechanically held the one thousand dollar cheque. He had sold.

And now that it was done he was full of qualms. He shivered as he remembered all that Dorothea had said to him, and incidentally, all she might say to him, and it came to his memory rather late, the loving work she had bestowed on the building of it.

Jack put off the evil moment of confession as long as he dared, but Sunday saw him walking down Broadway with her, on their way to the new house.

He looked at her.

"I got sixteen thousand for the house, Dorothea," he began weakly, "and we will start another, only more elaborate. Where would you like to pick out a lot?"

No answer.

He stole a cautious look at her face under the wide-brimmed hat, and a sudden rush of contrition and tenderness seized him.

Love Will Find a Way

Continued from page 14

"Don't take it so badly dear," he said quietly. "I will go back on the deal."

"Jack you can't," a subdued little voice from under the hat, a voice full of tears and sorrow.

"I can and will for you," said he savagely, hating himself.

"It's too late, Jack."

"Why?"

"You told me that a Real Estate man's word in a deal was as good as a bond."

"Oh, I am so sorry," and he was. "But, Dorothea, we will build a better house."

"Jack, I put my heart into this house."

It took some time for Jack to cheer her up, but as they sat in a tea room, she began to recover her spirits.

"We will get a good lot and build a better house. Now we have the experience and there is lots of time."

The enthusiasm lighting in Dorothea's eyes gave him encouragement.

"Now we have lots of money we can build to suit ourselves."

Dorothea became meditative and toyed with her teaspoon.

"Jack," said she, "you like this house?"

"Surely."

"Well will you trust me to build the new one?"

"I should say so."

"Then, when you have the lot, let me build the house, and do everything in connection with it, and you not to interfere until it is finished."

He was rather surprised.

"Don't you trust me?" she demanded, her honest eyes looking into his.

"I do, dearest, but you don't me."

"No, not when making a trade for a house is in view," she retorted. And he laughed rather ruefully.

"And you know," she continued, "you are too busy to fuss with details, so you can leave it all to me, and the architect. You must not even know where the lot is."

"But," he protested, "if I buy, I can't help knowing all about it."

"Let me buy it for you."

"But," he still protested, the thoughts of the many things he might do with the money, while the house was being built, passing through his mind, "who will look after the contracts, and—the finances?"

"Why?" said she, surprisedly, "if you have the money put it in the bank to the architect's order and let him pay out on his certificate. Jim is absolutely honest you know."

They sat silent for a few minutes.

"Well Jack," said Dorothea, with a somewhat warning lift of her chin.

"Does it mean so much to you Dorothea?"

"Jack," said the girl in a low voice, "from what I have seen, one of the things, the only thing to make life worth while, is a home. This hustle bustle can't last forever. Most of my people, and I guess yours, died in the house they were born in. Some people are clever, and can sing or write or paint, and in their busy lives home ties may not seem to be of such importance, but I want—" and the girl's face flushed, and her eyes filled, "I want a place to love, where I can plant perennials and love them year after year, and oh, Jack, can't you see?"

He saw and his voice was rather shaky. "Sweetheart," he said, "sweetheart, do as you wish. I am a fortunate fellow."

SO the money was placed in the bank in her name, and she picked out a lot which Dick approved and got title for, although all his gambling instincts would have made him buy on an agreement of sale. Dorothea bought two more, to the north of Jack's with her savings, and on agreement of sale without his knowledge. Then with the architect the best position for the house was chosen, and then the architect's troubles began. Most people imagine that the easiest work the architect does is design a house. In fact, if they were not too busy most likely they would not employ an architect. But, that becomes their sad story. The argument is that a house isn't very large—but—and that "but" contains whole realms that is hidden away in a specification. A home isn't an office building or a factory that is planned on certain well-established lines. A house generally reveals the soul of its owner, interpreted by the architect. That is one

reason why so many houses are just houses. It may be very clever, but has no soul looking from its blank windows. Some houses invite you to enter. The very entrance stretches out a welcome. Many houses in the old land do this. They have no fine lines, but the souls of the people who have lived in them have been transmitted into their roof-trees. In large American cities many homes are nothing but the materials of which they are built, repellent, and coldly aloof, due to the unhomeliness of its people. Dorothea was neither artist nor architect, but a great-hearted girl, who knew what home meant, and she found in the architect a kindred spirit.

Jack was shown the completed plans, and when the tenders were in he told them to go on and use their own judgment as he was very busy. So for once a house grew with enough closets. There was a living room with a great arched inglenook, with a fireplace warranted not to smoke, and as the architect was clever, and Dorothea was earnest, between them they evolved a home.

Jack in the meantime, with all the Real Estate operators in the West, was dimly beginning to see the handwriting on the wall. Men were a little more anxious to sell than buy, and accordingly the market began to go down. Jack, although clever, was young, and like youth had plunged, and his notes began to be presented without the option of renewal, and the Bank Manager now became a trifle colder. One evening he confided to Dorothea that things were looking rather shaky financially.

"Our house, Jack," she gasped.

He shook his head.

"I'll do my best, Dorothea."

"Never mind, Jack, we can get on without the old house," said she sympathetically.

He kissed her.

"Will you always love me, Dorothea?" Those great eyes looked at him and then dropped shyly.

"Always Jack."

But it was rather a sad evening, for Jack was worried.

THE crash came suddenly as the outside properties began to throw up their agreements of sale, but Jack with the others fought valiantly to stave off ruin. Agreement after agreement came back to him. The speculators ran for shelter, and the bank notified him of notes overdue. He had long exhausted his credit. At this stage a lawyer phoned him and asked him if he would come to his office. Jack did so rather apprehensively, for his reputation was that of a grasping and unscrupulously clever man.

"Mr. Watson," he said, as Jack was ushered into his office, "you own Lot No. —" giving the title.

"Yes."

"You are building rather an ambitious house."

"Well, really it's not mine. It's a gift for my future wife," exclaimed Jack, rather clumsily.

"But you own the lot. I see it is in your name."

"Yes."

"What would you take for it?"

"It's not mine to sell," repeated Jack stiffly.

"Well, let's get down to facts. You are in poor financial circumstances?"

"For the moment."

There was a gleam in the back of the old man's eyes, and he smiled slightly. "Would you take a loan on the property to relieve you of your temporary embarrassment?"

Jack hesitated. The Real Estate dealers were all optimistic. It did not pay them to be otherwise, and he believed that a short loan would carry him over the shoals.

"How much would you lend?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Why," cried Jack, "the lot alone is worth that."

"Tut, tut, this is merely a convenience. I have faith in your ability and wish to invest some money with a quick return. If you give me a lien on your property I am willing to take the chance."

"Not much of a chance," grumbled Jack. But the Banks were pressing and he took the money.

The Real Estate men met, trying to formulate a plan to prevent a total collapse, but from the first there was little

hope held for outside properties, much to Jack's consternation. The consensus of opinion was that it would be madness to hold onto these properties, and it would be better to lose now than risk any more. They would back the legitimate properties but the others must go, and Jack Watson came from the meeting beggared.

He sat in his office and with head on arms, wearily reviewed the opportunities lost. And then he phoned Dorothea.

"May I come up and see you?"

"Surely, Jack," came the voice of the girl.

"Dorothea, I am ruined," he said bitterly, as he went into the little parlor.

"Oh," said she, gaily, "that is easy. We can start afresh."

"Yes, but, my dear, I want you to be free."

"Do you want to give me up, Jack?" she asked with a little break in her voice.

"Never, never," he cried, his voice breaking. "Dorothea you are all the world to me, but I am absolutely without a cent."

"What of the house, Jack?"

"That will go in my assets. I gave the lot as security for a short loan."

"Won't he renew your loan?"

Jack laughed bitterly.

"Not unless his reputation belies him."

Dorothea sat pensively watching him, her little chin cupped in her hands. Would she tell him? "No," she thought. "He does deserve some punishment, for he certainly promised me the house," so like a true daughter of Eve she held her peace.

The next day Jack phoned her.

"It's happened," said he ruefully.

"What?"

"Oh, my loan is called."

"Won't he give time?"

"No, I begged him, but he says that he finds himself also so involved that every cent counts."

"What can he do?"

"Sell the house and buy it in at a small cost," said Jack.

"Listen," said Dorothea's voice, cool and level. "I played a trick on you, Jack. That money you gave me was mine really and honestly?"

"Surely it was."

"And it was my very, very own without any fraud or trick?"

"Yes," he groaned, "don't make it so hard."

"Well," she continued, "the money was mine so why isn't the house mine?"

"Oh, Dorothea, I would do anything to make it yours."

"Well, Jack, he loaned on the security of that lot?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Is that all he can claim?"

"I think so. The loan was made specifically on the title of the lot."

"Then Jack, you phone him and tell him to take it."

"That's what he's going to do."

"But there is no house on it."

"W-w-what?"

"Well, when you bought your lot I bought two others next to it, and the architect thought they were so much better for our lay-out of the grounds that we built the house on my two lots."

"W-w-w-hat?" he again stuttered.

"Yes," she answered, "let your lawyer man take the lot. I have the house so what can he do?"

"Nothing. You win Dorothea," and his laughter rang through the phone.

And she did.

Right, But Wrong

The late Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale, speaking at Cambridge, England, on the proper use of English, is thus quoted by the Philadelphia Bulletin: "But precision can be carried too far. The ultraprecise, even when logically right, are really wrong."

"An ultraprecise professor went into a hardware shop, and said, 'Show me a shears, please.'"

"You mean a pair of shears, don't you?" said the dealer.

"No," said the professor, "I mean what I say. I mean a shears."

"The dealer took down a box of shears."

"Look here, professor," he said, "aren't there two blades here? And don't two make a pair?"

"Well, you've got two legs: Does that make you a pair of men?" And the professor smiled at the dealer triumphantly through his spectacles.

"He was logically right," said Professor Lounsbury, "but, really, he was wrong."

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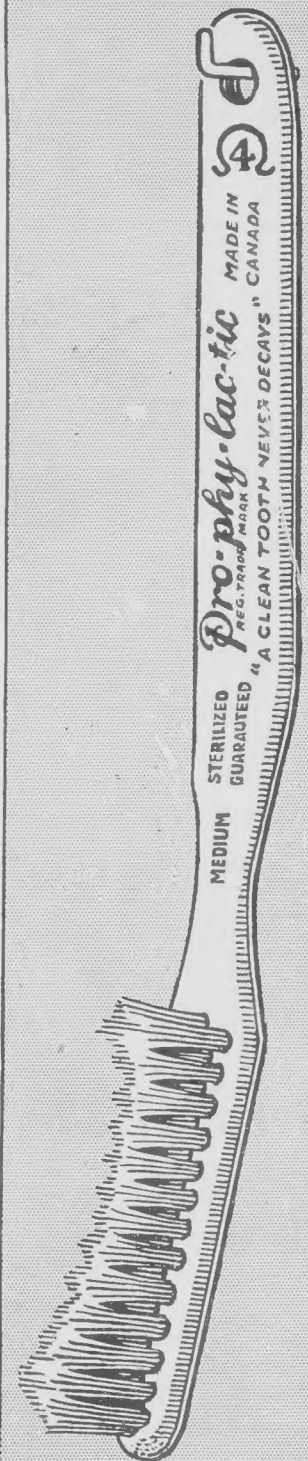
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Friends

North Wind came whistling through the wood,

When the tender, sweet things grew.

The tall fair ferns and maiden's hair,

And the gentle gentians blue.

"It is very cold; are we growing old?"

They sighed: "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves—

"We must help," they whispered low.

"They are frightened and weak, O brave old trees!

But we love you well, you know."

And the trees said: "We are strong—make haste!

Down to the darlings go."

So the leaves went floating, floating down,

All yellow and brown and red;

And the frail little trembling, thankful things

Lay still, and were comforted.

And the blue sky smiled through the bare old trees,

Down on their safe warm bed.

—L. G. WARNER

The Personality of Peggy

Eric St. John

MY first impression of her was negative. She was seated on an up-turned box, manicuring, with minute care, a well-shaped, patrician hand—somewhat at variance with the rather broad-featured face, which suggested African origin.

Her coat of smoke-gray fur was shabby; thin in places, revealing the pink flesh beneath. Now and again she shivered slightly, and raised a pair of sad little dark eyes in mute appeal.

Suspecting hunger, I searched my pockets; result—nil, save for a "soda-mint," which I refrained from offering.

People began to gather round—much in the same way as a crowd collects about a man in the street seeking for a lost coin.

Peggy watched their movements with interest.

A facetious youth inserted his stick between the bars of the cage and poked her emphatically between the ribs. She showed resentment by a display of white teeth and an audible anathema. But the hunger in her eyes persisted.

A strident voice in the rear was exclaiming: "Look, Billy! See—a monk-key!"

The owner of the voice dived into a bag, produced a handful of dried peas. They looked as hard as billiard balls, but Peggy stretched out two little hands to grab the spoil. She showed signs of disappointment, and promptly stowed the unappetizing morsels somewhere in her mouth for later discussion.

A small boy squeezed under my elbow and thrust an inquisitive nose through the bars.

Peggy's fist shot out like a flash and tweaked the offending member.

The lady of the strident voice clutched the boy by the shoulders. "Treacherous things monk-keys!" she remarked severely, with an acid glance at me, as if I were a party to the misdemeanor.

"Hard peas are rather indigestible..."

I began; but she was already moving away with her whimpering offspring.

Presently we were alone—Peggy and I.

Putting a tentative hand through, I touched her with a light caress. The sad eyes held mine for a few seconds; she sensed my offer of friendship with quick understanding, and held my hand tightly, "nuzzling" her face into the palm with sundry low mumbling sounds of satisfaction.

"Poor little girl," I whispered; "captivity doesn't leave you a sporting chance—eh?"

Then, somehow, she made me understand how she hated the senseless taunts, gibes, pokes and inane laughter at her unusual appearance and helplessness, revealing something of her heart's longing for love and the companionship of her kind; the loneliness of isolation behind bars.

Suddenly she released my hand. Her face wore a detached, far-away look. She leaped off the box and started a restless pacing around the limited area, with soft, padding, rhythmic steps.... The call of the jungle had laid its spell on her senses through the race heritage of her forbears. She was tasting the joy of freedom, the delight of

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

danger amongst the waving trees of a forest home.... Her little monkey heart was responding to the cry of its mate.... Into her eyes crept the soft gleam of mother instinct. Helpless little ones were taking shape....

I left her to her visions.

Mercifully—for a period—iron bars were non-existent for Peggy.

ter bouquet. There are leaves that will last all winter if they are carefully dried and varnished; there are grasses and seed pods that are lovely, especially when they are touched with gold or silver paint. Begin to make your collection early; find out if there is bitter-sweet in your neighborhood (it is the pretty orange berry that hangs from the



The Waterfall Fairy

From "The Enchanted Forest," By Ida Rentoul Outhwaite and Grenbry Outhwaite

I visit her as often as time permits.

She dips into my bag for the offering which she knows is there. Apples, oranges, bananas, nuts—all are welcome. But I think she likes, best of all, a couple of hot potatoes in their jackets. Then she proceeds to warm her toes round one, whilst busy relishing the other. But not a bite will she take until she has drawn my hand to her and buried her face in the palm, with those soft little mumbling sounds which first established communion between us. This is her rite of thanksgiving, rarely omitted.

The merry gibes of onlookers are often shared between us now. For I fancy that, somehow, I am helping Peggy to find her soul.

They say it is all "cupboard love" and "monkey cunning"—but I know! From "Our Dumb Animals."

Something to Do for the Fall Months

DO you know about winter bouquets?

When the summer days are over and the flowers are gone from the gardens what will we have to take their places in our homes and schools? Try a win-

ter bouquet. There are leaves that will last all winter if they are carefully dried and varnished; there are grasses and seed pods that are lovely, especially when they are touched with gold or silver paint. Begin to make your collection early; find out if there is bitter-sweet in your neighborhood (it is the pretty orange berry that hangs from the

The Waterfall Fairy

THIS lovely picture comes in a book called "The Enchanted Forest" and it is called "The Waterfall Fairy." Now here is a chance for everyone with an imagination to take out their best pens and write a story about this picture. Imagine as much as you like, make as airy and fairy a story as you can write, address it to Bobby Burk and mark on the outside of the envelope, "Fairy Story." Have your story in before October 1st and the result will be out in the November number. The prize? Oh, the prize will be, of course, a fairy book, and if possible that very "Enchanted Forest" that this is taken from.

Something to Try

ARE there any members of the Cosy Corner who don't love magic? Didn't you all, and don't you all love the story of "King Midas and the Golden Touch," the story of Cinderella and the pumpkin coach and rat horses and the mice footmen? And all the fairy folk of story books who had wands and could do all sorts of things with them? In these days there are magicians who travel round the country to fairs and such like and it is quite wonderful to see them bring little long-eared rabbits out of people's hats or miles of paper ribbon out of someone's coat sleeve, and flags and ribbons and birds out of quite empty jars! Of course we know that this is not magic, that it is just a trick.

How to Make a Red Rose White

First get what is called a "sulphur match," one of those that give off a bad odor and produce a blue flame before the stick begins to burn. If you can find some of these, hold a red rose in the fumes of two or three of them and its color will change to white. Fifteen or twenty minutes after this experiment dip the rose in cold water and it will regain its former color.

The Candle and the Jar

Take a candle, and with a jack knife cut off a piece a little less than an inch long. Light this small candle and spill a drop of the wax on a piece of cardboard which is about one inch in diameter or have it one inch square if you like and stick the candle to the cardboard, using the drop of wax as a sort of glue.

Now get a wash basin or any similar vessel that will hold three or four quarts of water and let the cardboard holding the lighted candle float on the surface. Next take an old-fashioned pint fruit jar or any bottle with a large neck, and bring it down GENTLY over the candle until the neck of the bottle touches the water. The candle will burn for a few seconds and then go out. Why? Because all the oxygen or air in the bottle is used up and nothing is left to support the flame. If you will now put your hand in the water and bring it up tight against the neck of the bottle you can bring the same out of the water and turn it upside down. The bottle will stick to the palm of your hand because what is known as a vacuum has been made in the bottle by what you have done.

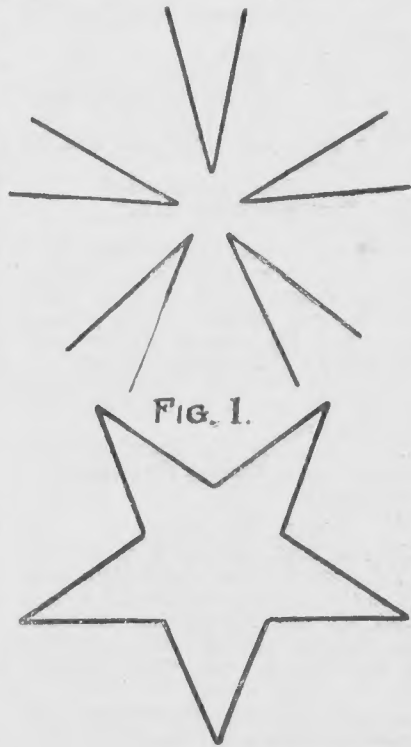


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

A very interesting feat can be performed with five wooden toothpicks. Bend them double at the centre, being very careful not to break the two pieces so that the wood separates. Now place them on a smooth polished surface in the position shown in Fig. 1. Pour two or three drops of water in the centre space, just enough to moisten thoroughly the broken ends of the toothpicks, and lo and behold, as if by magic, we have before us a beautiful star like that shown in Fig. 2. See if you can make one.

Evolution and Obscurantism

Continued from page 16

The marital bond is entered into with the idea that it may easily be broken. Marriage and divorce are running a race, with marriage only a few laps in the lead and divorce pressing on behind. Virtue is a subject of jest in the comic papers and promiscuity is steadily growing into the status of a national custom.

The background of this dark picture is fundamentalism in religion and penalism in education. The church is trying to drive men into virtue by threats of punishment and the school is seeking to educate the young in the mass by standardization, the latest achievement being the teaching of youth by radio with a policeman broadcasting. The so-called standardized school is dominated by authority and officialdom has superseded parental direction. The teaching is directed mainly to the intellectual faculties and the moral capacities become atrophied.

And back of the church and the school in the shadow, are obscurantism and reaction. Not only do the ignorantists preach and practice the gospel of ignorance themselves but they gnash upon those who desire liberty and love learning and seek vision. The attacks on the theory of evolution are simply outbreaks of the obscurantist spirit which revels in intolerance and abhors liberty of thought and elevation of spirit.

The Usonian live unto themselves; it is not our place to criticize them or offer them counsel as to their affairs. The spiritual content of their life is their own concern and not ours. We are not offering them advice nor yet are we making criticism. Our hope is that those of them who have the vision will redeem the whole nation and lead the people into the light.

But they are our neighbors and we are in grave danger of contagion. It behooves us to maintain a spiritual quarantine if we are to remain immune from the spiritual diseases which they are so prone to.

We have a glorious spiritual heritage from our motherland across the seas—a land of religion and progress—a land of education and enlightenment—a land of liberty and freedom, and when it comes to making our spiritual obeisance, we should turn to the east and reverently bow our hearts toward the spiritual altars built by our fathers beyond the seas. There is the temptation to many to turn to the south and make their two-bow prayer to the gilded god of Mammon, but the sacrifices of the contrite heart and of the liberty loving soul are of more avail than all their stores of southern gold. There are no better watchwords for us to-day than the watchwords that are wafted to us across the seas—liberty, brotherhood, optimism.

From the lone sheiling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

HOLLYHOCKS

In my neighbor's quaint, old garden,
Just beside the southern wall,
Grow rows of painted hollyhocks
Demurely prim and tall;
Pink and yellow, white and crimson,
Ruffled flowers of every hue,
Dainty as an olden pastel,
In each cup a gem of dew.

Like ladies in the minuet,
They bow with courtly ease,
Smiling gaily in the sunshine
And coquetting with the breeze;
The robber-bees in black and gold
Buzz busily in to steal
A sip of honied nectar
And their store of yellow meal.

I can see them from the window
Of my quiet reading room,
Towers of Delight in blossom,
Pyramids of old-fashioned bloom.
The hollyhocks are dear to me,
For beside them one fair day
I found happiness, true happiness,
With my neighbors' cross the way.

H. H. Fariss.

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If you want to buy or sell anything, or if you want help or employment, the Classified columns of the Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you. Costs only 5 cents per word. Minimum 75 cents per insertion. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five. Cash with order.

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MASONIC SYMBOLISM. History Science. Philosophy; correspondence invited; enquiries treated sympathetically. W. Haydon, 564 Pape Ave., Toronto—6. **9-26**

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FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS and Chicken Ranches write to Pemberton & Son, 418 Howe St., Vancouver. Established 1887. **tf**

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

How to Escape Longevity

One way to avoid growing old is to move to Chicago.—The Pas Herald.

Domestic Natural History Item

Some husbands have a den, while others growl all over the house.—Neepawa Press.

Bleats and Squeals

"A saxophone will last as long as fifteen years," says a music trade journal. Not if we can help it.—London Punch.

Hard on Industrious Moths

Give feminine fashions time, and a great majority of the clothes moths will be starved to death.—Detroit Free Press.

A Problem of Democracy in Texas

It is hard to be a leader in this country. You can't always tell which way the darned crowd is going.—Austin (Texas) American.

A Desirable Insect

What the farmers in this country need is an insect that will eat nothing but weeds.—Red Deer News.

Mosquito Note

The mosquito is in one way like a child. When he stops making a noise, you know he is not getting into trouble.—Moose Jaw Times.

Well, It Ought to Help Some

If the printing of crime news makes criminals, why does not the printing of recipes make good cooks?—Brandon Sun.

Biological

A biologist says men's courage increases in the summer. Sure! They suffer less from cold feet.—Selkirk Record.

The Corset Still Stays

Truth is stranger than fiction. More than \$78,000,000 worth of corsets were made last year in the United States.—Kansas City Star.

Aviation Note

We often wonder whether it is the glare or the unexcelled facilities for alighting that attracts a fly to a bald spot.—Pilot Mound Journal.

A Great Expenditure of Energy

President Coolidge shakes hands with more than a thousand people every day, and it is estimated that if this pumping power were properly applied enough energy would be generated to run an electric hobby-horse (such as he takes his daily exercise on) 3,520 miles a year.—Los Angeles Examiner.

True Self-Sacrificing Altruism

A man should do a kindly deed every day, and yesterday while we were waiting our turn in the dentist's chair another man came in with a jaw swollen twice as much as ours was and we let him have our place while we quietly withdrew until a more convenient time.—Kingston Whig.

Hospitality to Newcomers

The British emigrants are beginning to filter into this district now. Last week two more families arrived. One of the ladies said she had got more hospitality and sociability shown her since she came to Canada than she had ever received in her native land of England.—Vermilion Standard.

A Minnesota Joke

It is possible that an attempt will be made by autoists at the next session of the Legislature to have a law enacted compelling railroad trains to come to a full stop at crossings, so that engineers can have an opportunity to listen to the honk of the auto horn and make way for the machine.—Mankato (Minn.) Free Press.

Optimism in Peace River Region

We may be up against an impossible situation so far as transportation costs are concerned, but with forty and fifty bushel wheat yields in sight there is plenty for several years to come to encourage us to "keep on keeping on."—Peace River Record.

Pioneering is Still Going On

We are reminded of how recent is the growth of the country northwest of Edmonton by an account which appears in the Peace River Record of the marriage last week in that town of a young lady who is said to have been the first white child born on the banks of the Peace.—Edmonton Journal.

Where Timber is Not Useful

It is good business to save our forest resources. We require wood, except in the heads of our legislators.—Ottawa Journal.

Where Much Rising is Done

Scientists studying the problem of rising vertically might find some suggestions in the back seat of a flivver.—Fort William Times-Journal.

A Bumper Crop This Year, Sure!

An old-timer says that the best crop year is one when the mosquitoes are so large that you find them roosting in trees.—Crystal City Courier.

A Joke About Jazz

"In France I want French music, and in Italy I want Italian music," says Mr. Albert Coates. What we all want is American music in America.—London Opinion.

Not the Right Attitude

Unfortunately the majority of American cities accept an increase in crime as "one of the penalties of growth"—and let it go at that.—Minneapolis Journal.

Financial Note

Noah floated the first stock company, but some of his modern imitators in stock flotation could teach him a very great deal about watering stock.—London Advertiser.

Unenviable "Success"

The reason why some very "successful" men in finance and in some other fields are lonely is because they have sacrificed too many friends on the way up.—Toronto Star.

A National Sport in the U.S.

There were proposed in these United States last year 38,844 laws, of which 10,809 were enacted. Our national sport used to be baseball. Soon it will be the passing of new legislation.—Buffalo Express.

A Case for Sherlock Holmes

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest spiritualistic announcement is that he had heard "singing of an unearthly nature." Probably young people returning home from a party.—Kitchener Record.

What a Man Feels, and Is

What a man feels, and how he acts in regard to the whole world around him—how he is disposed towards the world and how, in his belief, the world is disposed toward him—this disposition towards the world is the fundamental fact about man. It is partly innate, and partly the result of training and experience. And it is his religion.—Lethbridge Herald.

Western Hospitality

If the government does its part in directing farm home-seekers to desirable lands in good localities it is surely up to the old-established residents to hold out the hand in welcome and to assist within reasonable bounds in making them happy and contented in their new surroundings.—Dauphin Herald and Press.

Film Absurdities

Moving picture directors, staging scenes in which mounted police engage, should at least be careful to portray the mountie in action that does not make him ridiculous. One picture displayed in Calgary showed a member of the force paddling his canoe from the front bar, with his pack in the rear. In such a position he bravely went after the villain.—Calgary Herald.

Centenarians in Saskatchewan

The latest census bulletin shows that 21 of Saskatchewan's 757,000 people were 100 years old or more in 1921. Eleven of these old people were men and ten were women. Not one of them, according to the bulletin, lived in a city or town of over 10,000 population. Here is further testimony to the superiority of country life.—Regina Leader.

In Regard to Neckties

This year's fashions in neckties are about the only thing that will drive a lot of men back to wearing whiskers. Have you seen them? They look like a cross between a comic supplement and a Hudson's Bay blanket, lit up with a touch of the Aurora Borealis, and gilded with a few of the brightest bars from a prairie sunset.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Nelson Man's Exploits

There is considerable talk at Nelson about a man who shot three bears in three days and on the following day took his fish line and caught a 24-pound salmon. This is not really remarkable as a hunting and fishing yarn. Now, if the fellow had caught three bears with a fish hook and then shot the 24-pound salmon it would be worth talking about.—Vancouver Province.

A Super-Parasite

A New York beggar was found to have a home in the country and two automobiles. That's enough to make a beggar out of anybody.—Omaha Bee.

An Undeniable Truth

If women could only be to the world of affairs one-thousandth part of what she is to the home, the millennium would be shining in the distance.—Manchester Guardian.

Why Not?

Labrador is reported to be desirous of becoming part of the Dominion. Canada has other fish to fry but Labrador herring would add to the menu.—Toronto Globe.

A War "of Little Importance"

France has had 400 soldiers killed in the war against the Riffs in Morocco. The war is said to be of little importance—except, of course, to these 400.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

True, There are Bumps in Politics

A Seattle aviator was only slightly injured when his machine fell 4,500 feet into a lake. A fellow who can take a bump like that would make a good politician.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Dean's Discretion

Dean Inge avoided our millionaire families, movie actresses and champion pugilists by taking a second-class passage back home.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Maybe

A ten million dollar airline company has been incorporated in Chicago. In ten years more many of the troubles of the railway companies may just be starting.—Washington Star.

Nothing New About This

Another "survivor" of the Custer massacre has been discovered in Illinois, despite the fact, now quite well established, that all the survivors were killed with the rest.—New York World.

Disappointed Sojourners

Americans who slipped across the border into the erstwhile dry province of Ontario to indulge in 4.4 per cent. beer seem generally quite disappointed. Although that is stronger beer than was dispensed over bars in pre-prohibition days in this country, yet the visitors did not get the punch they were looking for. The beer seemed dead and lacking in "authority."—Duluth Herald.

Dr. Saunderson's Pension

Charles Saunders, who made possible Marquis wheat, is pensioned at \$5,000 a year by the Canadian Government. This is unusual. Few discoverers and inventors get more than that out of years of work. Yet it is cheap for the Canadians. The government can easily afford the \$5,000 a year from the increased taxes paid by the men who cashed in on Saunders' labors.—New York Tribune and Herald.

No Easy Business

Not only must the farmer be a scientist as regards soil chemistry, weather, breeding, veterinary medicine, and botany; a dexterous manual laborer, mechanic, and jack-of-all-trades; but also a buyer and a seller, a trader in perishable goods on uncertain markets. He must gamble against parasites and hail storms, droughts, and frosts. His is the most difficult business in the world.—Prince Albert Herald.

Neighbors and Friends

There is a good deal in common between the people of the British nations and the people of the United States, but there is nothing quite so fundamental as the principle of human liberty which has been maintained in all and which is derived from the same common source. This is something that emphasizes the fact that the people of the English-speaking world are all of the same family and should be drawn together in the bonds of permanent friendship.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Doukhobors and the Schools

The Doukhobors at Nelson have paid their fines and promised to send the youngsters to school. Congratulations are accordingly due to all parties concerned, particularly to the parties most concerned, the Doukhobor children. The moral is plain enough. Defiance of the law cannot stand in this country against a courageous attempt to enforce it. That rule holds against smugglers and bootleggers and every other variety of law-breakers. None of them have the sympathy of the mass of the people. Backed by public sentiment the law officers can make the whole menagerie toe the line if they have sand enough to tackle the job.—Vancouver Sun.